The weed of crime bears bitter fruit....

Crime does not pay!

THE SHADOW knows...

Hahaha·a·ah· Hahaha ·a

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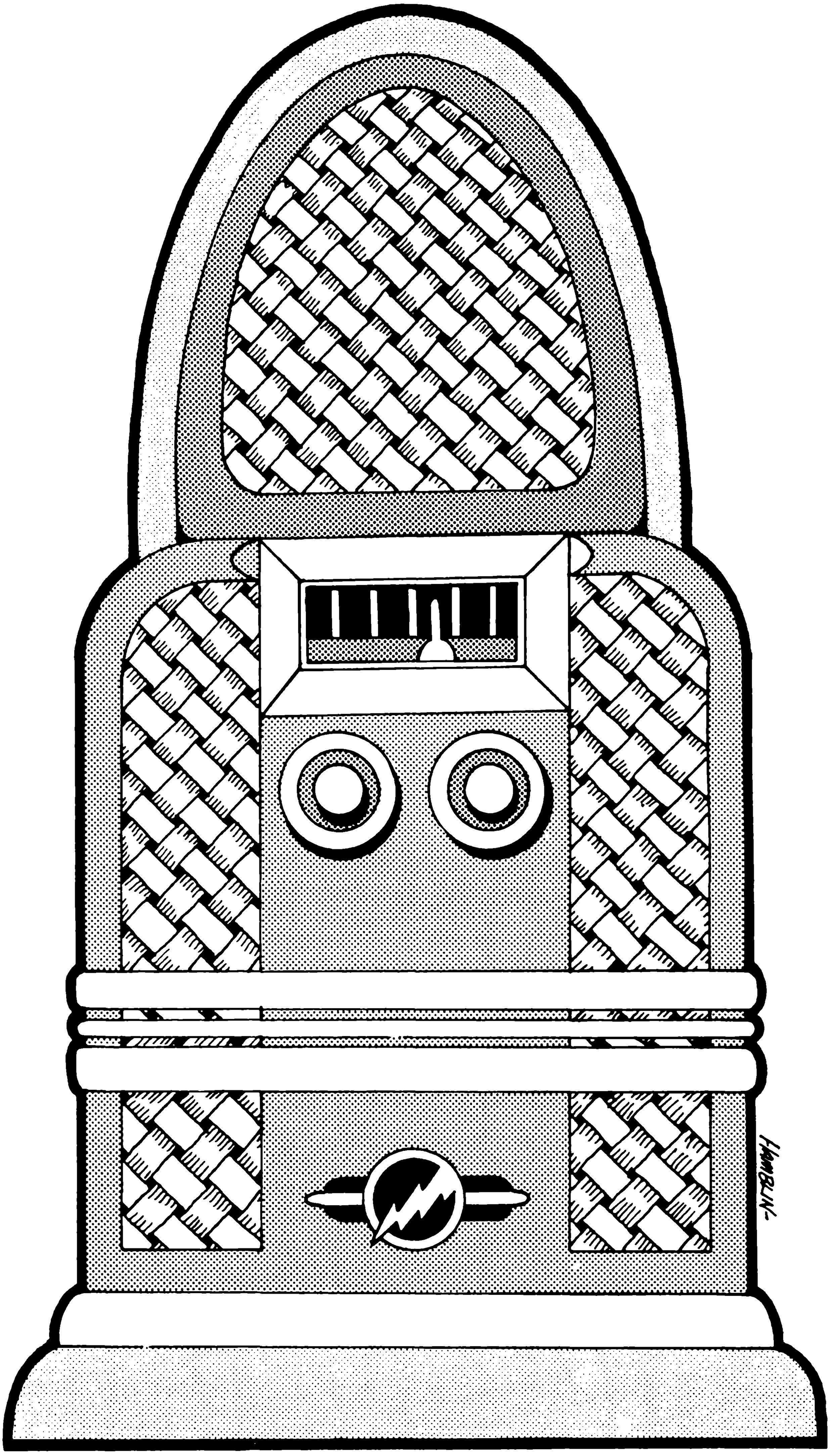
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THE SHADOW knows...


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THE SHADOW knows...

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Introduction

Every Sunday during the 1930s, the 1940s, and even into the 1950s, millions of Americans listened to *The Shadow*, radio's number-one mystery-adventure program. As the announcer's introduction, accompanied by the ominous musical theme (*Omphale's Spinning Wheel* by Saint-Saëns), came over the airwaves, the radio audience knew that thrills were in store. Once again, for thirty minutes, Lamont Cranston, as the invisible Shadow, would demonstrate that "the weed of crime bears bitter fruit."

Why did *The Shadow* and other radio plays such as *Fibber McGee and Molly, The Lone Ranger,* and *The Green Hornet* remain so popular for years? And why are today's teen-agers collecting and listening to records, tapes, and cassettes of these and other programs from radio's golden age? Surely one reason is that radio, unlike TV, leaves room for everyone's powers of imagination—the opportunity to create one's own visuals. When watching TV, you see what the producer of the show wants you to see. But when listening to a radio show, you see whatever your imagination can conjure up.

If you allow your imagination free play as you read *The Shadow* scripts in this book, you can become a silent partner in the exciting adventures of Lamont Cranston, alias the Shadow, and Margot Lane. They will take you to places you might never see on your own—a mysterious old inn containing hidden treasure, for instance, a carnival concession aptly named the Tunnel of Terror, a laboratory in which a scientist harnesses the sun's energy for evil purposes. You will even visit Greece and Italy. And during these imaginary travels, you will meet many different kinds of people, some of whom are admirable—some, not so admirable. Yet all of them are interesting because of the intriguing situations they are involved in.

To enjoy and share Lamont Cranston's and Margot Lane's adventures, you must be willing to exercise your imagination to the fullest. If you do, you will see, hear, and react to all that the writers of these radio plays present in print.

Reading radio plays

As you listen to a radio play, the music, sound effects, and what the characters say help you visualize the settings, characters, and action. But as you read a radio play, what you see and hear in your imagination depends solely on your interpretation of printed words. The following explanations may help you fully interpret those words—the printed language of radio.

The plays in *The Shadow Knows* are divided into acts and scenes. The line *Pause for commercial* signals that a new act is about to begin. And each act except the last has at least two scenes, which are signaled by musical bridges—*Music (bridge and out)*, for example.

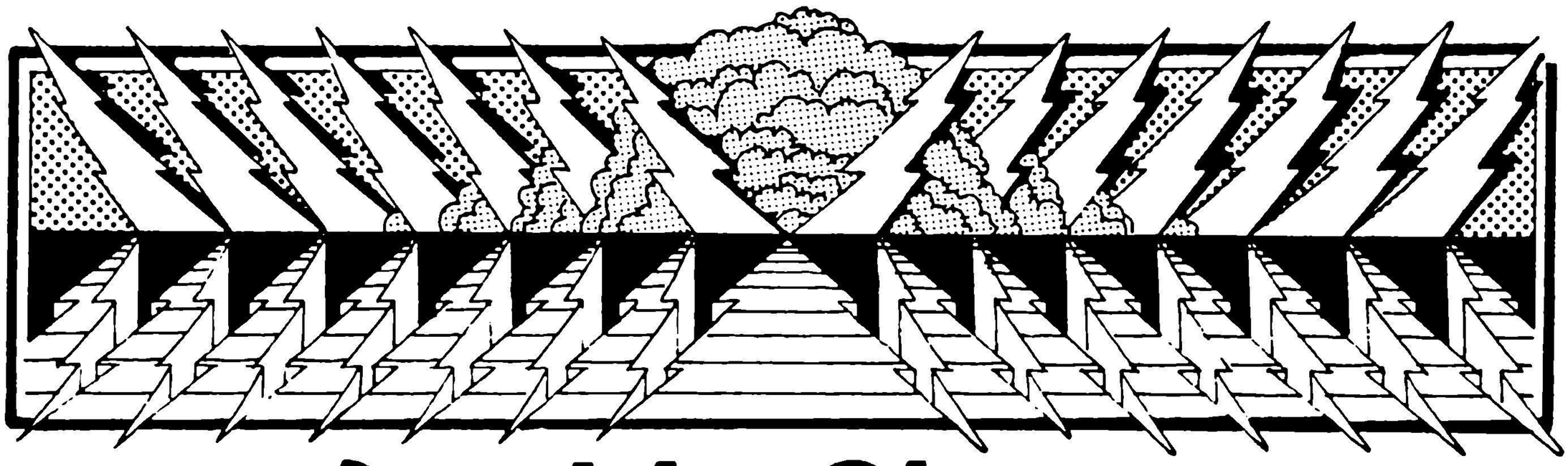
When reading directions for sound effects, imagine you hear them. They help you visualize the action—*door slammed and locked*, for instance, and the setting (place and time)—*light street sounds . . . distant clock strikes four.*

Obviously, the all-important ingredient of a radio play is the dialogue. From the characters' conversations and the announcer's introductions and summaries, you get most of the clues to the action and often to the setting. What the characters say and the way they say it also reveals their thoughts, feelings, and characteristics. Notice what the following bit of dialogue from *Death by Chapter* tells you about Mrs. Meggs, the landlady of a rooming house.

Meggs: *(Slightly off mike, and showing hostility)* I only got one room vacant, and I only take in single men.
Cranston: That's all right. We're not looking for a room.
Meggs: If you're sellin' something, I don't want any.

Throughout the plays in this book are such terms as *off mike*, *filter*, and *up and out*, which are directions to the actors or the sound-effects person. Such terms are defined in a glossary on pages 290-291. Although you may never produce a radio play, knowing what these terms mean will help you visualize the characters and action as you read one.

Questions and activities for each play in this book are in the section *The Reader Knows.* Since the answers to many questions are a matter of opinion, they should provoke some lively discussions. And among the activities suggested for each play, you are sure to find one that appeals to you.



Death by Chapter

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Chet Hale *(a magazine publisher)*

Alvin Kane *(a neurotic confession writer)*

Mrs. Meggs *(Kane's landlady)*

Secretary *(a very frightened young woman)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the onlv person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In today's drama, "Death by Chapter," a would-be writer crosses the thin line beyond which fiction becomes fact and imagination a murderous reality. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Death by Chapter."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: In his swank penthouse office Chet Hale, editor and publisher of half a dozen crime and horror magazines, waits impatiently while Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane read the opening chapters of a handwritten manuscript, and as Cranston finishes the last page and hands it to Margot, Hale asks . . .

Hale: What do you make of it, Cranston?

Cranston: Badly written but pretty frightening stuff. Where's the rest of the story?

Hale: The rest hasn't been written, and I think I can tell you why.

Margot: The handwriting seems to indicate a very disturbed personality.

Hale: More than that, Margot. This author, Alvin Kane, hasn't finished the story because he's only *lived* the first three chapters.

Cranston: What makes you think so?

Hale: Look, Cranston! Murder is my business. Fictional murder, that is. I've read and published thousands of murder stories, and I've come to know the difference between a fiction writer making his stuff sound like fact and a crackpot trying to make fact sound like fiction.

Margot: And you think Kane actually lived this? . . . started by killing those animals—the cat and the dog that annoyed and frustrated him?

Hale: Yes, Margot, and he writes about the boy he wanted to kill because he thought the boy was laughing at him.

Cranston: There *is* a frightening progression in those events, Hale. And it reads more like a diary than a story.

Hale: That's why I wanted you to see it before I return it.

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Hale! If you want my advice, I wouldn't return or reject that thing until you've had a chance to find out more about this fellow Kane.

Hale: Why not?

Cranston: Because I agree this isn't fiction but fact, and

Kane is working up to killing a man. And if you reject his brainchild, *you* could become the material for his next chapter.

Hale: *(Shocked)* You could be right.

Cranston: You deal in fiction. I deal in fact.

Hale: *(Not entirely convinced)* But I've rejected the tripe of a thousand screwballs and cranks.

Cranston: This is something more and you know it, or you wouldn't have asked us to come here and read this manuscript.

Hale: Yes, I'll admit it worries me. What do you suggest?

Cranston: Hold the manuscript a few days. I'd like to meet the author . . . check his neighborhood for a basis for those strangling incidents. What's the address?

Hale: Ten South Street.

Margot: That's an old rooming-house section.

Hale: Yes, and be careful *you* don't become Chapter Four!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light street sounds, footsteps on stone stairs)

Margot: *(With distaste)* Ugh! Number Ten South Street is one of those gloomy brownstones, Lamont.

Cranston: Just the place to fit the mood of a frustrated writer, Margot.

Margot: Didn't you and Hale agree that Kane wasn't a writer but a frustrated man?

Cranston: Sometimes the two go together. . . . Let's ring the doorbell and see.

Sound (bell or buzzer sounds inside, muffled and off)

Margot: Kane may not be home. He wrote of spending a lot of time wandering the streets . . . with a chip on his shoulder.

Cranston: Yes, but at *night.*

Sound (door unlocked and opened behind the following)

Meggs: *(Slightly back from mike, and showing hostility)* I only got one room vacant, and I only take in single men.

Cranston: That's all right. We're not looking for a room.

Meggs: If you're sellin' something, I don't want any.

Cranston: We're not selling anything.

Meggs: If it's one of them surveys, I don't know nothing.
Cranston: We're looking for a writer by the name of Alvin Kane.
Meggs: *(Provoked and impatient)* I don't board no writers! Their typewriters make too much noise.
Cranston: This man writes in longhand, and he gave this house as his address.
Meggs: Nobody by that name ever gets any mail here!
Margot: Are you sure?
Meggs: Sure as my name is Meggs! I get all the mail that comes, and I put it on the hall table for them that rooms here.
Cranston: He might live here under another name and meet the mailman outside.
Meggs: *(Flatly)* If he did, I'd a heard about it. The mailman's a friend of mine. Stays for a cup of coffee once in a while. *(Curious)* What's this Kane fella look like?
Cranston: We don't know. We've never seen him, *Miss* Meggs.
Meggs: *(Sharply)* It's *Mrs.* Meggs. I'm a respectable widow, and I run a quiet, respectable house with nobody in it using different names. What do you want with this Kane?
Cranston: We'd like to talk to him about his manuscript and a couple of incidents in the story.
Meggs: What kind of incidents?
Cranston: A cat and a dog that were killed.
Meggs: I don't allow no cats or dogs in *my* house. *(Suspiciously)* You people from the S.P.C.A.?
Cranston: No. And it looks like we might have the wrong address.
Meggs: *(Emphatically)* You *sure* have. Good day!
Sound (door slammed and locked)
Margot: Lamont! I think that woman was lying.
Cranston: I'm *sure* she was, and I'm going to prove it. Let's go!
Margot: Go where?
Cranston: To the district Post Office to send a letter special delivery to Mr. Kane of this address, which should be delivered this afternoon.
Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (light street sounds up and under . . .)
(distant clock strikes four behind the following)

Margot: Four o'clock, and there's the mailman, Lamont!

Cranston: *(Watching)* Taking our large yellow envelope addressed to Alvin Kane, Ten South Street.

Margot: He's ringing the doorbell.

Cranston: That's why I sent the largest envelope I could find. So we could watch it delivered from a distance.

Margot: The door is opening. I wonder if Mrs. Meggs will accept it.

Cranston: If she does, we'll know she was lying about Kane not living in her house.

Margot: We'll soon know. . . . There's Mrs. Meggs at the door now!

Cranston: Yes! And she's signing for the envelope.

Margot: That proves she lied! What do we do now?

Cranston: Just wait here. Give her time to give it to Kane. Then pay a return call and see what she has to say.

Margot: What did you put in the envelope, Lamont?

Cranston: Nothing but a blank sheet of paper Kane can use to *start* his next chapter of confessions.

Margot: *(Shudders)* But not finish it . . . I hope.

Cranston: Our job will be to prevent fiction becoming fact.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (street door of rooming house unlocked, opened and closed, slightly back from mike)
(quick footsteps come on and stop, crackle of stiff envelope ripped open under the following)

Kane: *(Angrily)* My manuscript! He sent it back! No! There's nothing in the envelope! . . . Nothing but a blank sheet of paper . . . nothing on it! Somebody's making fun of me! *(Calls)* Mrs. Meggs! Where are you? Come here!

Sound (heavy footsteps lumber on)

Meggs: *(Comes on)* Oh, it's you, Mr. Kane! I been waiting for you. Some strangers come asking about you!

Kane: Who came asking about me?

Meggs: I don't know . . . a man and a woman, and they didn't give their names.

Kane: What did they want?

Meggs: They wanted to see you about your story writing.

Kane: *(Cry of triumph)* My publisher! My editor! They want more!

Meggs: *(Scornful)* They want to know about a cat 'n dog that were killed.

Kane: *(Suddenly tense)* What did you tell them?

Meggs: *(Becoming alarmed)* Nothing! I told 'm you didn't live here . . . like you asked me on account of bill collectors and your . . . enemies!

Kane: Did they come before or after this envelope came?

Meggs: Before! What's the matter with you? Why are you getting so excited?

Kane: It's a trick . . . a trap! You're helping them steal my story—my life's story!

Meggs: I am *not.* . . . I didn't tell them anything!

Kane: You're lying! *I'll* find out what you told them. I'm going to the publisher's office. I'll show them they can't steal my story! *(Goes shouting)* And if I find you've lied to me! . . .

Sound (door jerked open)

Kane: *(Back from mike, shouting)* You'll be the next to die!

Sound (door slammed)

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Checking on a strange manuscript sent to a publisher of crime stories who believes the author is confessing to murder, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane return to a rooming house whose landlady denied any knowledge of the man who may be enacting each chapter of crime. . . .

Sound (light street sounds as before, footsteps up stone stairs)

Margot: Lamont! Do you think that man with the red beard who rushed in and out of here could be our author?

Sound (footsteps out, and doorbell or buzzer behind the following)

Cranston: It could have been, and that envelope we sent him may have started something.

Margot: I wonder if the landlady will be more cooperative this time.

Sound (door unlocked and opened behind the following)

Meggs: *(Angry)* Oh! It's you two again!

Cranston: Yes. And this time we want to see Mr. Kane.

Meggs: I told you . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* You told us he didn't live here, but you accepted a special-delivery envelope addressed to him at this house!

Meggs: *(Startled)* How do you know that?

Cranston: Because I sent it.

Margot: And we watched you sign for it from our car parked across the street.

Meggs: Who are you, and what do you want with him?

Cranston: Then you admit he *does* live here?

Meggs: I ain't saying till you tell me what you want!

Cranston: I told you we want to talk to him about his manuscript.

Meggs: Then he was right! You *are* from the place he sent his story to.

Margot: Is he the man with the red beard who just rushed in and out of the house again?

Meggs: Yes! *(Quickly)* But he'd asked me to say he didn't live here because he didn't want some bill collectors to find him.

Cranston: Did you tell him we'd been here?

Meggs: Yes! . . . After he got that big yellow envelope with nothing in it. Why did you send it?

Cranston: To prove you were lying.

Meggs: I ain't gonna lie for him no more!

Cranston: Why not? What happened?

Meggs: He acted like a crazy man. Said you were from his publisher and you were trying to steal his story and I was helping you.

Cranston: Had he ever acted like that before?

Meggs: Not like that! He's always been kind of touchy and suspicious of everybody. But he's never been like that before.

Cranston: Did he threaten you?

Meggs: He sure did. He said if he found out I was helping you steal his story, I'd be the next to die; and I been

thinking about calling the cops before he gets back!

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Back from where?

Meggs: He said he was going to that editor or publisher and show them they couldn't steal his *life* story!

Margot: Good heavens, Lamont! It *is* a true confession and he's gone to Hale's office!

Cranston: Where is your phone, Mrs. Meggs?

Meggs: There's a pay phone right there on the wall at the foot of the stairs.

Sound (quick footsteps to phone)

Margot: Do you have a dime, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Fast)* Look in your handbag, Margot. I don't have any small change.

Sound (zipper of bag opened)

Margot: I hope *I* have. But doesn't Hale leave his office at four-thirty?

Cranston: Yes, but he and some of the editors sometimes stay later for story conferences. Can't you find a dime or two nickels?

Margot: *(Dismayed)* Not a one, Lamont. *(Aside)* Don't you have a private phone, Mrs. Meggs?

Meggs: No I don't—on account of my roomers would always be sneaking in and using it.

Cranston: Well, go see if you can find two nickels or a dime.

Meggs: All right, but you'll have to pay me back. This is none of my business.

Cranston: *(Angry)* It may be your life and the lives of others. Hurry!

Meggs: *(Goes)* All right. But if you ask me, he oughta be arrested.

Sound (heavy footsteps go off)

Margot: She's right, Lamont. He sounds really dangerous.

Cranston: Granted, Margot. But he's done nothing the police could hold him five minutes for.

Margot: Couldn't he be held for observation?

Cranston: Not unless he blew his top in the presence of the police. . . . And we can't count on that. *(Calls)* Hurry, Mrs. Meggs!

Meggs: *(Calling from a distance)* I'm lookin'!

Margot: Lamont! Why don't you drive to Hale's office? Maybe you can beat Kane there . . . warn them he's

coming! I'll stay here and phone if Mrs. Meggs finds some change.

Cranston: *(Exclaims)* That's an idea, Margot, at any rate. Wait here! Get all you can out of Mrs. Meggs, and I'll call you at this number the minute I get to Hale's office!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (rapid typing that stops abruptly as door opens)

Kane: *(Back from mike slightly)* Where is the editor, miss?

Secretary: *(Startled)* Oh! I'm sorry. Mr. Hale has gone for the day.

Kane: *(Comes on slowly)* Where is my story?

Secretary: I'm sorry. I'm only Mr. Hale's secretary, and I don't have anything to do with the manuscripts submitted to us.

Kane: I want my story. You're trying to steal it!

Secretary: *(Uneasy)* We don't steal stories! If yours isn't acceptable, it will be sent back to you by mail if you sent return postage.

Kane: You sent me a yellow envelope with nothing in it!

Secretary: We did not!

Kane: You sent somebody to find out if my story was true!

Secretary: *(Getting scared)* We don't print true stories.

Kane: *(Starts low for rising scale of hysteria)* I want my story.

Secretary: There's no one here who can give it to you.

Kane: I want my story.

Secretary: *(Starts to get up)* I'll see if there's anyone . . .

Sound (typing chair rolled back)

Kane: *(Moving in)* No you don't! You're going to tell someone to hide it.

Secretary: *(Fighting against panic)* There's no one else here! I'll go see if I can find it on Mr. Hale's desk.

Kane: I'll go with you! Nobody's going to steal my story!

Secretary: No! Please. Wait here. I'll see. *(Stalling)* What is your name?

Kane: Kane. . . . Alvin Kane.

Secretary: *(Startled)* Oh!

Kane: *(Exclaims excitedly)* You know my name! You know about my story! You're trying to steal it . . . before it's finished!

Sound (phone starts ringing)

Secretary: The phone. I'll have to answer it.
Kane: No! We'll get my story!
Secretary: *(Frantic)* It may be Mr. Hale. He'll want to talk to you . . . about your story . . . maybe buy it!
Kane: It's a trick!
Secretary: You answer it. I'll get the story for you.
Sound (phone jerked off cradle)
Kane: No! *(Grabs her arm)* You wait!
Secretary: *(Cries out)* Please let me go!
Kane: Shut up! *(Into phone with feverish intensity)* Hello?
Margot: *(Filter)* Hello. Is Mr. Hale's secretary there?
Kane: *(Hesitating a moment)* Who wants her?
Margot: *(Filter)* Margot Lane! It's urgent.
Kane: What do you want?
Margot: *(Filter)* Could I talk to his secretary? It's important.
Kane: No! She's busy!
Margot: *(Filter) (Tense)* Are you Alvin Kane?
Kane: *(Harsh)* Yes! Why?
Margot: *(Filter) (Fast)* It's about your wonderful story. We want to talk to you about buying it.
Kane: You want to buy it, Miss Lane? Print it with my name on it?
Margot: *(Filter)* Yes!
Kane: Where are you?
Margot: *(Filter)* At your rooming house. We've been looking for you.
Kane: *(Suspicious)* You wait there! I'll get my story and come back.
Margot: *(Filter) (Fast)* No! It's too valuable. It's locked in a safe! Mr. Hale's secretary can't get it for you, but we know all about it. We'll buy it, but we want to know what you're going to do in the next chapter!
Kane: That depends!
Margot: *(Filter)* Come back to Mrs. Meggs'! We'll talk about it!
Kane: I want to talk to the editor—Mr. Hale.
Margot: *(Filter)* He'll be here. *(Fast)* And tell his secretary to ask Mr. Cranston to come to Mrs. Meggs' as soon as he can.
Kane: *(Suspicious)* Who's Cranston?
Margot: *(Filter) (Desperately making up a half-truth)* He's . . . our crime specialist. Have Mr. Hale's secretary

tell Mr. Cranston to hurry and we'll have a . . . story conference!

Kane: *(Exclaims)* A story conference! You wait. I'll come!

Sound (click of phone on cradle)

Kane: *(Goes and calls back to secretary)* You tell Cranston to hurry over to Mrs. Meggs'!

Secretary: *(Shaken)* Yes . . . *(Gasps and faints)* I'll tell . . . Mr. Cranston. . . .

Sound (slump of limp body to floor)

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (door opened, footsteps entering)

Cranston: Hello. . . . Anyone here?

Secretary: *(Regaining consciousness, moans off mike)*

Sound (quick footsteps)

Cranston: *(Back from mike, startled)* Good grief! *(Comes on)* Miss Reed!

Secretary: *(Relieved)* Mr. Cranston!

Cranston: *(Helping her up)* Has Kane been here?!

Secretary: *(Shudders)* Yes.

Cranston: What happened?

Secretary: He wanted to see Mr. Hale! He wanted his manuscript! I . . . I think he would have killed me if Miss Lane hadn't phoned . . . talked to him!

Cranston: What did she say to him?

Secretary: She . . . persuaded him to go back to Mrs. Meggs'.

Cranston: Good grief! . . . How?

Secretary: She said she'd be there . . . talk to him about buying his story, and I was to tell you to hurry to Mrs. Meggs'.

Cranston: Can I call outside on this phone?

Secretary: Yes. It's a night line . . . you can dial.

Sound (phone jerked off cradle and fast dialing behind the following)

Cranston: Did Kane strike you?

Secretary: No! I was so frightened . . . when he ran out . . . I just fainted. . . . I'm sorry.

Cranston: I shouldn't wonder. He beat me here . . . must have taken a cab! I left Miss Lane to call here . . . warn you . . .

Sound (filter sound of phone ringing number)

Cranston: . . . but she must have realized your danger.

Secretary: Yes! And she persuaded him to leave . . . said

Mr. Hale would be there . . . and you, our crime specialist, would come for a story conference.

Cranston: *(Exclaims)* A story conference! *(Into phone)* Come on, Margot! Answer the phone! Kane may be taking another cab! *(Aside)* How long has he been gone?

Secretary: I don't know! I was too surprised and frightened to notice the time, and then I fainted. . . .

Sound (filter click of connection)

Cranston: *(Aside)* Just a minute.

Margot: *(Filter)* Lamont?

Cranston: *(Fast)* Margot! Get out of that house and take Mrs. Meggs with you!

Margot: *(Filter)* But Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Don't argue! Kane beat me here to Hale's office and may take a cab back to Mrs. Meggs'.

Margot: *(Filter)* Is Mr. Hale's secretary all right?

Cranston: Yes! Your story-conference bait may have saved her life. Now get out of there and meet me on the corner, but *don't* let Kane see Mrs. Meggs!

Margot: *(Filter)* Shall I call the police?

Cranston: He still hasn't committed a crime they can hold him for! *(Sharply)* Get out before I have to call Commissioner Weston and report a homicide!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Tracking down a would-be author who seems to be *living* his crime story as he writes it—chapter by chapter, Lamont Cranston finds Margot Lane waiting for him near the rooming house where the writer lives. . . .

Sound (car comes on fast and stops, motor cut, door opened and closed . . . light street sounds under the following)

Margot: *(Comes on)* Lamont! I thought you'd never get here!

Cranston: Rush-hour traffic held me up! Where's Mrs. Meggs?

Margot: She wouldn't leave her house. She said if Kane made any trouble, she'd beat him to a pulp and call the cops!

Cranston: So she still thinks he's a harmless guy writing imaginary stories of his crimes.
Margot: She says she doesn't care *what* he is and she's going to be there to get her rent out of him before anyone takes him away.
Cranston: Have you seen anyone with a red beard go into Number Ten?
Margot: Yes . . . just a few minutes ago. What are we going to do?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* You're going in that drugstore and phone Commissioner Weston. Tell him what we know and what we suspect!
Margot: What are *you* going to do?
Cranston: The Shadow is going to have a "story conference" with that greedy landlady and Alvin Kane!
Music (short bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (thumping on table behind the following)
Kane: *(With suppressed fury)* Don't lie to me, Mrs. Meggs! That Lane woman said she'd wait for me! The editor is coming and so is a crime specialist, and we're going to have a story conference!
Meggs: *(Angrily)* She left and wanted me to go too! And don't you call me a liar! And don't you bust my furniture! And you pay the rent you owe me and get out of here!
Kane: I'll get out as soon as they've bought my story! I'll live in a penthouse and have lots of money, and then nobody will laugh at me!
Meggs: *(Snorts)* I'll start laughing as soon as I get my back rent.
Kane: You'll be sorry if you do!
Meggs: I'm sorry I even let you get a week behind! And you'll pay me now, or I'll go up and lock your room so you can't skip with that junk you call clothes . . . you . . . you deadbeat!
Kane: Don't you dare call me a deadbeat, or you'll be . . . *(Breaks off)*
Sound (doorbell or buzzer sounds behind the above)
Kane: That'll be my editor! *(Grandly)* Perhaps his associate—the crime specialist!
Meggs: *(Snorts)* And maybe a psy-*chi*-a-trist!
Kane: *(Goes quickly)* Send them up to my room. I'll receive them in my *den!*

Sound (footsteps run up the stairs behind the following)

Meggs: *(Exclaims)* Den it *is!* . . . where you'll be laughin' like a hyena or a mad dog bayin' at the moon!

Sound (doorbell or buzzer rings persistently, heavy, deliberate footsteps to door, door unlocked and opened, light street sounds off mike)

Meggs: *(Calls over the above)* All right. . . . All *right!* Quit wearin' out my bell. I'm comin'! What do you . . . *(Breaks off and explodes)* Them kids again! . . . ringin' an' runnin' an' hidin'!

Sound (footsteps outside, street sounds up slightly)

Meggs: *(Yells)* Keep away from my bell, you little brats! Come back and I'll take a broom to you!

Shadow: *(Back from mike) (Laughs)* Come back in your house, Mrs. Meggs! No children rang your bell!

Meggs: *(Startled)* Who said that!

Sound (footsteps)

Shadow: The Shadow, Mrs. Meggs.

Meggs: How'd you get in my house?

Shadow: Through this open door!

Sound (door closes, street sounds out)

Meggs: Where are you? Who closed my door? I don't see nobody!

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow, Mrs. Meggs. For I have the power to cloud your greedy mind, so listen carefully to what I have to say.

Meggs: *(Awed)* I'm . . . I'm listenin'. What do you want?

Shadow: I want to know if your roomer Alvin Kane is still in this house.

Meggs: Yes! He just run up to his room—thinkin' you was his editor!

Shadow: What room?

Meggs: The top floor rear! The cheapest room I got, and he ain't paid up for that.

Shadow: You'll be paid, Mrs. Meggs.

Meggs: That's what *he* said! When I just told him to pay up and get out!

Shadow: You're lucky *you* didn't pay with your *life!* Now get out of this house, Mrs. Meggs. Leave Alvin Kane to the Shadow!

Meggs: *(Startled realization)* I *won't.* You ain't real. I'm just hearin' things! Talkin' to *myself* like crazy . . .
Shadow: *(Moves in)* No! To the *Shadow!*
Meggs: *(Cries out)* Something touched me! But there's nobody—and nobody'll believe me. . . . *(Goes fast)* I'm gettin' outa this house. . . . It's haunted. . . .
Shadow: *(Laughs as . . .)*

Sound (fast, heavy footsteps go, door jerked open and slammed)

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Kane: *(Fades in with feverish excitement)* I must be ready! I must think what to tell them about my next chapter! What I'm going to do . . . as if I'd already done it. *(Breaks off)* Why don't they come! *(Sudden anger)* If that Mrs. Meggs sent them away, I'll kill her! *(Exclaims)* That's *it!* My next chapter . . . Meggs! The greedy old . . . *(Stops short as . . .)*

Sound (light tap on door)

Kane: *(Quickly)* Yes! Just a moment!

Sound (quick footsteps to door, door unlocked and opened)

Kane: *(Grandly)* Come in, gentlemen! You must pardon my poor artist's quarters, but genius . . . *(Breaks off)*
Shadow: *(Comes in)* Is often close to madness, Kane. *(Laughs)*
Kane: *(Startled cry)* Who knocked? . . . spoke? . . . laughed?

Sound (door slammed and locked)

Shadow: It's too late to lock your door against the Shadow!
Kane: Shadow!
Shadow: Don't bother to look around the room, Kane. No man can see the Shadow.
Kane: Who are you? Why are you here?
Shadow: I have come to your "story conference," Kane.
Kane: My story conference! You want to buy my story?
Shadow: I want to *hear* your story . . . the next chapter . . . what you plan to do.
Kane: *(Eagerly)* I know what's going to happen. . . . More exciting things than in the beginning.
Shadow: What kind of things?
Kane: At first only little things died. . . .
Shadow: A cat? A dog?
Kane: Yes!

Shadow: Did you really kill them?
Kane: Yes!
Shadow: Why?
Kane: They belonged next door! They barked and yowled! Kept me awake nights. I caught them . . . killed them! That started it!
Shadow: Are you going to kill more cats and dogs, Kane?
Kane: No! That isn't exciting enough . . . *for a story!* People only get a thrill out of reading about people killing . . . *people!*
Shadow: Have you selected your victim?
Kane: Yes! Mrs. Meggs! My landlady.
Shadow: Why?
Kane: She's a greedy old woman and she laughs at me.
Shadow: Is that reason enough to kill someone . . . even in a story?
Kane: *(Resenting criticism)* It doesn't matter! It's *my* story! And I can make it happen.
Shadow: *(Mocking)* How? Mrs. Meggs is a big powerful woman. She could throw you out of this house.
Kane: *(Exclaims)* No she can't! . . . I have something that will shut her mouth . . . make her quit laughing at me.

Sound (drawer jerked open, clatter of gun pulled out)

Shadow: Where did you get that gun, Kane?
Kane: I bought it . . . in a pawn shop.
Shadow: Do you have a permit for it?
Kane: No! And it doesn't matter.
Shadow: It will matter to the police when they come and find you with that gun in your possession, Kane.
Kane: They won't find me! I'll kill Meggs and get away and hide.
Shadow: The police would find you.
Kane: *(Excited)* I'd kill the police and get away, and there'd be more chapters!
Shadow: *(Slowly and emphatically)* No, Kane. This is the *last* chapter! . . . entitled "Alvin Kane Meets the Shadow."
Kane: I'll kill you, Shadow, if you try to stop me!

Sound (running feet)

Shadow: No you don't!

Sound (scuffle of footsteps in struggle . . .)

Kane: *(In a fury)* Nobody will stop me!

Sound (exchange of blows)

Shadow: You'll only leave this room in a *straitjacket!*

Sound (thud of hard blow and crash of body)

Shadow: *(Pause)* The police and psychiatrists will write the remaining chapters of your life. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: You know, Lamont . . . even with Kane arrested for illegal possession of that gun and held for observation, this case worries me.

Cranston: Why, Margot?

Margot: I have quite a lot of friends and acquaintances who are crime writers, and they all want you to read their stuff, but most of them are rather touchy about criticism.

Cranston: *(Chuckles)* Most of them are milquetoasts[1] who wouldn't actually kill a fly.

Margot: *(Dubious)* But suppose I catch one of them sticking pins in flies?

Cranston: *(Chuckles)* Then you'd better watch them carefully.

Margot: *(Exclaims)* Good heavens! I know one that's well on the way.

Cranston: How so?

Margot: He collects butterflies . . . and sticks them on a board *(Laughs)* with pins!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

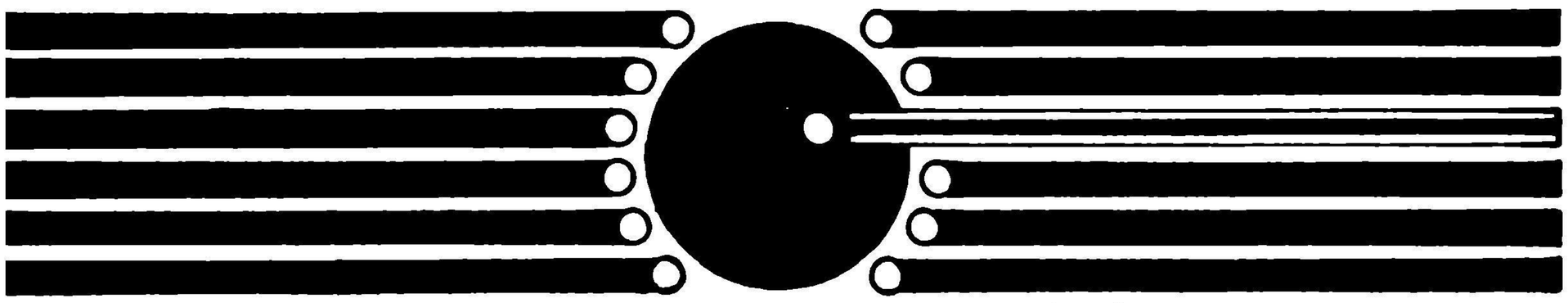
Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END

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1. *milquetoasts*, extremely timid people. The word *milquetoast* comes from Caspar Milquetoast, the name of the main character in *The Timid Soul*, a comic strip by H. T. Webster, twentieth-century American cartoonist.



The Blackball Murder

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Miles Anders *(secretary-treasurer of the Bay Yacht Club)*

Dan Jackson *(blackballed applicant for membership)*

Maud Harper *(25-year-old club member)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Blackball Murder," is a tale of murder and treachery in the tranquil setting of a yacht basin. It will begin in just a moment, but first . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Blackball Murder."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Greed, ambition, violence, and murder do not stalk their victims only in the dark byways of the city. Tonight they lurk in the velvet darkness of the quiet anchorage of a yacht basin, as a tall, powerfully built man rows a dinghy to the stern of a sleek cabin cruiser . . . stows his oars . . . and makes fast the mooring line. Then he climbs aboard the cruiser and calls . . .

Jackson: Anders! . . . Miles Anders!

Sound (cabin door opened, slightly off mike)

Anders: *(Slightly off mike)* Yeah? . . . Who's there?

Sound (footsteps on deck)

Jackson: *(Full of suppressed hatred)* Dan Jackson!

Anders: *(Comes on)* What are you doing in the anchorage?! . . . You're not a member of the Bay Yacht Club!

Jackson: *(Grimly)* Yes! You and some others saw to that!

Anders: *(Quickly, frightened)* I didn't blackball your application for membership.

Jackson: Who did?

Anders: I don't know.

Jackson: You're the secretary-treasurer!

Anders: The voting is secret!

Jackson: But *you* know!

Anders: I don't! I swear! . . .

Jackson: Why was I blackballed? I live in the community! I own a yawl, and I know how to sail!

Anders: Maybe you sail *too* well. Maybe some of the other members would like to win a race occasionally.

Jackson: Then let them learn how to handle their boats . . . instead of spending their time at the club bar!

Anders: Why try to join if you don't like us?

Jackson: It was important to Helen . . . *(Chokes)* my wife.

Anders: But she—she's dead!

Jackson: *(Lashes out)* Of a broken heart!

Anders: Nonsense! The obituary notice said pneumonia.

Jackson: *(Bitterly)* Few people die of pneumonia these days if they have any will to live.

Anders: I'm sorry, but what do you expect *me* to do?

Jackson: Give me the names of the members who put the blackballs in the box against me!

Anders: *(Frightened)* Why do you want to know their names?

Jackson: I'm going to ruin them . . . destroy them!
Anders: I didn't . . . *(Breaks off)*
Sound (quick scuff of feet)
Jackson: *(Effort of throttling)* Who were they?! . . . Talk!
Anders: *(Gasping)* Let go of my throat! You're choking me!
Jackson: *(Effort of holding)* There's an initiation ceremony at the club where you pretend to hang a neophyte for mutiny, isn't there?
Anders: Yes, but . . . *(Gasps)*
Jackson: I'll string *you* up on your own boat if you don't tell me!
Anders: *(Gasping)* Let go! . . . I'll tell you!
Jackson: *(Effort of holding)* Name them!
Anders: Wilson . . . the new commodore!
Jackson: Who else?
Anders: Maud Harper.
Jackson: You're lying. *She* proposed me for membership.
Anders: To get even with your wife!
Jackson: I don't believe Maud Harper had anything to do with it. Who else?
Anders: Nobody else! It takes only one black marble in the box to . . .
Jackson: *(Cuts in)* And you put it there because I beat you out on that real-estate deal!
Anders: No! . . . *(Gasps)* I didn't!
Jackson: You're lying! *(Effort of pushing)* And *this* is only the beginning!
Sound (body splashes into water)
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (light clang of buoy[1] bell . . . off mike, distant sound of motorboats, and under the following—light murmur of crowd in terrace restaurant)
Margot: Why did Miles Anders invite you out here to the Bay Yacht Club for dinner, Lamont?
Cranston: I don't know. . . . But the club serves a good dinner, and it's cool and pleasant down here near the water.

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1. *buoy* (bü' ē) *or* (boi). See Pronunciation Key on page 289. A floating object anchored in the water to mark an anchorage channel, navigational hazard, etc. A buoy equipped with a bell is called a bell buoy.

Margot: I wish we could go for a quiet moonlight sail.
Cranston: *(Chuckles)* Maybe I can borrow a dinghy and row you around the bay.
Margot: Careful! . . . I might take you up on that.
Cranston: *(Quickly)* Hold the thought. Here's Miles Anders, the club secretary. He has a cabin cruiser. *(Calls)* Hello, Anders.
Anders: *(Comes on)* Cranston! I'm glad you were able to come. I've got to talk to you.
Cranston: Sit down. I believe you've met Miss Lane.
Anders: *(Nervously)* Yes. . . . Hello!
Margot: Join us for coffee and the wonderful peace and quiet of the night after the heat and hustle of the city.
Anders: There's nothing peaceful and quiet about the club these days . . . or *nights*, Miss Lane.
Cranston: *(Amused)* What's the trouble, Anders? Are the members still feuding over the election of Greg Wilson as the new commodore?
Anders: *(Quickly)* No! It's because of an applicant who was blackballed!
Cranston: Oh . . . one of *those* nasty situations.
Anders: It's worse than that. *(Fast)* It was Dan Jackson, a real-estate man out here. His wife died last week . . . after he was blackballed. He claims the humiliation helped kill her.
Margot: Oh, how awful!
Anders: *(Rushes on)* Last night Jackson came aboard my boat. Threatened me! Demanded that I tell him the names of the members who blackballed him!
Cranston: Did you?
Anders: *(Defensively)* He got violent . . . grabbed me by the throat . . . threatened to hang me like we pretend to do in the initiation ceremony!
Cranston: *Did* you tell him?
Anders: Yes! . . . Commodore Wilson and Maud Harper.
Cranston: *(Sharply)* How can you be sure? As I recall, the balloting is supposed to be secret.
Anders: Yes, but as secretary-treasurer, I tend the box. The black marbles are heavier, and I can tell by the sound.
Cranston: Even so, you shouldn't have told Jackson!
Anders: I thought he'd kill me! Even after I told him, he accused *me* too . . . and hit me! He knocked me off my

boat . . . into the bay! Said it was only the beginning, and left me to drown!

Margot: He must be terribly bitter and hurt. . . .

Cranston: Have you told this to Commodore Wilson?

Anders: No. I haven't seen him around the club all day.

Cranston: He should be warned!

Maud: *(Off mike, calls)* Mr. Anders! *(Comes on)* Mr. Anders!

Sound (crowd murmur stops suddenly)

Anders: Maud! . . . What's the trouble?

Maud: It's Commodore Wilson!

Anders: What about him?

Maud: I—I went out to his sloop to borrow his spare outboard motor. . . .

Anders: *(Cuts in)* Wasn't he on board?

Maud: *(Breaks down)* Yes! *(Chokes)* He—he was hanging from the mainsail (mān' səl) rigging . . dead!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (intermittent harbor sounds under the following)

Anders: *(Exclaims nervously)* Cranston! Can't we cut him down or lower him to the deck?!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* I think we'd better leave him just as he is until the police come.

Maud: Why did you call the police, Mr. Cranston? He must have committed suicide. He's been having financial difficulties.

Cranston: It's not likely that a man would hang himself in that manner, Miss Harper. Furthermore, I'm sure he knew that suicide is no solution to anyone's problems. And after what Mr. Anders told me about his trouble with Jackson, I think the police should be in on this as quickly as possible.

Maud: *(Startled)* But Commodore Wilson had no trouble with Dan Jackson. He liked Dan . . . even bought his new house through Dan. He wouldn't . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* But, according to Mr. Anders, the commodore blackballed Mr. Jackson from membership in the club!

Maud: *(Startled)* He wouldn't! He thought Dan was the best skipper in the bay!

Anders: *(Viciously)* Maybe that's why he blackballed him!

Maud: How do you know he did?! You're . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Anders has a keen ear for the sound of a heavy blackball dropping in the "doomsday box"!
Maud: I don't believe it!
Margot: And he claims he heard *you* drop one!
Maud: *(Flares up)* You're a liar, Miles Anders! I proposed Dan Jackson for membership!
Anders: So you could spite his wife and get even with Dan for ditching you for her!
Maud: *(Furious)* You're a vicious, gossiping old liar! Trying to get even with me because I won't have anything to do with *you!*
Anders: Everybody knows you bought a boat and got in the club just to grab a rich husband.
Maud: *(Effort of hitting)* How dare you!
Sound (hard slap on face)
Cranston: *(Grabbing her)* Hold it, Miss Harper! You can settle that later.
Anders: If Dan Jackson doesn't settle with her first!
Maud: And just what do you mean by that?!
Cranston: Anders told Dan Jackson that you and the commodore both blackballed him!
Maud: *(Struggles)* He's lying! It's not true! I didn't!
Cranston: At any rate, it won't make any difference to the commodore now. . . . Judging from the degree of rigor mortis, I'd say he's been dead for quite some time.
Sound (powerboat coming on fast behind the following)
Margot: The Harbor-Patrol boat is coming, Lamont.
Cranston: *(Still restraining Maud)* No more trouble with Anders, Miss Harper!
Maud: *(Deadly quiet)* Don't worry, Mr. Cranston. I can wait until Dan Jackson finds out that Anders is the one who kept him out of the club and helped kill Mrs. Jackson!
Music (theme)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!
Music (up and out)
Announcer: Half an hour has passed. And checking on the mixed clues and many motives behind the hanging at a suburban yacht club, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane

drive to the home of Dan Jackson, a prime suspect who was blackballed from membership by the commodore's admission committee. . . .

Sound (car comes on and stops, motor cut and car door opened, then footsteps on gravel walk . . . summer night sounds under the following)

Margot: Jackson seems to be home! There's a light in almost every room.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* He could have committed the crime and been home for an hour, Margot.

Margot: How long had the commodore been hanging from that mast?

Cranston: He'd been dead about five or six hours.

Sound (footsteps stop)

Margot: But by then it would have been daylight, and someone would have seen him hanging there in the middle of the anchorage!

Cranston: That makes it murder . . . even if an autopsy doesn't prove he was drugged or poisoned and kept in the cabin until it was dark enough to haul him up on his own mast!

Margot: Then it must have been a cold-blooded, premeditated killing for revenge!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* It was! . . . and a symbolic killing at that. . . .

Margot: How do you mean?

Cranston: The police found a black marble clutched in the stiffened fingers of his right hand.

Margot: *(Startled)* Look, Lamont! Someone in Jackson's house is going from room to room . . . carrying things.

Cranston: *(Pauses)* Looks like he's packing. Ring the bell. I'd like to ask him a few questions before the local police arrest him.

Sound (doorbell sounds inside house under the above)

Margot: *(Quickly)* He's coming to the door. Do you think he's guilty?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Suppose we let *him* tell us.

Sound (door unlocked and opened)

Jackson: *(Slightly off mike)* Yes?

Cranston: Good evening. Are you Dan Jackson?

Jackson: Yes, I am. Who are you?

Cranston: Lamont Cranston. . . . I used to be a member of the Bay Yacht Club . . . several years ago.
Jackson: *(Sarcastically)* Lucky *you!*
Cranston: *(Ignoring sarcasm)* And this is Miss Lane.
Jackson: *(Coldly)* Is she also a member of the club's Ladies' Committee, belatedly calling on my wife?
Margot: No. . . . I'm not a member of the club.
Jackson: I'm very busy. What do you want?
Cranston: *(Bluntly)* I'd like to talk to you before the police arrive.
Jackson: *(Startled)* The police! Why should *they* come here?
Cranston: To arrest you on suspicion of murder.
Jackson: *(Harshly)* Murder! . . . Who am I supposed to have murdered?
Cranston: Commodore Wilson.
Jackson: Greg Wilson? You're crazy!
Cranston: Whoever murdered him *is* crazy.
Jackson: How did it happen? When was he killed?
Cranston: When did *you* last see Commodore Wilson?
Jackson: This afternoon. I went . . . *(Breaks off)*
Cranston: Aboard his sloop?
Jackson: Yes.
Cranston: Why?
Jackson: It was a personal matter and none of your business.
Cranston: Now it's a police matter and the law's business.
Jackson: So why should I talk to you?
Cranston: If you're not involved, you'd better talk to someone who can help you prove it before you're locked in a cell and held without bail.
Jackson: *(Suddenly remembering)* Cranston . . . I've heard of you.
Cranston: I'd like to hear what *you* have to say . . . having heard Miles Anders' and Maud Harper's versions of your trouble with the club.
Jackson: *(Tensely)* So Anders has been shooting off his mealy mouth!
Cranston: It makes it look pretty bad for you.
Jackson: *(Pauses)* How was Greg Wilson killed?
Cranston: Maud Harper found him hanging on the mast of his sloop about an hour ago.
Jackson: I've been here all evening . . . packing!

Cranston: Where were you going?
Jackson: *(Bitterly)* Back to the city. My life is finished here! My wife is dead . . . my business shot, because everyone knows I was blackballed by the club.
Cranston: If you planned to leave town, why did you force Anders to tell you the names of the people who supposedly blackballed you?
Jackson: I had to know who they were.
Cranston: Anders claims you threatened to destroy them! . . . and even threatened to hang him as they do the neophytes in the initiation ceremony! . . . the way Wilson died!
Jackson: *(Beat)* I was bluffing . . . just trying to scare that rat into telling me the names.
Cranston: And Wilson was one of the names he gave you?
Jackson: *(Realizing he's in a bad way)* Yes, but Anders lied!
Cranston: Who told you he lied?
Jackson: Greg Wilson himself.
Cranston: When?
Jackson: This afternoon.
Cranston: Where?
Jackson: Aboard his sloop.
Cranston: And he was alive when you left?
Jackson: Yes!
Cranston: Where were you until sundown?
Jackson: Aboard my own boat . . . off the public dock.
Cranston: Can you prove it?
Jackson: *(Pauses)* No! . . . I felt sick . . . beat. I took a couple drinks . . . went to sleep . . . didn't wake up till after dark. Then I came straight here and started packing.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* You're in trouble, Jackson.
Jackson: *(Grimly)* Looks like I'm stuck with it, and . . .
(Breaks off as . . .)
Sound (phone rings, slightly off mike)
Jackson: *(Steps back)* Excuse me.
Sound (phone lifted off cradle, slightly off mike)
Jackson: Hello. *(Pause) . . . (Tensely)* Yes? *(Pause, then harshly)* Why? *(Pause)* All right, I'll be right down!
Sound (phone back on cradle)
Jackson: *(Comes on) (Coldly)* Sorry, Mr. Cranston, Miss Lane. That was Police Chief Sawyer. He wants me. I'll have to go.

Margot: We'll drive you to the police station.
Jackson: *(Sharply)* No! . . . No thanks. I'll take my own car! I have something I must do . . . before I go to jail!
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (car comes on and stops)
Margot: *(Surprised)* Lamont, we've lost him! Where on earth could Dan Jackson have disappeared to?
Cranston: I don't know, Margot.
Margot: Maybe we better go to the police station and wait for him there.
Cranston: He won't show up there. . . .
Margot: But the police chief phoned him from there. . . .
Cranston: No, Margot. That call didn't come from the police. *(Grimly)* And I think Jackson meant to lose us long enough to take care of that unfinished business he mentioned! If the police had wanted him, they would have picked him up. He used that call as a ruse to get rid of us. That's why we've been following him. . . .
Margot: And now we've lost him! What'll we do *now*, Lamont?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* We've got to *guess* where he's going! And I've got a hunch as to where it might be!
Music (short bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (clang of buoy bell, off mike . . . muffled sound of rowing under the following)
Cranston: *(In rhythm with strokes of oars)* Well, Margot . . . you're getting your . . . boat ride on the bay. . . . But the peace and quiet . . . and the silvery moonlight . . . are gone.
Sound (rowing stops, light slap of water)
Margot: *(Ruefully)* It's so pitch black I can't see Dan Jackson's yawl.
Cranston: The dock attendant said it's the third in the line of outer buoys, and we've passed the second.
Margot: So it should be just ahead. . . . Row on, Macduff.[2]
Cranston: No need to. The tide is carrying us.
Margot: What do you expect to find on Jackson's boat?
Cranston: I hope I don't find what I'm looking for.
Margot: You think he's innocent?

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2. *Row on, Macduff*, a paraphrase of "Lay on, Macduff," part of Macbeth's challenge to Macduff in the last scene of Shakespeare's play *Macbeth.*

Cranston: More than that . . . *framed!*
Margot: *(Exclaims)* There's a yawl . . . dead ahead!
Cranston: I see it. The perfect craft for . . . *(Breaks off and lowers voice)* Quiet, Margot. Do you see what I see?
Margot: A dinghy tied alongside.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* And *this* is Jackson's dinghy the dockhand loaned us.
Margot: I wonder what it can mean.
Cranston: We're going to the port side[3] and see.
Sound (single slosh of water)
Margot: It might be the police.
Cranston: Not in a dinghy. . . . Listen!
Margot: *(Pauses)* I don't hear a thing.
Cranston: *(Quick and low)* We're coming astern. Grab hold, but don't tie up. I'm going aboard. If there's trouble, shove off and get ashore and call the police.
Margot: *(Apprehensively)* Please be careful, Lamont.
Cranston: *(Pauses)* Now! *(Goes)* Stay in the dinghy!
Margot: *(Slightly off mike, cries out)* Lamont! Behind you! . . .
Sound (thud of heavy anchor rope, sound of body falling on deck)
Margot: Lamont! Lamont! Answer me! I can't see you!
Sound (footsteps on deck of yawl rush off, then outboard motor starts and roars away over . . .)
Margot: *(Calling frantically)* Lamont! . . . Lamont! . . .
Music (up and out for . . .)
Sound (buoy bell, off mike)
Cranston: *(Groans)* I hear bells!
Margot: It's the channel marker. You're on the deck of Jackson's yawl. Are you all right?
Cranston: Yes. . . .
Margot: You were out cold. He hit you with a heavy anchor rope.
Cranston: Did you get a look at him?
Margot: No! He ran to the other dinghy and got away with an outboard motor.
Cranston: I wonder what he was doing here.

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3. *port side*, the side of a boat to the left of a person facing the bow (the front) of the vessel.

Margot: Could it have anything to do with these?

Sound (rattle of a handful of agate marbles)

Cranston: Black marbles! Where did you find them?

Margot: On the deck. Whoever hit you must have dropped them.

Cranston: Good girl. Let's go!

Margot: Go where?

Cranston: We have one more boat to board! And this time I think the Shadow will take a hand in this murderous blackball game!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: With one murder—resulting from the jealousies and hatreds at a suburban yacht club—an accomplished fact, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are trying to identify the "blackball killer" before he strikes again. *(Fading)* It is after midnight, and the bay is silent and deserted. . . .

Sound (buoy bell ringing, off mike . . . soft slosh of oars in water, then stop)

Margot: *(Tense and low)* Whose boat are you looking for, Lamont?

Cranston: Miles Anders', the club's secretary-treasurer. . . . *(Pauses)* It's a thirty-foot cabin cruiser moored right off the end of the club dock.

Margot: The clubhouse seems to be closed. There isn't a light showing.

Cranston: I'm not surprised . . . after the hanging of the commodore.

Margot: I wonder how many other members are afraid Dan Jackson thinks they blackballed him from membership.

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Hold it, Margot. There's Anders' cruiser with a dinghy alongside!

Margot: *(Softly)* Lamont! There's *another* dinghy tied to the stern of the cruiser.

Cranston: Margot! I'm going on board. . . . I want you to row back to shore.

Margot: But there must be *two* people on board Anders cruiser.

Cranston: That's what I'm counting on. *(Tersely)* Get to a phone! Call the local police! Get them down here . . . on the double!

Margot: Hadn't you better wait for the police, Lamont? There are two of them on board the cruiser.

Cranston: No, Margot. I think it's up to the Shadow to prevent another blackball murder . . . by hanging!

Music (bridge up and out for . . .)

Sound (buoy bell ringing, off mike . . . on mike, clink of bottle on glass and gurgling sound of pouring)

Anders: Have another drink, Dan! And I'll tell you why I phoned you to meet me before the police got to you.

Jackson: *(Tense and suspicious)* I didn't come here to drink! Why *did* you call me, and where did you go in your dinghy this time of night?

Anders: *(Stalling)* Never mind that! You're in a jam, and I can help you.

Jackson: How?

Anders: You have no alibi for the time Wilson was killed, and neither have I.

Jackson: So what?

Anders: We can alibi each other.

Jackson: How?

Anders: We can say I was aboard your yawl—drinking with you.

Jackson: *(Voice thickening and getting groggy)* *(Coldly)* Why do *you* need an alibi? *I'm* the one who was blackballed. *I'm* the one the police will suspect. You saw to that!

Anders: *(Urgently)* Drink your drink, and I'll explain. . . .

Sound (boat bumping against side of cruiser)

Jackson: *(Startled)* What was that? . . . Someone came alongside.

Anders: *(Soothingly)* It's just the dinghies bumping against the cruiser. . . . The tide's turning. . . . Listen! . . .

Sound (scuff of feet as Jackson tries to stand up)

Jackson: *(Groggy)* I'm tired of listening. This is a trap!

Anders: No. Listen to me, Dan! . . . I need an alibi too!

Jackson: *(Thickly)* What for?

Anders: *(Fast)* I had trouble with Wilson. I've used the building fund for the new clubhouse. As the new commodore, Wilson went over the books and found out!

Jackson: *(Enraged)* So that's why you killed him! . . . tried to frame me . . . *(Gasps)* you dirty . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (bottle and glasses knocked over as he staggers)

Anders: *(Mocking)* Yes! And now I'm going to make it look good!

Jackson: *(Gasping)* What did you put in . . . my drink? . . .

Anders: I mixed you a Mickey,[4] you fool . . . same as I did for Wilson after you left him this afternoon. I swam out and climbed aboard. Nobody saw me. Nobody will ever know.

Jackson: *(Effort of reaching)* I'll kill you . . . you *(Sags)* dirty rat. . . .

Sound (body crashes to floor of cabin)

Anders: *(Mocking)* No, Dan. I'm going to get you back to your *(Effort of lifting)* yawl . . . and in the morning they'll find you hanging . . . a suicide of remorse. . . .

Sound (companionway door smashed open as . . .)

Shadow: *(Slightly off mike)* No! . . . Miles Anders! *(Laughs)*

Anders: *(Startled)* Who—who are you? Where . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* The Shadow, Miles Anders! And don't waste the little time you have left in trying to see me.

Anders: *(Backing away)* Why can't I see you? Your voice! . . . You're here in the cabin, or else I'm going mad.

Shadow: You *are* mad to have killed a man to cover up a petty crime. And you can't see me because I have the power to cloud your mind and force you to tell the truth!

Anders: *(Wildly)* What do you want, Shadow? . . . Why have you come here?

Shadow: To return these. . . .

Sound (clatter of marbles on floor . . . pause as they bounce, roll, and rattle)

Anders: Where . . . where did you get those blackballs?!

Shadow: On the deck of Jackson's yawl where you dropped them when you heard Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane

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4. *Mickey*, alcoholic drink containing a drug that renders the victim helpless (also called a Mickey Finn).

coming! You meant them to be another bit of circumstantial evidence[5] in case you failed to trap Jackson and kill him tonight!

Anders: *(With cunning of a cornered animal)* That's a lie! No one saw me. . . . No one can prove it!

Shadow: Jackson will prove it when he regains consciousness! He'll beat the truth out of you! . . . beat you to a pulp if you don't confess the whole rotten story of murder and . . . treachery!

Anders: *(Suddenly frantic)* No he won't! . . .

Sound (rush of footsteps and sound of drawer jerked open)

Anders: I'll kill him . . . and you! . . .

Shadow: *(Moves in)* Murder comes easy after the first!

Sound (thud of blow and clatter of falling gun)

Shadow: But no guns, Anders! *(Effort of shoving him away)* Stick to drugging and hanging your victims!

Sound (approaching police siren comes closer and stops off mike behind the following)

Anders: *(Gasps)* The police! They won't get me. . . . *(Gasps as . . .)*

Sound (footsteps stumble, then body crashes to floor)

Anders: *(Cries out with pain)* My leg . . . broken! . . . I can't get up! . . .

Sound (clatter and roll of marbles as Shadow mockingly kicks them across floor of cabin . . .)

Shadow: *(Mocking)* Ironic . . . isn't it, Anders, that a single misstep on a rolling marble—a child's plaything and man's symbol of rejection of his fellowman—should bring you and your murderous scheme to the bar of justice! *(Laughter that fades for . . .)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

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5. *circumstantial evidence*, proof of facts offered as evidence from which other facts are to be inferred; indirect evidence.

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: *(Tired, relaxed)* Lamont?

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: What made you suspect Miles Anders?

Cranston: I *didn't* suspect him at first. I merely went on the assumption that Dan Jackson was innocent and therefore some other member of the club was guilty.

Margot: Why not Dan Jackson?

Cranston: Because Jackson is a hot-tempered man, incapable of careful planning. And if he *had* killed Commodore Wilson, he's so strong that he wouldn't have needed to drug him before he hanged him.

Margot: What made you think Dan was going to meet the killer?

Cranston: Because I had asked Police Chief Sawyer to hold up on arresting Jackson until I could talk to Dan and test my theory.

Margot: So when Dan Jackson said the police wanted him at the station, you knew he was lying.

Cranston: And when he refused to ride with us, I was certain of it.

Margot: So we followed him, and he gave us the slip.

Cranston: But I thought he was meeting someone aboard his *own* boat! And that was a mistake. . . .

Margot: *(Ruefully)* Nearly a fatal one . . . for you!

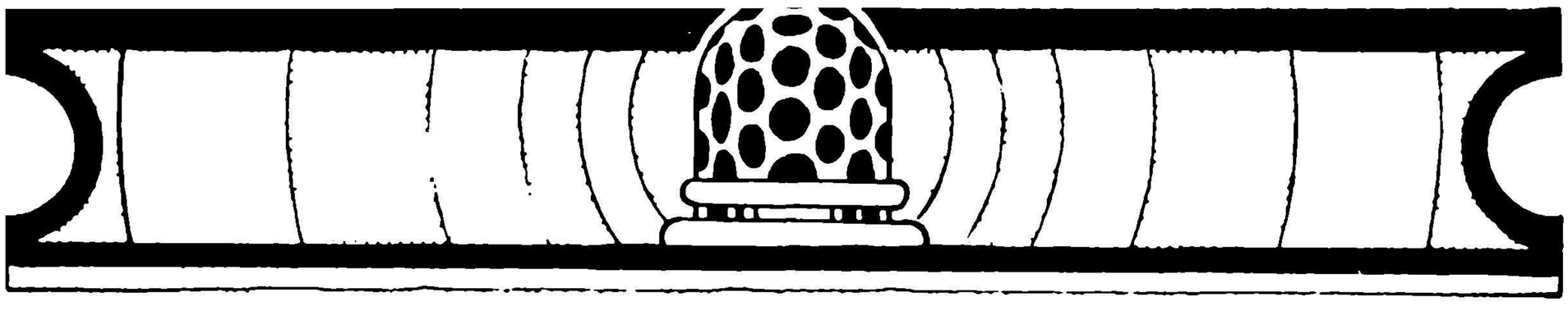
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



Heartbeat of Death

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane *(*Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Hepzibah Sefton *(miserly old woman, mistress of Sefton estate)*

Louise Sefton *(Hepzibah's sister)*

Paul Sefton *(their 26-year-old nephew)*

Dr. Cunningham *(the Sefton family physician)*

Adam *(elderly caretaker, speaks with a slight Middle-European accent)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs—*"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "Heartbeat of Death," is about a man who was almost buried alive, a run-down estate filled with evil and hate, and the steady thumping of a beating heart. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Heartbeat of Death."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Not so many years ago, the Sefton estate was the pride and joy of its owners. Occupying the whole of a small island connected with the mainland by a private causeway and bridge, its hundred acres of broad rolling hills and wooded knolls were well cared for, and the sounds of happy voices filled the air. . . . But the Seftons fell on evil days . . . strange maladies twisted and distorted their minds. . . . And now the neglected acres have grown wild and sinister, and the wind howls through the cracks and fissures of the crumbling old house. . . .

Sound (wind howls, boards creak, shutters bang)

Announcer: As our drama begins, miserly old Hepzibah Sefton lies in her bed. But she is not thinking of her money, secreted in a dozen hiding places. Her mind is filled with strange, grotesque forms and weird shadows. And as she struggles to come out of the darkness, she screams . . .

Hepzibah: *(Shrilly)* No! . . . No! Don't do it! . . . Don't let them do it!

Paul: Aunt Heppy, please! No one's going to hurt you.

Hepzibah: They want to murder me! I know! I *know!*

Louise: Heppy, no one's here but Paul and me. . . . You've been having a nightmare.

Hepzibah: I saw them . . . all around me! . . . Monsters trying to kill me!

Paul: *(Helplessly)* She keeps saying that . . . over and over again. What'll we *do,* Aunt Louise?

Louise: I don't know, Paul. She sounds delirious, but her forehead seems cool, and . . .

Hepzibah: *(Cuts in) (Terrified)* No! Don't touch me!

Louise: Darling, it's only me.

Hepzibah: *(Suspiciously)* Who are you?

Louise: Don't you know me? I'm Louise—your sister. This is Paul—your nephew.

Hepzibah: You're lying! You're imposters . . . both of you! You've done away with Louise and Paul . . . and now you want to kill *me* and take my money. . . . But you won't, you hear? You won't!

Louise: Hepzibah, *look* at me . . . carefully. Don't you know me?

Hepzibah: *(Pauses, then uncertainly)* Are you—are you really Louise? Yes . . . yes, I see you now. . . . You've come back, haven't you?

Paul: We've been here all the time, Aunt Heppy. Your imagination has been playing tricks on you again. . . . I'm going to get Dr. Cunningham.

Hepzibah: No! I don't want him in the house. I'm afraid of him. He's after my money, *too.*

Paul: *(Fading)* I'm going to get him . . . whether you like it or not. You stay there, you hear? You stay right in bed. Don't move.

Louise: *(Softly)* He's right, Hepzibah. You *do* need a doctor.

Hepzibah: I need someone—yes . . . but not a doctor. I need someone to protect me.

Louise: *Protect* you! *(Alarmed)* What do you want with your cane, Heppy? . . . Where are you going?

Hepzibah: I'm going to phone Mr. Cranston. *He'll* help me.

Louise: No! Stay in bed, Hepzibah. I won't let you walk to that phone.

Hepzibah: Get out of my way, Louise! . . . This is a heavy cane, and . . .

Louise: *(Cuts in)* No, I won't . . .

Hepzibah: *(Cuts in)* . . . I know how to use it . . . *(Effort of hitting)* like *this!*

Sound (body hit with cane)

Louise: *(Screams)*

Sound (body falls with a thud)

Hepzibah: *(Laughs crazily)* I'm still a match for you . . . for all of you!

Music (bridge and out)

Hepzibah: They tried to stop me, Mr. Cranston. . . . They didn't want me to phone you. But I fooled them. Oh yes . . . I fooled them!

Cranston: Miss Lane and I were glad to come, Miss Sefton.

Hepzibah: You're so kind. . . . I wasn't even sure you'd

remember me. It's been so many years since we've seen each other.

Cranston: Of course I remembered you!

Margot: You said—you said someone was trying to kill you?

Hepzibah: Oh yes. They're always trying to get rid of me. . . .

Cranston: Who, Miss Sefton?

Hepzibah: All of them. My sister Louise for one. . . .

Margot: Oh no! She was so sweet—so hospitable. She met us at the door . . . took us right up here to your room.

Hepzibah: *(Stubbornly)* Louise has always hated me . . . ever since we were children. My nephew Paul is worthless, penniless, a wastrel—just waiting to inherit my money. Then there's Adam, the hired man, and Dr. Cunningham. One of them wants to kill me.

Cranston: But what makes you think so?

Hepzibah: I can tell. I can see them watching me . . . waiting for a chance.

Cranston: You're quite sure you're not imagining all this?

Hepzibah: Imagining?! . . . Look at these bruises on my head!

Margot: Lamont, those bruises are real!

Cranston: Yes . . . and apparently caused by some heavy, blunt instrument.

Hepzibah: Look at my arms . . . swollen, discolored.

Cranston: When did that happen?

Hepzibah: The other day. I don't know how. I was walking in the fields. . . . Suddenly something struck me. When I came to, I was lying in bed, horribly beaten up and bruised. . . . They told me Adam had carried me in.

Margot: And you didn't see anyone attack you? . . . didn't hear any sound?

Hepzibah: No. They're clever—my murderers . . . too clever. *(Terrified)* I'm afraid, Mr. Cranston . . . terribly afraid. *Please* . . . you must help me. You *must.*

Cranston: We'll do what we can, Miss Sefton . . . I promise you. Right now, I think you should get some rest. Come along, Margot.

Margot: Mr. Cranston's right, Miss Sefton. You lie back and try to sleep. We'll be around the house somewhere.

Hepzibah: *(Fading)* Yes . . . sleep. Now I can sleep. Now I

don't have to listen for the footsteps of my murderer!

Sound (door closes)

Margot: Poor old thing. She's really terrified.

Cranston: Yes. I—I wish we could do something for her. . . .

Cunningham: *(Cuts in, off mike)* I'm afraid you can't, sir.

Margot: *(Gasps)*

Cranston: I beg your pardon?

Cunningham: Sorry. . . . I didn't mean to startle you. Just happened to overhear what you said. Nothing you can do for the old girl. I'm the only one who can do anything.

Cranston: Really?

Cunningham: Yes. Cunningham's the name—Dr. Cunningham, family physician. No point in your hanging around here. I'll walk you down to your car. . . .

Sound (footsteps down stairs then on marble floor under the following)

Cunningham: Nobody's trying to kill old Heppy. It's all in her mind.

Margot: Really? She sounded so frightened. . . .

Cunningham: Family trait . . . vivid, morbid imaginations. Suspect everyone.

Cranston: She's pretty badly bruised, doctor. *That's* not her imagination.

Cunningham: Oh, *that!* . . . No, those bruises are real. . . . Old girl suffers from epilepsy.

Margot: Epilepsy!

Cunningham: Uh-huh. . . . Had a convulsive seizure just the other day . . .

Sound (front door opened, outdoor sounds, under . . .)

Cunningham: . . . while walking in the woods right beyond that hill. *(Snaps fingers)* Just like that, it hit her. Dropped in her tracks . . . shaking violently . . . stones all around her. Hurt herself pretty badly.

Cranston: And she doesn't remember a thing about it?

Cunningham: Typical. . . . Epileptics rarely recall their seizures. Adam found her—the hired man. . . . Brought her into the house. . . .

Margot: Do you think Adam . . .

Adam: *(Cuts in)* No!

Margot: *(Gasps)*

Cunningham: Adam!

Adam: You speak about Adam. . . . You tell lies! . . .
Cunningham: No, no. We weren't talking about you. I only said you found Miss Hepzibah. . . .
Adam: Yes, I found her . . . but I do not hurt her. I hurt nobody. Everybody try to hurt me!
Cunningham: It's all right, Adam. It's all *right.*
Margot: Well, Lamont . . . I guess we might as well be going.
Adam: *(Booms)* No! . . . You no leave here! . . .
Margot: Why not?
Adam: Big storm coming . . . dangerous . . . very dangerous!

Sound (crashing thunder)

Adam: You hear? Big storm . . . river rise . . . bridge collapse . . . you sink . . . you die. *(Fading)* Adam warns you . . . you must not leave! . . .
Margot: Good heavens! . . . What's wrong with him?
Cunningham: Adam? He's all right . . . except that he's in constant fear of being buried alive.
Cranston: Buried alive?!
Cunningham: It's a long story, Mr. Cranston. No sense in going into it now, when you're about to leave. . . .
Cranston: *(Pauses)* No, Dr. Cunningham. I don't think so. . . . There *is* a storm coming up . . . and this place gets more interesting by the minute. I think we'll stay awhile and see what the storm brings in its wake. . . .

Sound (several crashes of thunder)
Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Unable to decide whether Hepzibah Sefton is really threatened with murder, as she insists, or is mentally unbalanced, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane were considering whether or not to leave the Sefton island when a terrific storm broke and made their departure impossible. Now, as the hour approaches midnight, they and their hosts—Louise Sefton, her nephew Paul, and Dr. Cunningham—huddle around the fireplace, listening to the raging storm. . . .

Sound (thunder and howling wind)

Margot: Just listen to that, Lamont! It sounds like the end of the world.

Paul: Not quite, Miss Lane. We get these flash storms pretty often around here. . . . Has something to do with the topography of the land.

Cranston: I'm surprised the noise of the storm doesn't waken your aunt. . . .

Louise: Hepzibah may *be* awake, for all we know. . . .

Margot: Wouldn't she come down here, Miss Louise, if she were?

Paul: Aunt Heppy? Not on your life. She hates people.

Margot: *(Pauses)* It must be terribly frightening . . . cooped up in a little bedroom, suspecting everyone around is out to murder you . . . listening to strange . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (outside door flung open, wind roar up, door slammed shut)

Margot: *(Gasps)*

Louise: *(Gives a short scream)*

Paul: Adam! What's the idea? You're soaked to the skin. Where've you been?

Adam: The waters . . . rising higher and higher! . . . Soon there will be flood . . . and death . . . everywhere!

Louise: *(Sharply)* That will do, Adam! Go to your room.

Paul: *(Quietly)* Take it easy, Louise. He can't help it.

Adam: *(Fading)* Flood . . . death . . . and blackness. It is written in the stars. . . .

Cunningham: Poor fellow.

Cranston: You started to tell us about him, Dr. Cunningham . . . about his fear of being buried alive. . . .

Cunningham: Oh yes. You see . . . it almost happened to him once. In fact . . . it *did.*

Margot: He was . . . buried *alive?*

Cunningham: It was during the war. He was a sapper.[1] He and three other men were doing a demolition job on an enemy installation. They pulled it off all right, but something went wrong. The whole works blew up before they could get away. The other men died instantly. Adam was buried under the debris for three days. When the landing party dug him up, he was out of his mind.

Cranston: I'm not surprised.

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1. *sapper,* soldier employed in the detection and disarmament of land mines.

Margot: Three days . . . on the verge of death. No wonder he's obsessed with . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Hepzibah: *(Screams repeatedly, off mike)*
Margot: Lamont!
Louise: That's Heppy screaming!
Paul: Come on! . . .
Sound (chairs scrape, footsteps run up stairs)
Margot: *(Off mike)* Lamont! Wait for me! . . .
Paul: *(Yells)* We're coming, Heppy! . . . We're coming!
Sound (bedroom door opened)
Hepzibah: *(Screams)* Don't let him touch me! . . . Paul! . . . Louise! . . . Mr. Cranston! . . . Save me!
Cranston: What happened, Miss Hepzibah?
Hepzibah: A man! I saw him . . . out there . . . just below my window. He was looking up. . . . There was an evil smirk on his face. . . . He was holding a knife.
Margot: Are you sure?
Paul: Adam! . . . Where's Adam? Maybe he . . .
Adam: *(Fading on, cuts in)* I am here. I know nothing. I see nothing. The lightning flashes. I hear screams. I look out my window. There is nothing in the garden . . . only trees.
Louise: *(Aside)* Poor Heppy! She's having another one of her horrible delusions. *(On mike)* I'll sit with you, dear. I'll watch over you. . . .
Hepzibah: No! I want no one here. No one. . . . I'm not afraid anymore.
Louise: But . . .
Hepzibah: *(Cuts in)* No one . . . not even Mr. Cranston or Miss Lane.
Louise: Very well. . . . If you'll follow me, Mr. Cranston, I'll show you and Miss Lane to your rooms.
Cranston: Thank you. . . . Miss Hepzibah, are you sure? . . .
Hepzibah: *(Firmly)* Good night, Mr. Cranston . . . and Miss Lane. And you too, Adam and Dr. Cunningham. You may all leave me.
Cast: *(Adlib good nights as they fade out)*
Hepzibah: *(Softly)* Paul . . . Paul. . . .
Paul: Yes, Aunt Heppy?
Hepzibah: *You* come back later when they've all gone to sleep. . . . I want to talk to you. . . .
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (cock crows in distance, knock on door)

Cranston: Yes? Who is it?
Margot: It's me, Lamont. Are you up?
Cranston: You bet. Come on in, Margot. . . .
Sound (door opens)
Cranston: I've been standing here at the window . . . filling my lungs with this wonderful air.
Margot: It's a beautiful day. You'd hardly know there'd been a storm last night. . . .
Cranston: Until you look outside and see all the damage. I'm not . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Louise: *(Screams, off mike)*
Margot: Lamont!
Cranston: That's Miss Louise!
Louise: *(Off mike)* Help! Paul! Mr. Cranston! Miss Lane!
Cranston: Come on, Margot! . . . Hepzibah's room.
Sound (running footsteps)
Louise: *(Fading on)* Paul! Mr. Cranston! It's Heppy! Something's happened to her. Look!
Margot: I don't see anything.
Louise: She's gone! She's not in her room.
Paul: That doesn't mean anything. She's probably downstairs.
Louise: *(Frantically)* No, no! I've been downstairs . . . for an hour . . . cooking breakfast. She couldn't be down there. I've searched everywhere.
Margot: Perhaps she's gone out.
Louise: The doors are all bolted . . . from the inside.
Cranston: Then she must be in the house somewhere. . . .
Louise: Her window . . . don't you see? It's wide open!
Paul: What are you getting at, Aunt Louise?
Louise: I—I don't know. Someone could have gotten in with a ladder. . . . Or she might have climbed out onto the ledge and . . . Mr. Cranston, we've *got* to do something. We've got to find her before . . . *(Sobs convulsively)*
Cranston: Margot . . . take care of Miss Louise.
Margot: Of course. *(Fading)* Come along, Miss Louise. . . . Everything's going to be all right.
Paul: What are you going to do, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: Call the police.
Sound (phone lifted off cradle)
Cunningham: *(Fading on)* What is it? What's happened?
Paul: It's Aunt Heppy, Dr. Cunningham. She's disappeared.
Cranston: *(Exclamation of disgust)*

Paul: Something wrong, sir?
Cranston: No dial tone. The phone's dead. The storm must have torn down the line.
Cunningham: This is terrible, Mr. Cranston. We've got to stop her before she gets too far away. In her condition there's no telling what she'll do.
Cranston: I don't think she'll get very far.
Paul: Why do you say that?
Cranston: Look out the window. See the bridge?
Paul: *(Shocked)* It's collapsed!
Cranston: Yes . . . exactly as Adam predicted. We can be sure of one thing—Miss Hepzibah is either still in the house or somewhere on Sefton Island.
Cunningham: But *where?*
Cranston: That's what we've got to find out. This is a strange old house, doctor . . . undoubtedly full of secret passageways and camouflaged hiding places. We're going to search every nook and corner of it . . . and then, every inch of the estate. We're going to find Miss Hepzibah . . . dead or alive.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Neurotic, miserly old Hepzibah Sefton, convinced that someone is out to murder her, has disappeared from her bedroom. Lamont Cranston, sure that she could not have left the grounds, organizes a search of the estate—enlisting the aid of Paul, Dr. Cunningham, and Adam, the hired man. . . . But the hours pass, and there is no trace of Hepzibah. The search is renewed after lunch and again after dinner. With the phone lines down and the bridge to the mainland collapsed, there is no way of getting outside help. Finally Cranston and Margot Lane give up and return to the living room to wait for the others. . . .
Margot: I can't understand it, Lamont. She must be around somewhere. . . .
Cranston: It's a big estate, Margot. It will take a long time to comb every inch of it.
Margot: We've got to notify Commissioner Weston. There

must be some way of crossing the water and getting to a phone!

Cranston: Oh, I could get across all right. But the family—Louise and Paul—they've begged me not to bring the police in . . . yet.

Margot: That's ridiculous! You can't let their family pride stop you. . . .

Cranston: I know that. I'll have to do it whether they like it or not. . . . If nothing turns up by tomorrow morning . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* You think anything will?

Cranston: I hope so. Somebody in this house had something to do with Hepzibah's disappearance. And I think I know who it is.

Margot: What?! . . . Well, why don't you accuse him openly . . . make him tell the truth?

Cranston: Because it's only a suspicion, Margot. And the most important thing to find out now is where Hepzibah *is.* If she's *not* found, no charge can be brought against anyone. There must be a body before . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in with a gasp)* A body! You mean? . . .

Cast: *(Adlib conversation as they fade on mike under the above)*

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Quiet, Margot! . . . Here they come.

Cunningham: Ah, I see you're back already, Mr. Cranston. Gave up before we did, eh?

Cranston: I wouldn't say I've given up, doctor . . . just taking a breather.

Paul: We might as well give up. We'll never find her. . . .

Louise: Why do you say that, Paul?

Paul: You know as well as I do, Aunt Louise, there are a million places she could be around here . ... caves and old wells, swamps and . . .

Adam: *(Cuts in very loudly)* No!

Margot: *(Gasps)*

Adam: Not lost in cave or well. Buried . . . buried alive!

Paul: Adam, stop it!

Adam: Buried alive . . . trying to breathe . . . trying to turn . . . to get out . . . getting weaker and weaker . . .

Louise: *(Cuts in)* Stop it, Adam! Do you hear? Stop it! Go to your room!

Adam: *(Pauses)* Yes, yes . . . I go.

Sound (door closes)

Cunningham: It always happens. Every time something goes wrong, Adam goes haywire.

Cranston: It's a horrible thought . . . being buried alive. . . .

Paul: *(Shudders)* I'd rather not think about it.

Cranston: I remember a ghastly story I read not long ago . . . about a family that was wiped out in London's great plague while the father was away. That is, everyone *thought* the whole family was dead. They were buried in a common graveyard. . . . When the father returned home, he insisted on removing the bodies to a private burial ground. They opened one of the coffins . . .

Paul: *(Cuts in)* And? . . .

Cranston: The body had turned almost completely around. . . . It was twisted and distorted . . . as though it had been struggling to get out, and . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* No!

Cranston: . . . The insides of the coffin were scratched, and there were wood scrapings under the corpse's broken fingernails.

Margot: How horrible! . . .

Paul: How—how could such a thing happen? How could anyone mistake a—a living person for a corpse?

Cranston: Many times, Mr. Sefton, even a doctor has difficulty in determining whether a person is really dead. For example, catatonics[2] (kat′ə ton′iks) become rigid. Their heartbeats are too faint to be heard. . . . They look as though rigor mortis had set in. Isn't that so, Dr. Cunningham?

Cunningham: Yes . . . it sometimes happens.

Louise: *(Weakly)* Please . . . please . . . someone help me to my room. I—I feel faint.

Cunningham: I'll help you, Louise. Here . . . let me take your arm.

Cranston: Margot, you better run along too. And here—here's a list of questions I'd like you to ask Adam.

Margot: But, Lamont, I . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in sternly)* Please, Margot . . . just take the paper. It's self-explanatory.

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2. *catatonics*, persons afflicted with a condition characterized by mental stupor and muscular rigidity.

Margot: All right, Lamont. . . .

Sound (footsteps go off, door closes)

Paul: Buried alive! I—I can't get that story out of my mind. How do people ever think up such gruesome plots?

Cranston: That one wasn't thought up, Paul. It really happened.

Paul: No! I don't believe it. . . .

Cranston: Then I guess you don't take much stock in the other story either.

Paul: What other story?

Cranston: There's a legend that a murderer who leaves his victim while he's still alive . . . carries around with him forever the sound of the dead man's heartbeat.

Paul: No, no! That's impossible!

Cranston: Is it? . . . You know, Paul, we don't really hear with our ears. We hear with our minds. A murderer's brain can produce sounds that no one else can hear, thundering . . .

Sound (heartbeat comes on softly under the following)

Cranston: . . . like the surf on the shore.

Paul: And the murderer hears that sound forever?

Cranston: *(Softly)* No . . . only until he closes his victim's eyes.

Paul: I don't believe it. I don't . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (heartbeat becomes much more audible)

Paul: What's that?!

Cranston: I beg your pardon?

Paul: *(Terror-stricken)* Don't you hear it?

Cranston: Hear what?

Paul: *(Terrified)* That—that sound . . . that throbbing! It sounds like . . . *(Stops short)*

Sound (a few more heartbeats)

Cranston: Like what, Paul?

Paul: N—nothing. It was nothing. Just my imagination. Good night, Mr. Cranston. . . .

Cranston: Good night, Paul. *(Ironically)* Sleep well.

Sound (door opens and closes, then opens again)

Margot: Did I do all right, Lamont?

Cranston: Fine, Margot. It sounded perfect . . . exactly like a heartbeat.

Margot: Next time you slip me a note with instructions on it, please make them a little clearer.

Cranston: I didn't have much time for fancy writing. . . .
Margot: I don't understand what this is all about. You said you knew who was responsible for Hepzibah's disappearance, but you didn't know where she was. . . . Do you know now?
Cranston: No, Margot, I don't. But the Shadow will . . . before the sun rises.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (clock chimes two)

Paul: *(To himself)* Two o'clock in the morning. . . . I'll never fall asleep—never again as long as I live. Why did Cranston have to tell me those awful stories about people being buried alive . . . about hearing heartbeats until . . . *(Stops short as . . .)*

Sound (heartbeat, faint at first, then louder)

Paul: *(In a terrified whisper)* No—no, it can't be! That sound, those heartbeats! No, no, no! I'm imagining it. *(Pauses)*

Sound (heartbeat continues steadily)

Paul: I must be going mad! I can't be hearing anything, and yet . . . I've got to do something! . . . I've got to stop it! My shoes . . .

Sound (scuffling of person dressing hurriedly)

Paul: My trousers . . . a jacket . . . a light . . . must have a flashlight. Here. . . .

Sound (floor creaks, door opens slowly, footsteps creak softly down stairs under the following)

Paul: Close the eyes—that's what he said. Close the eyes, and the heartbeats stop. Good—the front door. . . . I made it! . . . No one heard me. Now . . . if I can just get to the barn. . . .

Sound (front door unbolted, running footsteps on soft ground, then barn door is swung open)

Paul: *(Panting)* All right . . . so far. All right . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (heartbeat very loud now)

Paul: There it goes. Louder . . . pounding . . . pounding! . . . The pickaxe . . . where's that pickaxe? . . . Got to dig up the flooring and . . . Here it is! Now . . .

Sound (pickaxe striking wood floor)

Paul: *(Effort of using axe)* I'll put an end to that pounding! I'll stop you, Aunt Heppy. I won't let you

torment me for the rest of my life. I'll close your eyes . . . and silence your heart. . . . There! The first plank's loose . . . and the second . . .

Sound (heartbeat continues, very loud)

Paul: *(Frantically)* Stop it . . . do you hear? Stop that pounding, you old miser, before everyone else hears it! Can't you . . . *(Stops short as . . .)*

Shadow: *(Laughs)*

Paul: Who's that? Who laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow. *(Laughs)*

Paul: What shadow? There's no one here . . . no one but me.

Shadow: You're wrong, Paul. There is another one . . . under the flooring . . . dead.

Paul: No, no. That's not true! . . .

Shadow: Isn't it? Listen. . . .

Sound (heartbeat)

Paul: You—you hear it too?

Shadow: The Shadow sees all and hears all.

Paul: You lie! Only the murderer is supposed to . . . *(Stops short)*

Shadow: Yes, Paul . . . the murderer. You've convicted yourself. . . . Why did you do it?

Paul: I had to! She made me do it. . . . Hoarding her money, hiding it away in secret places, refusing to give me more than a few paltry nickels and dimes at a time . . . goading me, laughing at me . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* What happened?

Paul: I stole her money. I found out she had a bank account, and I forged checks. The bank never discovered it. I'm very clever at forging. But *she* found me out. Trust her to find out. . . . She was going to have me arrested . . . going to cut me off without a penny and have me thrown into jail. . . .

Shadow: So you killed her. . . .

Paul: It was easy. She was so weak. It was nothing to strangle her. I was so sure she was dead. . . . When everyone was asleep, I carried her out here to the barn . . . and buried her. The rain washed away my footprints. I was safe . . . at last.

Shadow: Except for . . . the Shadow.

Paul: No shadow can stop *me.* I'll finish what I came here to do and . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* Stop, Paul Sefton! You've done enough gruesome things for one day . . . or for a lifetime.
Paul: You can't stop me. No one can!
Shadow: Drop that axe, Paul.
Paul: Not till I've found you, Shadow, and killed you too. . . . Where are you?
Shadow: You can't hurt me, Paul. Drop the axe, I say!
Paul: No! You're here . . . *someplace.* Here? . . . Here?
Sound (axe swishes and hits wood)
Shadow: Be careful, Paul. That axe is sharp!
Paul: Ah, here! *(Effort of wielding axe)* Here, then! *(Effort)*
Shadow: Look out for that plank! You're tripping on . . .
Paul: *(Screams)*
Sound (body falls with a thud)
Shadow: Don't move! You've fallen on the blade of the axe.
Paul: It doesn't matter. I'm done for. All the Seftons are done for! We're no good . . . any of us! *(Pauses, then whispers)* It's gone! I didn't get to close the eyes . . . but the sound of Heppy's heartbeat . . . *(Weakly)* it's gone. *(Dies)*
Shadow: Yes . . . it's gone. You'll never hear another heartbeat again, Paul Sefton—not even your own. . . . The Shadow knows. *(Laughs)*
Music (up and out for . . .)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.
Music (up and out)
Sound (car motor up and under the following)
Margot: I'll be happy, Lamont, if I never see the Sefton estate again. . . .
Cranston: It won't be known as the Sefton estate much longer. With old Hepzibah and Paul both dead . . . I don't imagine Louise will be staying on. . . .
Margot: I—I just don't understand it, Lamont. How could Paul have been taken in by our beating-heart ruse?
Cranston: Just remember, Margot . . . things weren't exactly normal at the Seftons'. . . . Old Hepzibah, epileptic and neurotic . . . Adam, plainly obsessed . . . and Paul, carrying around the guilty knowledge of the terrible thing he had done. . . .

Margot: So you took the cue from Adam, and told them about the heartbeats. . . .

Cranston: I made up the whole story. I figured that whoever had done away with Hepzibah could be driven to the point of taking another look at her. . . .

Margot: It was lucky you noticed that gourd on the mantel in the living room. . . .

Cranston: Yes. . . . It was hollow and just about the size of a human heart.

Margot: I did exactly what your note said. . . . I sneaked the gourd from the mantel when no one was watching, and tapped out the beats from the basement . . . under the hot-air register in the living room. And then at the Shadow's signal, I did it again under Paul's bedroom register. . . .

Cranston: For a moment, the Shadow thought Paul had spotted you in the corner of the barn, but he was too frightened to notice you. . . .

Margot: Lamont . . . you suspected all along Paul had done away with Miss Hepzibah. Why? . . .

Cranston: Simple. . . . After she disappeared, when everyone was searching the house, I searched his room. The legs on one pair of his trousers were soaked from the knees down. Paul was with us in the living room when the storm broke. With all the doors bolted from the inside, it seemed pretty obvious that he had taken her out *during* the storm and had come back in. . . . What I wanted and *had* to find was the corpus delicti[3] (kôr'pəs di lik'tī).

Margot: So a simple little gourd . . . made to sound like a beating heart . . . drove Paul to his grave.

Cranston: No, Margot. . . . It was a *real* heart that drove Paul to his death . . . his own. First it made him steal . . . then it made him kill . . . and in the end, it betrayed him.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

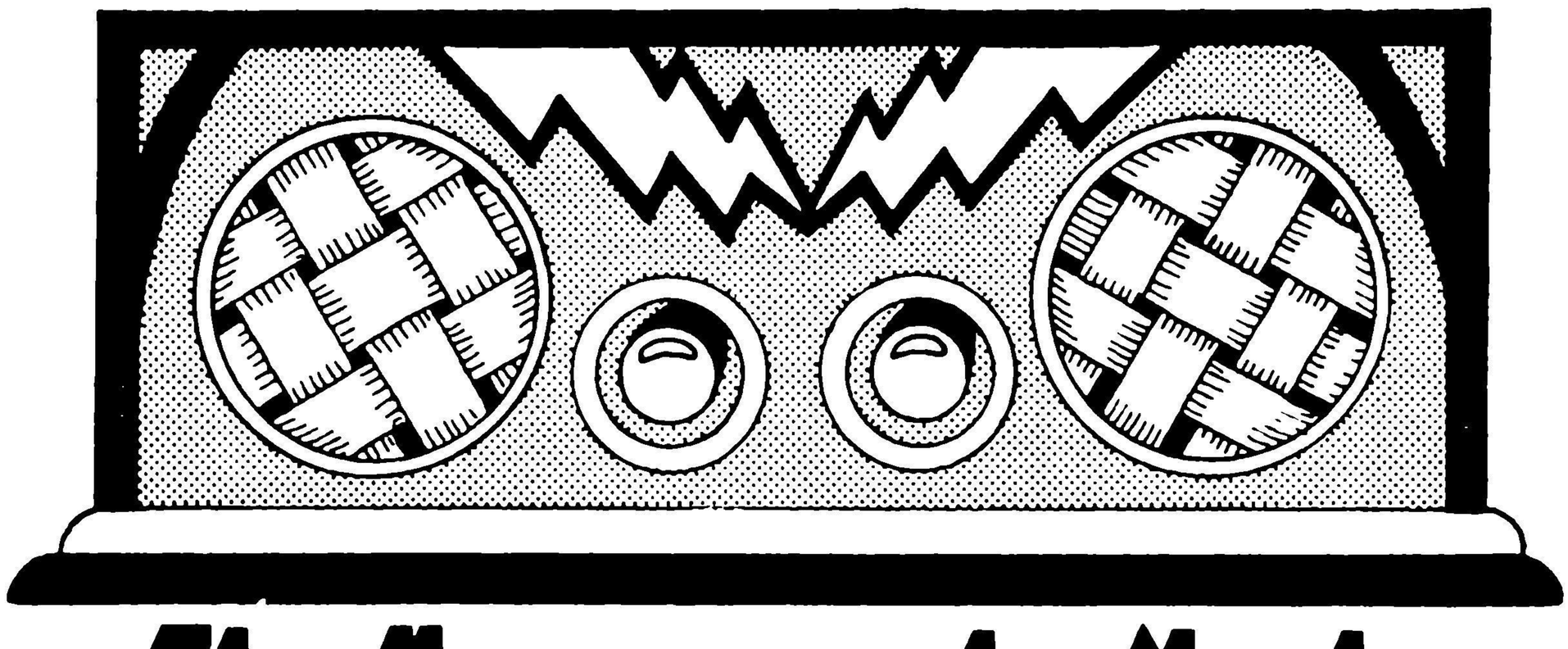
Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END

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3. *corpus delicti,* body of a murdered person.



The Horror in the Night

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Will Markham *(a middle-aged man with a mission)*

Mrs. McGow *(the widow of a seafaring man)*

Voice

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Horror in the Night," is about murder and the terror of a nightmare that came to life out of the long-dead past. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Horror in the Night."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (heavy roll of thunder)

Announcer: It is nearly midnight on a stormy evening in the foothills of the Denmoor Mountains. The wind lashes the creaking sign of the Denmoor Arms, an ancient hostelry that perches atop a barren rise in the bleak terrain. Before a fireplace in the dilapidated interior sit three figures. . . . One of them is Mrs. McGow, a gray-haired woman of fifty, whose bright little eyes dart and glisten as she addresses the two silent gentlemen who sit in the flickering glow of the firelight. . . .

McGow: There's nothin' so comfortin' as a bright log fire on a dark, chill night, is there, Mr. Wentzer?

Sound (roll of thunder)

McGow: Now, I do trust you have no fear of the elements, Mr. Greer . . . nor you either, my dear Mr. Wentzer. You have no cause for fear, you know . . . none at all.

Sound (thunder)

McGow: *(Rising)* I fear the fire is dying out. It's almost twelve now—two hours past the usual time. Would you not like to retire, gentlemen? *(Pauses)* Would you not like to go up to your beds? I *said* would you not . . . *(Breaks off)* But of course you can't get up to bed without help, can you? . . . *(Chuckles)* How could you? After all, you poor things . . . you're dead!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Announcer: The storm that broke over the Denmoor Arms hit the city fifty miles away half an hour later, drenching dark streets and alleyways as well as the lighted windows of Margot Lane's apartment.

Sound (rain)

Announcer: Inside, she and Lamont Cranston watch the violence of the downpour. . . .

Sound (rain fades off slightly)

Cranston: Look at it come down! . . .

Margot: Thank heavens we got here before it broke loose!
Cranston: I understand the old expression now.
Margot: Which one, Lamont?
Cranston: The one about its not being a fit night out for man or beast.

Sound (phone rings)

Margot: Now who in the world could that be?

Sound (phone lifted off cradle)

Margot: Hello. *(Short pause)* Yes he is. . . . Just a moment. *(Aside)* It's for you, Lamont.
Cranston: Thanks, Margot. I left word I'd be here.

Sound (footsteps to phone under the above)

Cranston: *(Into phone)* Hello.
Markham: *(Filter)* Cranston?
Cranston: Yes. . . .
Markham: *(Filter)* This is Markham—Will Markham. I met you not long ago at a party given by Charlie Artz, the producer.
Cranston: Oh yes, Will. What is it?
Markham: *(Filter)* I'm calling from the Denmoor Arms. . . .
Cranston: From where?
Markham: *(Filter)* The Denmoor Arms. . . . It's fifty miles out on the old Burly Hill Road.
Cranston: What in the world are you doing out there on a night like this?
Markham: *(Filter)* I had to look the place over. . . . I'm considering turning it into a film studio.
Cranston: That's a poor location for a film studio. I'm afraid you'll regret the venture.
Markham: *(Filter)* I already *am* regretting it.
Cranston: What do you mean?
Markham: *(Filter)* I've walked into trouble, and I doubt if I'll walk out of it alive. Help me, Cranston . . . please! There are things going on here the like of which I've never seen before in my life!
Cranston: Are you alone out there?
Markham: *(Filter)* No.
Cranston: Then there are people with you?
Markham: *(Filter)* Yes. . . .
Cranston: Can't they help you?
Markham: *(Filter)* No.
Cranston: Why not? . . .

Markham: *(Filter)* Because—because they're all dead!
Cranston: What!
Markham: *(Filter)* Believe me, Lamont . . . trust me, please, and help me . . . help me . . . help . . . *(Breaks off)*
Cranston: Hello . . . hello! . . . Will? . . . Will! . . . *(Aside)* We were disconnected, or . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in)* What was that all about, Lamont?
Cranston: Trouble! . . .
Sound (thunder)
Margot: Listen to that storm!
Cranston: You know, Margot, the evolutionists have a theory that we were descended from fish. . . .
Margot: So?
Cranston: Our ancestry should stand us in good stead tonight. . . . We're driving to the Denmoor Arms.
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (car motor and occasional thunder under the following)
Margot: This inn we're going to, Lamont . . . I never heard of it. . . .
Cranston: It was originally owned by a Mrs. McGow, the widow of a seafaring man, who ran it at a loss for several years.
Margot: How long ago was that?
Cranston: Let's see. . . . It was almost exactly fifteen years ago that Mrs. McGow went out of her mind. . . . On the night of the tragedy, there were three lone guests at the Denmoor Arms—a woman and two men.
Margot: Yes?
Cranston: And Mrs. McGow murdered all three of them.
Margot: She must have been insane!
Cranston: Very likely, considering the deliberate viciousness of the crimes.
Margot: What do you mean?
Cranston: She had herself a time, it seems. . . . She killed each of her victims in a different way . . . one by hanging, one by shooting, and the third—the woman—by plunging a knife into her heart.
Margot: They caught her, I hope.
Cranston: She spared them the trouble. After the disaster she reportedly jumped off the roof of the inn and was crushed to death on the jagged rocks below.

Margot: How horrible!
Cranston: It was two weeks before the crime was discovered, and when the police arrived, the finer points of the case were pretty well obliterated by the wind and weather.
Margot: What a grisly tale!
Cranston: Yes. I'm surprised Markham imagines the Denmoor Arms would do for a film studio. After all, he must have heard the stories.
Margot: What stories?
Cranston: Naturally, Margot, there's not a soul for miles around who doesn't believe the old inn is haunted.
Margot: Of course that's a ridiculous idea.
Cranston: As well as an *uncomfortable* idea.
Margot: Does—does it *look* haunted, Lamont?
Cranston: You can answer that for yourself, my dear. Here it is . . . just on the rise of the hill.
Sound (car stops, motor cut)
Cranston: Well?
Margot: *(Pause)* It's the answer to a phantom's prayer.
Cranston: It's even worse than I remembered it.
Sound (roll of thunder, then car door opened)
Cranston: Come on, Margot. We'll proceed with caution.
Music (short bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (wind, creaking door opened)
Cranston: *(Calling)* Will! . . . *(Pause)* Will! . . . *(Pause)* No answer.
Margot: He may be wandering around. . . . The place is huge. That's probably why he doesn't hear you.
Cranston: Let's hope that's why. Come on, Margot.
Sound (footsteps on creaky floor)
Cranston: This place could use a woman's touch.
Margot: It could use a dozen women's touches, all scrubwomen.
Cranston: Look at those spider webs!
Margot: Long and thick.
Cranston: Fifteen years of hard work for an industrious spider . . . and for what?
Margot: *(Puzzled)* That's odd.
Cranston: What's odd?
Margot: Markham probably came in by the front door, don't you think?
Cranston: Probably.

Margot: Yet the dust on the floor is absolutely even. There's not a footprint anywhere. I wonder if . . . *(Breaks off)*
Cranston: You heard it too?
Margot: I—I thought I did. . . .
Cranston: A sound upstairs?
Margot: Yes!
Cranston: Let's go up and have a look around.
Margot: *(Fearful)* Lamont . . . did you bring the flashlight?
Cranston: Yes. . . . Come on!
Sound (thunder, footsteps ascending stairs)
Margot: It's as dark as a tomb in here.
Cranston: The electricity has probably been shut off since . . . *(Breaks off, pauses)*
Sound (banging of door in wind)
Margot: *(Nervously)* Oh, Lamont . . . what's that?
Cranston: Easy, Margot.
Sound (footsteps)
Margot: Lamont, be careful. . . . It might . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* O.K. The emergency's over. It's only a door banging in the wind.
Margot: Please! Let's go back downstairs and . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Now?! With an open door to investigate? Impossible. How could we, Margot?
Margot: But . . .
Sound (footsteps under the following)
Cranston: Just a second. I'll look inside and . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in)* Lamont! Don't leave me!
Cranston: All right. Come along.
Sound (footsteps)
Margot: Wh—what kind of room *is* this?
Cranston: A bedroom. There's the bed and . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in)* Lamont . . .
Cranston: What?
Margot: *(Whispers)* Look. . . . There's somebody sleeping.
Cranston: Well, what do you know!
Sound (footsteps)
Margot: Is it . . . is it . . . Markham?
Cranston: I'm afraid not.
Margot: Who is it? What in the world is that man doing *here?*
Cranston: I shall try to find out. *(More loudly)* I beg your

pardon. . . . *(Pause)* I say, I beg your pardon . . . *(Pause)* I beg your . . . *(Breaks off)*

Margot: Louder.

Cranston: I—I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good, Margot.

Margot: What do you mean?

Cranston: I don't urge you to look, Margot, but there's a bullet wound through the gentleman's temple. . . . See . . . he's been dead a very long time.

Margot: Yes. Oh, Lamont . . . Lamont . . . let's get out of here and call the . . .

Sound (tapping of desk bell off mike)

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Listen!

Margot: It—it's the desk bell!

Cranston: In that deserted, dust-covered lobby?

Sound (tapping of bell repeated)

Margot: There it is again.

Cranston: Come along quietly. . . .

Margot: Where are we going?

Cranston: Downstairs, to see if we can be of service.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps)

Margot: There's not a soul down here.

Cranston: You don't suppose we're letting our imaginations . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* No. I heard the bell! I tell you I *did* hear that . . .

McGow: *(Comes on suddenly)* Of course you heard it, dearie, my love. . . .

Margot: *(Startled)* Who's that?!

Cranston: Easy, Margot. . . . Who are you, madam?

McGow: I'm a bit too busy to be answering questions, sir.

Cranston: What are you doing here?

McGow: I might ask the same of you. . . .

Cranston: Except that I asked first.

McGow: If it's any of your business, I'm here on behalf of the proprietor. . . .

Margot: The proprietor?!

McGow: Yes . . . I'm taking care of the place in her absence.

Cranston: Then perhaps you'd like to know that there's a corpse in the room to the left of the stairs.

McGow: A corpse? *(Laughs)* Oh, sir, you must mean dear

Mr. Wentzer. . . . He's been with us for quite a while.

Margot: But he's *dead!*

McGow: Of course he is, sweetie. I can't remember when Mr. Wentzer was *alive.*

Margot: What in the name of ? . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Where's Will Markham?

McGow: Who?

Cranston: You heard me. . . . Mr. Markham—Will Markham.

McGow: I'm sorry, sir, but I don't believe he's registered.

Cranston: Now look here. He called me from this place. . . .

Sound (buzzer)

Margot: What's that?

McGow: It's for me . . . the buzzer. I do declare, I run my feet off in this hotel!

Sound (buzzer clicks out)

McGow: It's room 2-D . . . Mr. Greer again. . . . Now what on earth could *he* want?

Sound (footsteps)

Cranston: Just a minute. . . .

McGow: I'll attend to you later, I will . . . as soon as I've seen to dear Mr. Greer.

Margot: *(Whispers)* She may never come back.

Cranston: We'll see that she does.

Sound (footsteps)

McGow: You're coming along?

Cranston: Any reason why not?

McGow: None at all, sir. . . . *(Fading)* You're perfectly welcome. . . .

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (doorknob turned, door opened, creaking sound of rope on wood)

McGow: *(Fades with footsteps slightly off mike)* Yes, Mr. Greer? You rang, Mr. Greer?

Margot: *(On mike)* Lamont, listen.

Cranston: *(On mike)* I hear it.

Margot: What is it? . . . that sound?

Cranston: I don't know. . . . It's too dark to see.

Margot: Turn on the flashlight.

Cranston: O.K. There we are. . . .

Sound (footsteps)

Cranston: Now where is . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Lamont, tha—that sound is the creaking of a rope!
Cranston: A rope?
Margot: Swinging from a beam in the ceiling. . . . Look . . . up there! . . .
Cranston: A man! . . .
Margot: *(Horrified)* Oh, Lamont! . . .
Cranston: A dead man . . . hanging by his neck. . . .
Margot: *(Slightly hysterical)* Lamont . . . Lamont, please, *please,* let's get out of here while we still can!
Cranston: Just a moment, Margot. . . . Where is *she?*
Margot: Who?
Cranston: That woman who said she was in charge.
Margot: I—I thought she was standing beside you.
Cranston: I thought she was standing beside *you!*
Margot: Why . . . she . . . she practically vanished!
Cranston: We'll soon put a stop to this! . . . Come on!
Sound (quick footsteps)
Cranston: *(Calling)* Hello, there! Where are you? . . . Where are you?!
Sound (thump off mike)
Margot: That came from downstairs. . . .
Cranston: O.K. Hurry!
Sound (footsteps descending stairs)
Cranston: Where are you? Answer me! We'll find you if it takes us . . .
McGow: *(Fades on, cuts in)* Were you looking for me, sir?
Margot: There she is. . . .
Cranston: What happened to you?
McGow: I saw that Mr. Greer didn't need me, so I went on my way. . . .
Margot: Didn't *need* you!
Cranston: What are you talking about, madam? Couldn't you see that the man was *dead?!*
McGow: Oh, of *course,* sir . . . just like dear Mr. Wentzer.
Cranston: What *is* this place . . . a morgue?
McGow: Why, yes, you might call it a morgue in a way, sir. . . . You see, there are only dead people here . . . except for the two of you.
Cranston: How about you?
McGow: Oh, I'm dead too, sir. You see, I'm the third guest who was murdered here fifteen years ago.
Cranston: *(Flabbergasted)* What are you saying?!

McGow: It's the truth, sir. I was the woman—the woman who was stabbed. . . . If you'll just flash your light here, sir . . . *(Pauses)* see?

Cranston: Good grief!

Margot: *(Screams)* Lamont! . . . Look . . . a knife sticking into her heart!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Margot Lane collapsed on the floor of the dismal Denmoor Arms lobby when she saw the knife sticking into the heart of the elderly woman. Quickly, Lamont Cranston bent over her to revive her, and when she regained consciousness, he turned to ask their incredible hostess a question—only to find that she had disappeared again into the shadows of the bleak, dilapidated hostelry. . . .

Sound (thunder)

Margot: Lamont, *please* . . . let's leave this awful place!

Cranston: All right, Margot. We'll see if we can't locate some form of local authorities and get them to help us find poor old Markham before . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (tapping off mike)

Cranston: What was that?

Margot: Nothing . . . please, *please,* let's . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I *heard* it.

Margot: Probably rats in the walls. . . .

Sound (tapping repeated off mike)

Cranston: No . . . that's no ordinary sound.

Margot: But . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* It's coming from just under our feet.

Margot: Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Let me have one more chance—just one more chance to get to the bottom of this clammy situation.

Margot: Couldn't we . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in) Please,* Margot. . . . I'll be back in a moment. You wait here.

Margot: I'm going along.

Cranston: O.K. Let's go.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps descending stairs)

Margot: Where are we, Lamont?

Cranston: Judging by the temperature, I'd say this is an old wine cellar, probably the place where . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (footsteps suddenly stumble over hollow wooden form)

Margot: Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I almost fell . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Be careful!

Cranston: . . . and will you look what I almost fell over!

Margot: Oh, what's . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* It's a coffin! . . . Of all the ! . . .

Sound (tapping, on mike)

Margot: Lamont, listen! It's coming from inside the . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* What in the name of . . . Here, help me raise the lid. . . . *(Effort of lifting)*

Sound (creak as lid comes up)

Cranston: That's right . . . a little higher and . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in)* Lamont! . . . Margot! . . .

Margot: It—it's Will Markham!

Cranston: Will! Will! . . . Are you all right?

Markham: I'd have sworn I'd never see the face of a friend again. . . . Help me out of here.

Cranston: *(Effort of helping)* There . . . there we are. What happened to you?

Markham: Just after I phoned you . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes?

Markham: . . . an old woman who said she's in charge here . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes, we know . . . we've had the pleasure.

Markham: Well, she suddenly clobbered me over the back of the head with a poker and knocked me unconscious. . . . Probably she rolled me down the cellar steps after that, because the next thing I knew, I was regaining my senses inside this coffin here. . . .

Cranston: She's been very polite with us . . . sickeningly, weirdly polite. . . .

Markham: Yes, I know. She was here when I first walked in, and she was very cordial to me then too. She told me that

she was in possession of a great secret—the secret of the Denmoor Arms—but that no one was ever going to find it out but her.

Cranston: Did she make any sense at all?

Markham: Very little. The only thing she talked coherently about was what she called the skipper's log. . . .

Margot: The skipper's log?

Markham: Yes. She didn't identify it very clearly. It's in this house she said . . . hidden in a hiding place within a hiding place.

Margot: Hiding place within a hiding place?!

Markham: Yes . . . whatever *that* means.

Cranston: We'll have to find out what it means.

Markham: Not me. . . . All I want to do is get out of here.

Margot: Yes. Lamont, let's . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Look, Margot . . . if we had left before, we wouldn't have found poor Will at all. And now I know I don't want to leave until I've unraveled this little witch's dance.

Margot: But, Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Give me a half hour—thirty minutes more. And if I haven't discovered the secret by then, we'll go.

Markham: *If* we're still able to. . . .

Cranston: I'd like to have my chance.

Margot: All right, Lamont. You can have it.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (loud rapping on wall)

Margot: We've covered four stories of this place now, Lamont, by rapping on the walls. What's the idea?

Cranston: I may be very optimistic, Margot, but I have a vague hope of finding a secret panel or a hidden safe.

Markham: Why, Cranston?

Cranston: Instinct, Markham. A secret cache of some kind is strongly indicated.

Margot: Are you going to try the next floor above?

Markham: Next floor above is the attic.

Cranston: The attic! . . . Extremely likely place, the attic.

Margot: Then why can't Markham and I go on ahead and search up there?

Markham: It would save time. . . .

Cranston: Oh, I don't think . . . *(Pauses)* on the other hand,

why not? Yes . . . it might be an excellent idea except for one thing, Margot. . . .

Margot: And what's that?

Cranston: You see . . . excuse us a moment, Markham.

Markham: *(Fading)* Of course. . . .

Cranston: Now look, Margot. Be very careful and very *(Fades to a whisper)* observant, and when you get up there, I want you to remember every word the old lady told Markham and look in the . . .

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (thunder)

Margot: Will . . . *(Raises her voice)* Will! . . .

Markham: *(Slightly off mike)* Yes, Margot?

Margot: Are you busy over there?

Sound (bumping and scraping, off mike, as he searches)

Markham: I found a couple of old sea chests I thought looked interesting.

Margot: Come here a moment. I want to show you something.

Markham: *(Fades on)* Yes . . . what is it?

Margot: This stanchion here, supporting the roof. . . . Do you realize what it is?

Markham: Why . . . yes. . . . It looks like a tree trunk.

Margot: Right. And do you realize what a tree trunk is?

Markham: Why, of course, it's a . . . *(Realization)* it's a *log!*

Margot: And our weird old woman said something about . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in)* The skipper's log! . . . I—I think you've *got* something, Margot. . . .

Margot: Now just a moment. If I *have,* there ought to be a . . .

Sound (snap and creak of a spring)

Margot: And there *is!* . . . Look! I pressed here, and this panel opened.

Markham: *(Excited)* Wh—what's inside?

Margot: It—it looks like some sort of box . . . *(Effort of lifting)* very heavy, you see. . . . It's like . . . *(Pauses, then blurts)* Why, it *is!* . . . It's a *treasure chest!*

Music (up and out)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Alone in the attic with Will Markham, Margot Lane has found what seems to be a treasure chest, hidden in a rough-hewn stanchion, or log, that supports the low, cobwebby ceiling. Now, as she lifts the chest out . . .

Markham: *(Quickly)* It's too heavy for you. I'll take it.

Margot: No, that's all right. I think we'd better show it to Lamont at once, and . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in)* I'll take it, please. . . .

Margot: No, it's O.K. . . . I can . . .

Markham: *(Cuts in fiercely)* I *said I'll* take it, Margot! And now, you'll favor me by telling Mr. Cranston *nothing!*

Margot: You've got a gun!

Markham: Yes, and I assure you I mean *strictly* business!

Margot: B—but . . . I don't *get* it, Will. . . .

Markham: Perhaps I'd better explain so you'll comprehend fully.

Margot: But you phoned Mr. Cranston as a friend. We came here to help you.

Markham: *(Boastfully)* And you did very well . . . very well indeed, just as I hoped you would. *(Chuckles)* You see, I couldn't call in the police to search this place, but I did even better! . . . I took advantage of my acquaintance with Mr. Cranston to get *him* to do my "investigating" for me.

Margot: What do you mean?

Markham: I was desperate. That's what I mean! Some hard-headed real-estate men actually *are* interested in taking over the Denmoor Arms and converting it into a film studio. . . . And they're not the kind of people to be frightened off by a ghost story. So I *had* to find the treasure before they took over and ended our trespassing—mine and Mrs. McGow's.

Margot: Mrs. McGow's? . . . Why, that's the proprietress who murdered those three people and then committed suicide!

Markham: She *tried* to commit suicide, yes—but she didn't

die. She lived on, a wandering, half-mad life, for fifteen years until I stumbled on her here. . . . She told me about the treasure—a treasure that had been left here in the Denmoor Arms over a hundred years ago by her grandfather, who was a privateering sea captain.

Margot: But those corpses I saw tonight, downstairs in the bedrooms . . . they're real—real and recently murdered.

Markham: You're right, unfortunately. . . . It couldn't be helped. They were a couple of itinerant tramps who came nosing around here and heard more than was good for them. . . . They *had* to be killed . . . which, in a sense, was lucky. Their bodies came in handy for the haunted-house game that Mrs. McGow so much enjoys playing.

Margot: Mrs. McGow? . . . Then she—she's the woman who greeted us?

Markham: Exactly.

Margot: But that knife . . . I saw it stuck in her heart! . . .

Markham: *(Chuckles)* Just an old theatrical trick I showed her, and she loved it like a child. . . . You see, she's very much like a child—an old, sick child with a great taste for the dramatic and a greater thirst for gold. . . . And now that you have the story, Miss Lane, with your kind permission, I'll open this window . . .

Sound (window opened)

Markham: . . . and climb down to safety with . . . *(Breaks off)*

Sound (footsteps fading on mike)

Margot: Who's that?

Markham: If it's Cranston, I shoot.

Margot: No . . . No!

McGow: *(Fades on)* It's not Cranston. It's me, Mr. Markham . . . me, your friend—the widow McGow—the woman you promised to help—the woman you swore you'd never cheat . . . and now you're trying to escape . . . to run away with all my grandfather's gold!

Markham: You don't understand, Mrs. McGow. I was only going to . . .

McGow: *(Cuts in)* Stop your lies! And *(Sudden effort of grabbing)* give me that chest! . . .

Sound (running footsteps under the following)

McGow: . . . I've got it!

Markham: *(In a rage)* Come back here! *(Aside)* She snatched it out of my hands!
McGow: *(Off mike, gaily)* Sly, I am! . . . Sly as a fox!
Markham: *(Menacingly)* I warn you!
McGow: *(Laughs)* Warn me?! Ha! . . . What worse could you do than steal my treasure? . . . What worse could you do, you thief?!
Markham: *(Gritting his teeth) This* might be worse!
Margot: No! . . .
Markham: Drop that chest before I shoot!
Shadow: *(Laughs)*
Markham: Who was that?
Margot: Shadow? . . .
Markham: Who made that sound? Who was laughing?
Shadow: It was I . . . the Shadow.
Markham: I hear a voice, but there isn't anything there. I—I don't see anyone, but there's a voice speaking! Am I going crazy too?
Shadow: No, Markham, the purely evil never *go* crazy. You are *already* mad with your own wickedness!
Markham: No, Shadow, you don't understand. I'm being robbed.
Shadow: You lie. The treasure is not yours. It was Mrs. McGow who told you about her pirate grandfather's treasure trove, about the skipper's log. . . . Insane though she may be, she has a better claim than you do.
McGow: *There* . . . you see? You *see?* The treasure is mine—all mine!
Markham: Give it to me, or I'll *shoot* . . . Shadow or no Shadow.
Shadow: *(Effort of holding)* No you don't!
Markham: *(Struggling)* You'll *never* get the gun away from me!
McGow: *(Laughs derisively) Now* you see who wins! The treasure is mine! Good-by, Mr. Markham!
Shadow: *(Struggling)* Quick, Miss Lane! Guard the window!
Margot: Yes, Shadow. . . .
McGow: No! No! The treasure is mine!
Shadow: Now, Markham . . . *drop that gun.*
Sound (hard slap, gun clatters to floor)
Shadow: That's better.

Markham: Shadow, I'll give you half of the treasure. . . . Let's get it away from her.
Shadow: *(Laughs)* Have you given that treasure chest a good look, Markham?
Markham: Wh—what do you mean?
Shadow: Mrs. McGow, put the chest on the desk.
McGow: No!
Shadow: Do as I say!

Sound (box put down on wooden surface)

Shadow: Now notice the Yale lock and the factory finish. . . . *(Laughs)* No sea captain who lived a hundred years ago left that chest, Markham . . . because there were no such chests in existence then.
Markham: You're lying! You're trying to bluff me!
Shadow: Open the chest and see.

Sound (chest opened)

Markham: *(Gasps)*
Shadow: *(Laughs)* A priceless treasure, Markham . . . a treasure of lead weights—useless and worthless. But the widow McGow *did* tell you the truth! There *is* a treasure! And the directions to it are in the skipper's log, a real seaman's log, a little diary of a ship's voyage, which Miss Lane slipped out of the false bottom of this chest before you took it away from her!
Markham: Then, Shadow, *please* . . . can't we make a deal?
Shadow: I make no deals with crime! Your only booty from this night's grim adventure will be the sentence you receive in a court of law for aiding and abetting a mad woman, a murderess!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out for . . .)
Sound (digging off mike)

Margot: Oh dear, Lamont! Do you suppose the treasure is really where those men are digging?
Cranston: The ship's log said it was buried three paces to the left of the old linden tree over there.
Margot: Just think if you hadn't told me, before I went up

to the attic with Markham, that a false bottom in the chest was probably what Mrs. McGow meant by a hiding place within a hiding place . . . they wouldn't be here, digging up the treasure! And you know, it seems such a pity that Mrs. McGow and Markham are in prison awaiting trial instead of being here . . . now that the big moment is at hand.

Voice: *(Off mike)* Mr. Cranston.

Margot: They're calling us.

Cranston: Come on.

Sound (running footsteps)

Voice: *(Slightly off mike)* We've struck it, Mr. Cranston.

Margot: Lamont!

Voice: *(Fades on)* Here it *is.*

Margot: *(Eagerly)* Open it! . . . Open it!

Sound (blow of pickaxe, then creaky lid pried open)

Margot: There! . . . Is it full of gold?

Cranston: Well . . . not exactly, Margot.

Margot: You mean . . . there's no money?

Cranston: Oh yes, it's full of money—scrip dollars issued by the pirate government of the buccaneer city of Gunsport in Tobago (tə bā′ gō) back in the eighteenth century.

Margot: Yes?! How much of it?

Cranston: Millions of dollars worth.

Margot: Great! We can buy anything we want, can't we?

Cranston: With *this*, Margot, we couldn't even buy a stick of bubble gum.

Margot: Huh? What do you mean?

Cranston: This stuff was already worthless before Dewey steamed into Manila Bay.[1]

Margot: Oh dear! . . . All this trouble for nothing.

Cranston: Now, now, Margot . . . keep your bolero on. Here, have a cigarette.

Margot: Thanks. . . . We might as well have stayed at home.

Cranston: Oh, I don't think so. . . . Light?

Margot: Yes. . . . Hey! What are you lighting it with?

Cranston: A five-thousand-dollar bank note.

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1. During the Spanish-American War, George Dewey, then a commodore in the U.S. Navy, led the ships in his command into Manila Bay on May 1, 1898.

Margot: You see? . . . All the danger we went through, and what good did it do us?

Cranston: Oh, I don't know, Margot. I've always rather liked the idea of having money to burn. *(Laughs)*

Sound (crackling of burning paper, then both Margot and Lamont burst out laughing)

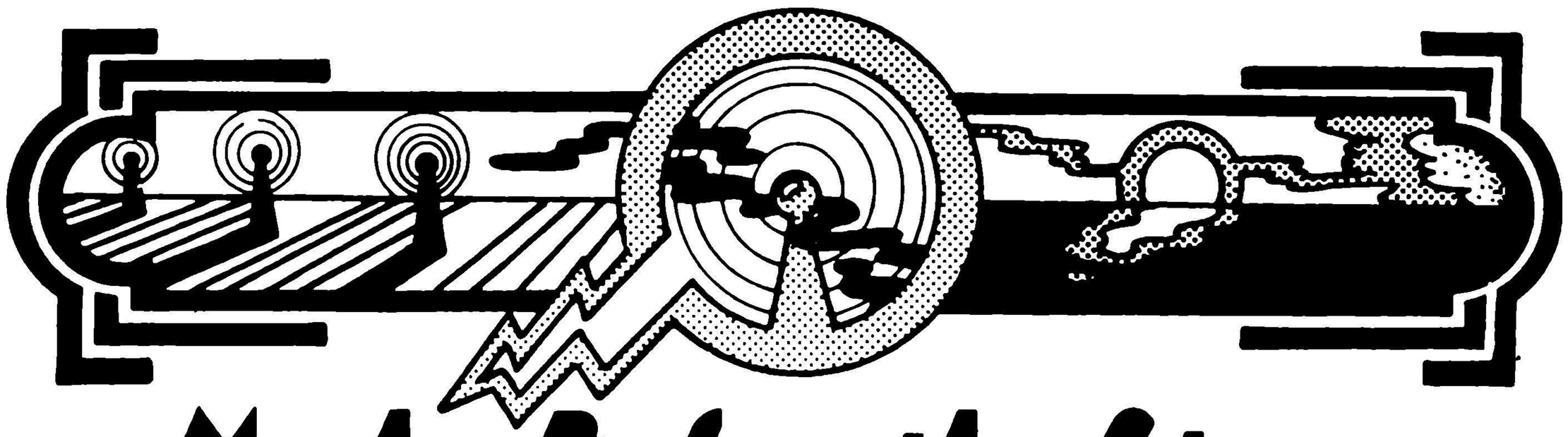
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



Murder Before the Storm

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Captain Zeb *(an acid-tongued old sea dog)*

Rita Zeb *(Captain Zeb's pretty niece)*

Greg Tyler *(manager of Seacliff Inn, a resort hotel)*

A hotel guest

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In today's drama, "Murder Before the Storm," the forces of nature combine with the greed of man to commit murder. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Murder Before the Storm."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Like a person, a place can be destroyed by an evil reputation! Three deaths in one summer season, whether by accident or design, can drive guests from a resort hotel as surely as the coming of autumn storms. Such was the case at Seacliff Inn. . . .

Sound (roll of surf, off mike, under the following . . .)
(impatient banging of bell on reception desk)

Guest: *(Calls)* Clerk! Clerk! Where the devil are you?

Tyler: *(Comes on, soothingly)* Right here, sir. Sorry, sir.

Guest: Huh! I thought you'd fallen off the cliff too!

Tyler: No, sir.

Guest: What's my bill? I'm leaving this forsaken place.

Tyler: Just one day. Twenty-five dollars. I'm sorry, sir.

Guest: So am I! I've been coming here for ten years . . . at the end of the season, because I hate crowds. But I don't relish a vacation in a place as dead as some of its guests.

Tyler: The police called the deaths unfortunate accidents, sir.

Guest: Nonsense! There's a curse on this place!

Tyler: The cliff path to the village has always been dangerous during storms, sir. Guests have been warned, but there are always fools and showoffs who ignore all warnings.

Guest: It's more than that! Where's Andy Walton? I want to see him before I leave.

Tyler: I'm sorry, sir. He's gone to the village to arrange for the closing of the inn.

Guest: Good! He might as well! No guest in his right mind would spend a night here. Here's thirty dollars. Keep the change. *(Goes)* Good-by!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (speeding car motor up and under . . .)

Margot: *(Puzzled)* Lamont?
Cranston: Yes, Margot?
Margot: Why are you rushing to Seacliff?
Cranston: There's a storm coming.
Margot: This is the season for storms.
Cranston: And apparently the time for death to strike.
Margot: Then this isn't just an impromptu holiday.
Cranston: Death never takes a holiday, Margot! *(Slight pause)* Watch for the turnoff sign to Sea Cove.
Margot: *(Uneasy)* It's getting dark and all these roads through the dunes look alike.

Sound (car slows behind the following)

Cranston: And the wind sandpapers the road signs in a season. Guess I'd better turn on the headlights.
Margot: That's better. *(Pause)* There! *(Reading a sign)* Seacliff Inn—one mile.
Cranston: Andy Walton, the owner, is meeting us at the village of Sea Cove—a sheltered inlet just this side of Seacliff Inn!
Margot: Why?
Cranston: He wants to brief us before he starts treating us like guests.
Margot: So those three deaths may not have been accidents or even suicides?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Each death occurred just *before* a bad summer storm.
Margot: Is that the only pattern?
Cranston: They all plunged off the cliff trail into the sea.
Margot: Were the three people related or acquainted?
Cranston: No! And they died weeks apart. . . . No apparent reason for suicide and no known motive for murder.
Margot: Do you think it's murder?
Cranston: Andy Walton thinks it's going to happen again.
Margot: Why, Lamont?
Cranston: Walton suspects that someone is trying to frighten guests away and close the inn and bankrupt him!
Margot: And we're supposed to be *guests.* Ugh!

Sound (car slows to stop, motor cut)

Cranston: Here's Cap Zeb's store.
Margot: Is Andy Walton meeting us here?
Cranston: Yes! And he phoned from here.
Margot: I don't see . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh, oh! There's old Neptune himself . . . coming out of the shack.

Cranston: That's Cap Zeb.

Sound (heavy footsteps on gravel come on with . . .)

Zeb: *(Comes on)* Good evenin'.

Cranston: Hello, Captain. Andy Walton around?

Zeb: Ain't seen 'm.

Cranston: I'm Lamont Cranston, and this is Margot Lane.

Zeb: Recollect *you*. . . . Howdy, ma'am.

Margot: I'm glad to meet you, Captain Zeb.

Zeb: Why?

Margot: *(Startled)* Well, I—I've heard a lot about you.

Zeb: What?

Margot: *(Flustered)* Well . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in to save her)* I've been telling Miss Lane that you know this coast better than any man alive.

Zeb: Or dead!

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Speaking of the dead . . .

Zeb: *(Cuts in)* Don'

Cranston: *(Sharply)* Why not?

Zeb: *They* don't like it.

Margot: *Who* doesn't like it?

Zeb: Them that *took* 'm.

Cranston: You're talking in riddles, Captain.

Zeb: *(Coldly)* That's right. *(Starts to go)* G'night.

Cranston: Wait, Captain! If you see Andy Walton, tell him . . .

Zeb: *(Slightly off mike, cuts in) You* tell 'm! *If* you see 'm! *(Goes off)*

Sound (footsteps on gravel behind the above and the following)

Margot: Well! What do you make of that, Lamont?

Cranston: Cap Zeb hates "outlanders"—summer folks! But how deep is his hate? How strong are his motives for hating?

Margot: Now *you're* talking in riddles.

Cranston: Death is always a riddle. Three deaths in the same manner and in the same place could be a riddle wrapped in the enigma of murder, to misquote Winston Churchill.[1]

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1. Churchill's exact words were "It [Russia's action] is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." (radio broadcast, October 1, 1939)

Margot: *(Short pause)* Why is it so quiet, Lamont? No wind in the dunes? No sound of the sea?
Cranston: The calm before *another* storm.
Margot: *(Awed)* It makes me feel nervous—jumpy. Let's get to the inn before the storm breaks.
Cranston: Yes. My phone conversation with Andy Walton gives me a strange, uneasy feeling that two human storms are building up at Seacliff Inn to match the fury of the elements. *(Snaps)* Let's go!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (quick light footsteps hurry across lobby and stop suddenly as . . .)

(bell on reception desk rings loudly)

Tyler: *(On mike, calls sharply)* Rita!
Rita: *(Slightly off mike)* What do you want, Mr. Tyler?
Tyler: Where are you going?
Rita: Home.
Tyler: Why?
Rita: No guests are left to wait on. No tips! Why not?
Tyler: There'll be two guests coming tonight.
Rita: Wait on them yourself. You don't have anything else to do but hide behind that desk like a crab!
Tyler: You'll be sorry you said that . . . next season.
Rita: There'll be no next season after the way people died this summer.
Tyler: Morbid curiosity or the thrill of danger will bring them.
Rita: You won't be here if I ever tell Cap Zeb how you've been after me.
Tyler: I'm not afraid of your uncle.
Rita: Then I'll tell Mr. Walton why I'm leaving ahead of time.
Tyler: *(Menacingly)* You'll tell him nothing, *(Suddenly furious)* you she-devil! You temptress! You . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (car comes on and stops outside inn)

Rita: *(Savagely on mike, and calls back as she goes)* I don't have to tell Andy Walton! I think he knows what's going on! *(Gasps)* Oh! I'm sorry!

Sound (quick footsteps with the above, stop as . . .)

Cranston: *(As if holding her up)* It's quite all right. My fault. I hope you haven't hurt your ankle.
Rita: No. It's all right. *(Goes)* I can walk . . . home.

Margot: *(Comes on)* Well, Lamont . . . beautiful young things certainly come your way.
Cranston: *(Puzzled)* And vanish as quickly.
Tyler: *(Comes on)* Good evening. What can I do for you?
Cranston: I am Lamont Cranston, and this is Miss Lane. We'd like two separate rooms.
Tyler: But you made no reservations.
Cranston: I hardly thought it would be necessary this late in the season.
Tyler: We are closing the inn. The kitchen help and serving staff are all gone.
Margot: That's all right. We can eat in the village.
Tyler: There is no restaurant in Sea Cove . . . only Cap Zeb's store.
Cranston: *(Coldly)* We'll stop overnight just the same . . . *if* you don't mind.
Tyler: *(Hesitates)* Very well. If you wish. *(Starts to go)* I'll register you and . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Rita: *(Off mike, screams)*
Margot: Lamont! It's that girl!
Tyler: She's up on the cliff path to the cove!
Cranston: *(Fast)* Stay here, Margot. It sounds as if my premonition was right!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Called to an isolated seaside resort hotel as it is about to close for the season, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane fail to find Andy Walton, the owner, who had summoned them to investigate the apparently accidental deaths of three guests. Now, the terrified screams of a local waitress bring Cranston and Greg Tyler, manager of the inn, running up a narrow path to an overhanging cliff where the three guests had met their fate. . . .

Sound (stumbling, running footsteps on gravel and rock)

Rita: *(Screams off mike, drops to convulsive sobs and comes on mike as . . .)*
Tyler: *(Panting)* Watch your step, Cranston. It's a hundred feet to the rocks below!

Cranston: *(Sharply)* Keep going! Either that girl has found something horrible, or she may be hanging from the ledge!

Tyler: There she is! . . . holding a flashlight! *(Calls)* What is it, Rita?!

Sound (running footsteps slow down and stop)

Rita: *(On mike, gasps)* Down there on the rocks! . . . Mr. Walton! . . . like the others!

Tyler: Where? I can't see him!

Cranston: Give me that flashlight, miss! *(Pause)* Good grief!

Tyler: Maybe he isn't dead!

Cranston: Not a chance! He's facedown in the water! If the fall didn't kill him, he's drowned by now.

Rita: *(Sobs hysterically)* He didn't fall. I *know* he didn't!

Tyler: Stop talking like a fool, Rita.

Rita: I'm not a fool! And stop calling me Rita!

Tyler: Shut up, or you'll get Cap Zeb in trouble.

Rita: Why should my uncle be in trouble?

Tyler: He knew Walton would never marry a clam digger's niece, no matter how pretty you are!

Rita: *(Savagely)* Mr. Walton was just a good friend! He was kind to me! Gave me a job. Never made passes like you! . . . you filthy crab!

Sound (sharp slap on Tyler's face)

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Stop it, miss. Tell me . . . was Andy Walton wearing any kind of uniform tonight?

Rita: No! . . . Why?

Cranston: I just found this brass button at the edge of the ledge!

Tyler: *(Fast)* That's off Cap Zeb's old pea jacket!

Rita: He *never* wears it except when he takes fishing parties out on the *Mary Ann!*

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Let's recover Walton's body and go see if Cap Zeb made an exception to the rule . . . tonight!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light roll of surf behind the following)
(crunch of footsteps on gravelly beach)

Margot: Do you think you can recover Walton's body from the rocks, Lamont?

Cranston: We'll try. Wait here with Rita Zeb . . . and watch her.

Rita: *(Comes on)* There are the rocks . . . where the sea cuts under the cliff!

Cranston: Stay here with Miss Lane. Tyler and I will move the body up above the high-tide mark.

Tyler: *(Quickly)* It's almost high tide now. Maybe we better leave the body where it fell.

Cranston: Not with a storm coming. The surf would carry it out to sea. Let's go.

Sound (footsteps crunch on gravel)

Tyler: Why are you so interested in this matter, Cranston? *I* am the manager of the inn. By what right do *you* take charge and give orders?

Cranston: *(Coldly)* I don't care *who* gives the orders as long as Walton's body is recovered and the police notified.

Tyler: *(Quickly)* I'll tend to that. I'll phone the state police at Dunehead as soon as we get back to the inn.

Sound (footsteps on gravel stop, continue light roll of surf)

Cranston: *(Grimly)* All right. There's the body in that shallow pool between the rocks. Hold the flashlight while I drag him out to higher ground.

Tyler: *(Savagely)* Cap Zeb will hang for this!

Cranston: *(Coldly)* That will be for a judge and jury to decide . . . when *all* the evidence is in.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Rita: *(Sob in her voice)* Poor Mr. Walton! Why did it have to happen to him? . . . Why? *Why?*

Margot: *(Gently)* Perhaps because he was trying to find out what had really happened to those three guests of his who were killed the same way, Rita.

Cranston: Has there been any trouble this past summer between Andy Walton and Cap Zeb, Rita?

Rita: It's only that Uncle Zeb hates "outlanders"—summer folks, and blames . . . I mean blamed Mr. Walton for their being here.

Margot: But your uncle makes money out of them . . . selling supplies and taking them fishing.

Rita: It's on account of me.

Cranston: But he let you work at the inn.

Rita: This is the first season. I'm of age. Uncle Zeb said it

would be the last. *(Chokes)* With poor Mr. Walton dead, I guess it *will* be.

Margot: Does Andy Walton have any relatives, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* No, but the inn is almost bankrupt.

Sound (car slows)

Margot: There's no light in your uncle's store, Rita.

Rita: Uncle closes early. We live in the back.

Sound (car stops, motor cut)

Cranston: Stay in the car with Miss Lane, Rita. I want to talk to Cap Zeb . . . alone.

Rita: *(Uneasy)* I'm sure he doesn't know anything about Mr. Walton going off the cliff. . . . I'm sure. . . .

Cranston: Let's hope he doesn't.

Sound (car door opened, intermittent roll of distant thunder behind the following)

Margot: Will the police come by here on their way to examine the body, Lamont?

Cranston: It's the only road. Stop them if they get here while I'm talking to Zeb.

Margot: Shouldn't they be here by now if the manager notified them by phone?

Cranston: Pretty soon. It's ten miles to Dunehead.

Sound (off mike, ramshackle door jerked open)

Zeb: *(Off mike, calls)* Who's that? Who's out there?!

Cranston: *(On mike, calls)* Lamont Cranston, Cap Zeb. *(Quick aside to Margot)* Stay in the car. *(Calls)* I want to talk to you.

Sound (footsteps on gravel to back of store)

Zeb: *(Off mike but closer)* What about?

Cranston: Put away that rifle, and I'll tell you.

Sound (footsteps on gravel stop)

Zeb: Come inside.

Sound (footsteps on creaky wooden floor, door closed)

Zeb: What's wanted?

Cranston: You been here all evening, Zeb?

Zeb: What's it to you?

Cranston: Andy Walton is dead.

Zeb: Good riddance!

Cranston: The police won't look at it that way.

Zeb: How'd it happen?

Cranston: He went off the cliff path like his guests.

Zeb: Durned fool. I warned him!

Cranston: Against what?
Zeb: That *place* when a storm's makin' up.
Cranston: *(Sharply)* Did you go there and warn him tonight?
Zeb: Who says I did?
Cranston: *(Coldly)* I found this brass button at the spot where he went to his death.
Zeb: *(Pauses)* Hold it a spell!
Sound (footsteps and curtain rings jerked)
Cranston: Greg Tyler, the inn manager, says the button's off your pea jacket.
Zeb: *(Harshly)* 'Tis!
Cranston: How did it happen to be there, Zeb?
Zeb: I'm findin' out!
Sound (clatter of rifle jerked off table)
Cranston: Not with that rifle, Zeb.
Zeb: *(Backs away)* Follow me and I'll kill you!
Sound (door jerked open, distant rumble of thunder)
Cranston: Let the police handle this, Zeb!
Zeb: *(Short harsh laugh)* What police?
Cranston: Greg Tyler phoned Dunehead . . . notified them.
Zeb: He couldn't 've!
Cranston: Why not?
Zeb: Phone line's down . . . or cut.
Cranston: How do you know?
Zeb: Tried phonin' for gas . . . same line to the inn, and deader than Walton.
Cranston: Then wait till I drive to Dunehead.
Zeb: No! And if you follow me, *you'll* be dead. *(Goes shouting)* Mind you that!
Rita: *(Off mike, calls wildly and comes on)* Uncle Zeb! Stop! Wait! Come back!*(Goes off)* It isn't what you think! Come back! . . . Come back!
Margot: *(Comes on)* Lamont! I couldn't hold her! Why didn't you stop her?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Zeb has a rifle. He might have hit her . . . shooting at me.
Margot: Why haven't the police arrived? They've had plenty of time.
Cranston: Zeb claims the only phone line is down or cut.
Margot: *(Fast)* Then Greg Tyler couldn't report Walton's death from the inn.

Cranston: Apparently not, Margot.
Margot: Why? What could he gain?
Cranston: Time.
Margot: What'll we do?
Cranston: You're driving to Dunehead for the police.
Margot: What are *you* going to do?
Cranston: The Shadow is going to take the shortcut along the cliff trail to the inn.
Margot: Be careful you don't meet with an . . . "accident."
Cranston: The Shadow is a specialist in dealing with this kind of accident. Hurry, Margot. Try to get the police to the inn before the storm breaks and destroys the evidence of murder!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (door jerked open and closed, quick light footsteps across lobby of inn which stop as inner door is jerked open)

Rita: *(Cries)* You liar! You murderer!

Sound (office chair shoved back violently)

Tyler: *(Alarmed)* What are you doing here? Why did you come back to the inn?
Rita: To find you before my uncle does!
Tyler: Why?
Rita: To save him from killing you.
Tyler: Where is he?
Rita: Coming by the road . . . with his gun.
Tyler: How did you get here ahead of him?
Rita: Over the cliff path, and you better get out of here!
Tyler: *(Mockingly)* Thanks for the warning, you beautiful spitfire!
Rita: *(Infuriated)* I'm nothing to you, and you're dirt to me—and always will be!

Sound (desk drawer jerked open and clatter of gun on surface of desk)

Tyler: But I'm still manager of Seacliff Inn, and I'll soon be the *owner.*
Rita: You'll soon be *dead* if you don't get out of here!
Tyler: I'll save the state the trouble of hanging Cap Zeb if he comes in here with his rifle.
Rita: He's not fool enough to come in here. He'll be waiting out there in the dark . . . waiting for the storm to break.
Tyler: *(Growing tense and sullen)* Where's that meddling Cranston and his girlfriend, Lane?

Rita: They're at the store . . . waiting for the police.
Tyler: The police aren't coming! *(Shouts in a rising tempo as his hysteria mounts)* No one is coming! *No one!*
Rita: You're a fool. You're crazy!
Tyler: *(Doggedly)* No one is coming! No one is leaving! Not you. Not Zeb. Not Cranston. Not Lane! . . .
Rita: *(Shocked)* You *are* crazy!
Tyler: No! . . . not crazy. Rejected by you, *yes!* Scorned by the stupid guests in this rotten inn, *yes!*
Rita: *You're* the one who pushed them off the cliff!
Tyler: Yes!
Rita: Just because they treated you like a clerk!
Tyler: I won't be a clerk next season! I'll own this place.
Rita: How?
Tyler: It's bankrupt. Those accidents fixed that! I've saved and saved and saved . . . *(Exalts)* and stolen too . . . from the guests . . . and Walton.
Rita: *(Chokes)* And you killed him too. . . .
Tyler: Yes . . . and I'll buy this inn at auction, and it'll be mine!
Rita: It won't . . . ever. . . .
Tyler: It will! The storm will take Walton's body . . . and yours . . . and Zeb's . . . and Cranston's . . . and Lane's! And there'll be no one left to say it wasn't a ghastly accident!

Sound (sudden rhythmic tinkling of bell on reception desk)

Rita: *(Gasps in surprise)*
Tyler: *(Alarmed)* Who rang that service bell on the counter?
Shadow: *(Slightly off mike)* An unexpected guest, Greg Tyler, . . . the Shadow. *(Laughs)*
Tyler: No! There's no one anywhere near that bell.
Shadow: Wrong!

Sound (single light tap of bell)

Shadow: And the Shadow will remain an unseen guest, because I have the power to cloud your tormented mind.
Tyler: No!
Shadow: Yes! And if you're not convinced . . .

Sound (rustle of hotel-register pages and sharp scratching of pen)

Shadow: . . . the Shadow will be glad to register . . . in your book of the dead!

Tyler: *(Frantic)* It can't *be.* It's a trick! . . . to trap me!

Shadow: You've trapped yourself! . . . The Shadow heard your confession.

Tyler: I'll kill you, Shadow! . . .

Sound (shot)

Tyler: Kill you!

Sound (shot)

Shadow: You're a poor shot, Tyler! Much better at crouching in the darkness of the cliff path . . . a quick lunge at your imagined enemies . . . a hard shove . . . a falling cry . . . then death in the sea!

Tyler: It's a lie! . . . I was only boasting to Rita . . . imagining how it might have been! Cap Zeb did it because he hates us all!

Shadow: Of course you imagined it, Greg Tyler . . . season after season . . . year after year . . . until your fevered brain had to turn fancy into fact.

Tyler: *(Turns sly)* All right, Shadow. What do you want? Why have you come here?

Shadow: *(Coldly)* A dead man asked me to come . . . perhaps knowing he was about to die.

Tyler: *(Slowly)* What are you going to do, Shadow?

Shadow: Put an end to your killing.

Tyler: How can you keep me from killing Rita with the rest of the shots in this gun? *(Sinisterly)* I can't see *you,* but I can see *her!*

Shadow: *(Effort of throwing)* This way!

Sound (flutter of pages as heavy hotel register is thrown, and clatter of gun on floor)

Rita: *(Stifled scream)*

Shadow: Run, Rita Zeb! Run home! Run!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Following the strangely similar, but seemingly

unrelated, deaths of three summer guests, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane arrived at Seacliff Inn too late to forestall the death of the owner. Now, as the Shadow, Cranston confronts Greg Tyler, the embittered and murderous manager, as an autumn storm strikes the deserted inn. . . .

Sound (wind and intermittent thunder under the following)

Shadow: *(Mocking laughter)* Forget the gun, Greg Tyler. It is useless against the Shadow. And Rita Zeb has gone.

Tyler: *(Dazed and groggy)* How . . . how did you stop me from killing her . . . knock me down . . . make me drop the gun when I can't even see you?

Shadow: The heavy register served a better purpose than listing the names of guests you hated enough to kill.

Tyler: I didn't hate them that much . . . not all the time.

Shadow: No, only at times like tonight . . . before a storm . . . when the air was still, heavy, and oppressive . . . fraying your nerves, driving your tortured brain down into the depths of depression and frustration with each drop of the barometer.

Tyler: How do you know that, Shadow?

Shadow: I can see it now . . . mirrored in your bloodshot eyes, etched in your contorted face, crying out in your voice.

Tyler: *(Recovering slyness)* Keep speaking, Shadow. Keep talking to me.

Shadow: Why, Greg Tyler? Are you afraid to be alone with your own thoughts . . . your own conscience?

Tyler: No! Because *now* I know why I can't see you! You *are* my thoughts . . . my mind. You're not real . . . not flesh and blood . . . not here in this office at all.

Shadow: Think that, if it gives you any comfort, until the police come . . . but don't try to leave.

Tyler: You couldn't stop me from . . . *(Pause)* lighting a cigarette . . .

Sound (nervous strike and flare of match)

Tyler: *(Inhales and exhales deeply)* . . . or even keep me from having a drink. . . .

Sound (clatter of pouring from bottle to glass)

Tyler: *(Mocking with fully regained confidence)* You

see? . . . I salute you, Shadow! . . . Skoal to my conscience . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (whine of ricocheting rifle bullet and shattering of drinking glass)

Tyler: *(Startled cry)* Shadow! You *are* real! You shot the drink from my hand!

Shadow: *(Fast)* No! Get down! That's Cap Zeb outside . . . with a rifle!

Sound (rifle shot, smash of glass)

Tyler: The light! He shot out the light! He's after me!

Shadow: Why? . . . Is he your accomplice? Did you frame him for the murder of Andy Walton with a brass button torn from his pea jacket?

Tyler: No! *(Panic-stricken)* I've got to get out . . . get away!

Shadow: Stay here, Tyler! That's what he wants . . . to drive you into the storm!

Sound (rush of blundering footsteps, office door jerked open behind the following)

Tyler: No! He'll corner me in here! *(Goes off fast)* Kill me like a rat in a trap!

Shadow: *(Laughs)*

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car comes on fast and brakes to quick stop, car door opened, roar of high wind under the following)

Margot: *(Calling)* Lamont! Lamont!

Cranston: *(Comes on)* Margot! What are you doing here? Where are the state troopers?

Margot: They're on their way! I found a phone in a gas station on the way to Dunehead . . . called from there and hurried back! Where's Rita . . . Cap Zeb . . . and Tyler?

Cranston: All out in the storm . . . hunting each other! Go back to the store! Wait for the state troopers! Tell them Tyler is the killer, but Zeb is after him with a rifle.

Margot: Come back with me, Lamont. Let the troopers round them up!

Cranston: No! We can't let Zeb commit murder in the name of justice!

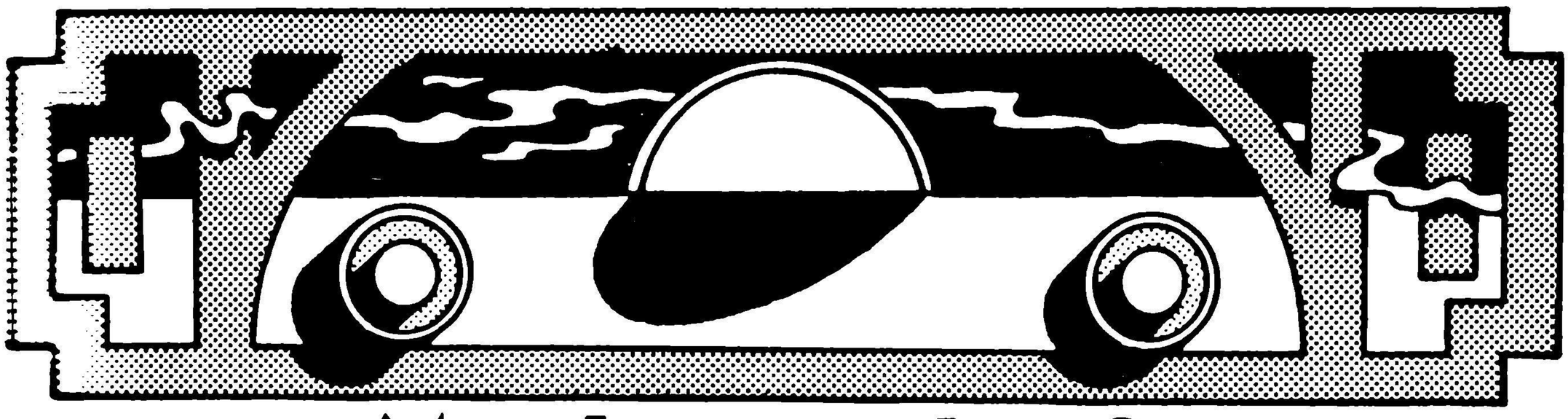
Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (high wind and intermittent roll of surf under the following)

Tyler: *(Panting from fright and exertion)* I've got to get away . . . get away. . . . The cliff path's the shortest way. . . .
Zeb: *(Slightly off mike)* I figgered you'd figger that!
Sound (scuff of gravel and out)
Tyler: *(Gasps)* Cap Zeb!
Zeb: Yep.
Tyler: How . . . how'd you get here ahead of me?
Zeb: By livin' right.
Tyler: You'll go to prison if you kill me.
Zeb: No need for me to kill you, Tyler.
Tyler: What do you mean?
Zeb: You've killed yourself . . . comin' here in a storm.
Tyler: How?
Zeb: This headland of rocks is made funny.
Tyler: Huh?
Zeb: The wind pulls hard down to the sea. *(Mocking)* Feel it tuggin' at you with each gust?
Tyler: *(Panic-stricken)* Let me go!
Zeb: Sure, Mr. Tyler. Just let go the rocks . . . walk past me.
Tyler: No!
Zeb: Come on. I won't push you . . . like you did . . . *them.*
Tyler: *(Even more panic-stricken)* No . . . I'll go back!
Zeb: Ain't no turnin' back on death, Mr. Tyler.
Tyler: I'm going back! They'll hang you if you shoot me.
Sound (bullet pumped into chamber of rifle)
Zeb: Reckon I'll have to chance that.
Shadow: *(Slightly off mike)* Wait, Cap Zeb.
Zeb: Who said that! Who's up here on the ledge with us?
Shadow: The Shadow, Zeb. . . . And hold your fire.
Zeb: What do you want?
Shadow: Justice done, but not by us.
Zeb: Show yourself.
Tyler: *(In a panic)* Don't shoot! You'll hit me! You can't see *him!* . . . even in a lighted room! He isn't real. . . . He isn't really here. *(Breaks completely)* You're crazy if you think you can really hear him! Listen to me, Zeb. Help me! I'll confess everything . . . everything! *(Sobs wildly)*
Sound (scuff of gravel as Tyler throws himself down)
Shadow: *(Pause)* Pick him up, Cap Zeb. Take him with you. . . . *(Fades off mike)* Take him to the police.

Zeb: *(Awed and puzzled, calls)* Shadow! . . .
Shadow . . . you hear me?
Sound (gust of wind)
Zeb: *(Grunts)* Huh! Better keep shut about this. Maybe it was one of . . . *them!*
Music (up and out)
Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.
Music (up and out for . . .)
Sound (car motor up and under the following)
Margot: Lamont. . . .
Cranston: Yes, Margot?
Margot: How does it feel to be able to strike such terror into the hearts of people?
Cranston: The Shadow doesn't really strike terror, Margot. The terror is already there, born of guilt or fear or remorse.
Margot: Cap Zeb and Rita never said a word to the police about the Shadow. It's happened before, but it always amazes me.
Cranston: Perhaps it's because they feel they won't be believed.
Margot: What will happen to Greg Tyler?
Cranston: He'll be committed most likely.
Margot: I feel better just leaving that place.
Cranston: The storm has cleared the air. The barometer was rising when we left.
Margot: So is my appetite. Couldn't we stop some place for breakfast?
Cranston: Sold, Margot. I see a sign ahead, and it says Ham and Eggs.
Music (up and out)
Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .
Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*
Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



Murder in the Sun

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Boris Orloff *(a professor at the Solar Institute)*

Bob Warner *(a young physicist, Orloff's assistant)*

Dr. Hadley *(a physician)*

Max Reber *(the superintendent of the building where Warner lives)*

Sonya Orloff *(Professor Orloff's niece)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In today's drama, "Murder in the Sun," an evil scientist strives to harness the energy of the sun to produce a deadly weapon. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Murder in the Sun."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: In the midst of a towering modern housing development squats an old gray-stone mansion surmounted by the dome-shaped laboratory of the so-called Solar Institute. Its ultramodern telescopes, reflecting mirrors, and other scientific mechanisms are in sharp contrast to the general decay of the old building. In this laboratory Professor Boris Orloff angrily awaits the arrival of his young assistant, Bob Warner. . . .

Sound (door opened and closed quickly)

Orloff: *(Sarcastically)* Ah! So you decided to come to work at last!

Warner: Sorry, professor. We worked late last night on the calculations of cosmic rays.

Orloff: And so you stayed out later with my niece Sonya tonight!

Warner: *(Annoyed)* We only went out for a bite to eat and sat in the park for a little while.

Orloff: *(Sneers)* Park! . . . That patch of grass where the riffraff in the rabbit warren across the street sun themselves like lazy animals!

Warner: *(Angrily)* Professor! The people who live there are hard-working human beings . . . not animals or pigeons like those you have been killing with the *solar gun!*

Orloff: *(Flares)* My killing of pigeons is in the interest of science!

Warner: Yes. But I live over there, so I suppose it would also be in the "interest of science" to try to kill *me* as I step out for a breath of fresh air in the morning.

Orloff: *(Coldly)* Your death might contribute more to scientific knowledge than your halfhearted work with me.

Warner: *(Flares)* There's a lot more to life than science, Professor Orloff. . . . You've been so wrapped up in your experiments that you seem to have forgotten that!

Orloff: Very well! Get out now, and bring back every note you have ever taken on the solar gun! Then you are *through!*

Warner: I'm not sure but what I shouldn't turn those notes over to the police or the F.B.I.

Orloff: *(Sharply)* What do you mean by that?

Warner: I'm not sure *who* you're perfecting that solar gun for! And I'm going to get Sonya out of here before anything happens!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)

Cranston: Lamont Cranston speaking.

Warner: *(Filter)* Hello, Mr. Cranston. You may not remember me, but I'm Robert—Bob Warner. I worked for Professor Mitchell before he was killed . . . I mean murdered.

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Oh yes, Bob. You were very helpful in the investigation.

Warner: *(Filter)* Thanks. And I'm afraid *I* need help now—I mean advice.

Cranston: I'd be glad to help. What's the trouble?

Warner: *(Filter)* It's nothing definite . . . nothing I can put my finger on, but I'm working—or rather *was* working with a Dr. Orloff, a physicist and specialist in solar energy.

Cranston: I think I've heard of him in connection with something called the Solar Institute.

Warner: *(Filter)* Yes, but it isn't really an institute—just his private laboratory on top of his home at number Twenty River Street. *(Hurriedly)* It's right across from here. I live in the new Riverview Housing Development. I can even see him right now, working on the solar gun!

Cranston: A solar gun?!

Warner: *(Filter)* Yes. It's an experimental model. *(Fast and nervously)* I've been assisting him. This morning we quarreled over a personal matter. He fired me . . . demanded that I bring him all the notes I have made on the experiments.

Cranston: Tell me, has Dr. Orloff ever applied for secret work? . . . been investigated and cleared by security?

Warner: *(Filter)* I don't know. I don't think so, but I know that this solar gun, if perfected, would be a potentially deadly weapon in the hands of any hostile power.

Cranston: How far has Orloff progressed?
Warner: *(Filter)* He's used it at short range to kill small animals and birds.
Cranston: What is the principle . . . a heat ray?
Warner: *(Filter)* Partly the burning power of the sun. But there's something else he hasn't let me see or work on. The result is paralysis, usually followed by death, as in the case of people struck by lightning. I . . . *(Breaks off)*
Cranston: What's the matter, Bob?
Warner: *(Filter)* He's operating the solar gun now!
Cranston: What's he doing with it?
Warner: *(Filter)* Just a minute. I can see better if I step out on my balcony. . . . I have a long extension cord on my phone. Here we are. . . . It's about two hundred yards across to Orloff's lab, but . . . *(Gasps)* Cranston! . . .
Cranston: Bob! Get back inside!
Warner: *(Filter) (Strangled cry)* I—I can't! I can't move! Cranston . . . help!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (ambulance speeding away—off mike)

Hadley: *(Fades in)* I'm Dr. Hadley, Mr. Cranston. The building superintendent, Max Reber, told me you were on the way, so I waited here in the lobby.
Cranston: Sorry we couldn't get here sooner, Dr. Hadley.
Margot: We were held up in traffic. How is Bob Warner?
Hadley: Your call to Reber may have saved his life, as my office is here in the building.
Cranston: What is your diagnosis of his sudden collapse?
Hadley: *(Puzzled)* If I hadn't given him a physical checkup only a month ago, I'd have said it was a heart attack—complicated by almost complete paralysis.
Margot: Where is he being taken?
Hadley: General Hospital.
Cranston: Were there any signs of burns?
Hadley: No, Mr. Cranston. That's what puzzles me.
Cranston: *(Sharply)* Why, doctor?
Hadley: The symptoms were similar to the extreme shock of a person struck by lightning.
Margot: But there was no electrical storm over the city today.
Cranston: *(Quickly)* Could he have accidentally come in contact with a high-voltage wire in the apartment or on the balcony?

Hadley: No. I looked about while waiting for the ambulance . . . after giving him what first-aid treatment I could.

Cranston: What are his chances?

Hadley: It's hard to say in shock cases. It depends on his heart. Did he say anything to you over the phone?

Cranston: He'd had a quarrel with his employer. He was excited. Then he gasped and called *help*, and I heard him fall.

Hadley: Well, I'm afraid we'll have to wait for a complete report from the hospital.

Cranston: Where is the building superintendent?

Hadley: In the basement, I imagine. He took Warner and the interns down in the freight elevator . . . because of the stretcher.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Thank you, Dr. Hadley. Come on, Margot. Let's find the superintendent. I want to have a look at Bob's apartment while we're waiting for the hospital report!

Music (up and out for . . .)

Sound (door opens)

Reber: I don't know as I should let you in Mr. Warner's apartment, Mr. Cranston. But seeing as how you're the one that called me to get a doctor for him, I guess maybe it's all right. . . .

Cranston: It'll be all right, superintendent. I just want to look around and see if I can find what caused Mr. Warner's sudden collapse.

Margot: Lamont! Did you notice that the door to the apartment wasn't locked?

Cranston: Yes.

Reber: *(Quickly)* Oh . . . I guess that's my fault. After you phoned me, I opened Warner's door with my passkey. Then I set the snap lock so's the doc and the interns could get in and out.

Cranston: I see. How long has the apartment been unlocked . . . without you being here?

Reber: *(Defensively)* Only a few minutes. I took the doc and the body—I mean Mr. Warner—down in the service elevator to the ambulance. Why?

Sound (door closes and footsteps in apartment under the following)

Cranston: Is the apartment the way you found it?

Reber: *(Puzzled and uneasy)* I didn't notice the apartment. I saw Mr. Warner layin' in the doorway to the balcony, and grabbed the phone and called Dr. Hadley downstairs.
Cranston: Was the phone off the cradle?
Reber: Yes. But there was no one on the line.
Cranston: I was talking to him when it happened. I hung up!
Margot: *(Slightly back from mike)* Lamont, didn't you tell me Bob was out on . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in sharply)* Margot! . . . Stay off the balcony!
Reber: *(Surprised)* It's plenty safe, Mr. Cranston. Everybody uses 'em.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Warner used *his* once too often.
Sound (desk drawer pulled out)
Reber: Wait a minute, Mr. Cranston. I don't know as I oughta let you look through Mr. Warner's things.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* This desk drawer is empty, and . . .
Sound (heavy file drawer pulled out)
Cranston: . . . so is this file drawer. . . . Cleaned out!
Margot: But didn't Bob Warner tell you he had a lot of notes?
Reber: He works over at the Solar Institute across the street. Maybe he keeps them notes there.
Cranston: *(Fast)* Do you know his employer—Professor Orloff?
Reber: I've *seen* him.
Cranston: Has he been here since Warner collapsed?
Reber: Not that I know of.
Margot: He could have come up in the automatic elevator while you were taking Bob Warner down to the ambulance in the freight elevator.
Reber: Sure. But what would this Professor Orloff be doing coming here and taking Mr. Warner's notes and papers with him not being here?
Cranston: He may have arranged it. *(Quick aside)* Margot! Call General Hospital Emergency. Get Dr. Hollister! *(Warning)* But keep away from that door to the balcony.
Margot: All right, Lamont. The ambulance should be at the hospital by now.
Sound (phone taken off cradle and fast dialing behind the following)

Reber: Look here, Mr. Cranston. You're acting like Mr. Warner didn't just have a *stroke* that paralyzed him!

Margot: *(Slightly off mike)* General Hospital? Dr. Hollister, please. Emergency! Lamont Cranston calling!

Reber: *(Uneasily)* Are you trying to blame me? . . .

Cranston: *(Sharply)* Just a minute!

Margot: *(Slightly off mike)* Doctor Hollister? Just a minute. *(Aside)* Here you are, Lamont!

Cranston: Thanks, Margot. *(Into phone)* Hello, Hollister! Lamont Cranston! You have an emergency case—Robert Warner. *(Pause)* How is he? *(Pause)* I see! I know you'll do your best to save him. If he dies, it could be murder!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In answer to the frantic appeal of Bob Warner, a young physicist mysteriously stricken while phoning Lamont Cranston for advice and help, Cranston and Margot Lane call on Bob's recent employer, Professor Orloff, after discovering that Bob's scientific notes are missing and that Bob is hovering between life and death in General Hospital. . . .

Sound (light street sounds up and under the following)
(footsteps approaching door of Solar Institute)

Margot: Lamont! What could Bob Warner's condition have to do with a solar gun?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* I think Bob was about to explain that over the phone when he was stricken. . . . And I expect Orloff to finish the explanation.

Sound (footsteps out, and sound of brass door-knocker behind the following)

Margot: Be careful Orloff doesn't give you a *demonstration! (Surprised)* Well! Will you look at the old-fashioned door-knocker on this so-called Solar Institute!

Cranston: It's an old building. Apparently only the lab on

the roof is modernized. But it doesn't matter as long as the brass ring gets us in.

Sound (heavy door unlocked and opened)

Margot: It brought somebody.

Sonya: *(Slightly back from mike)* Yes? Whom do you wish to see?

Cranston: Professor Orloff.

Sonya: I'm sorry, but my uncle never sees anyone without an appointment.

Cranston: Tell him Lamont Cranston and Miss Lane, friends of Bob Warner, wish to see him immediately.

Sonya: *(Startled)* Friends of Bob! Where is he?!

Margot: *(Quickly)* How well do you know Bob Warner?

Sonya: We're engaged. We're going to be married as soon as we can get my uncle's consent.

Cranston: When did you become engaged?

Sonya: Last night. We decided to . . . *(Breaks off)* But why are you asking these questions? Has something happened to Bob?

Cranston: He has been hurt.

Sonya: How? How badly? Where is he?

Cranston: He's in General Hospital . . . in a coma as the result of some kind of violent shock.

Sonya: *(Alarmed)* When did it happen? . . . Where?

Cranston: About an hour ago in his apartment across the street.

Sonya: *(Frightened)* I must go to him. . . .

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Just a minute, Miss Orloff. It will be some time before it is known just how serious Bob's condition is, and I must talk to your uncle *now.*

Sonya: He never sees anyone during working hours! He locks himself in the laboratory on the roof, and there is no phone up there.

Cranston: Then allow me to go up and knock on his door.

Sonya: Why do you want to see him?

Cranston: Do you know that your uncle discharged Bob Warner this morning?

Sonya: *(Startled)* No!

Margot: Where were you when Bob came to work this morning?

Sonya: Out shopping. I keep house for my uncle . . . make his meals. He won't go out of the house.

Cranston: Did he leave this house within the last hour?
Sonya: He never does, if he can help it.
Margot: How long have you been back from your shopping?
Sonya: Just a few minutes.
Cranston: So you can't say for sure that your uncle *didn't* leave the house and go to Bob's apartment?
Sonya: No, but why would he?
Cranston: Bob phoned me . . . mentioned that your uncle fired him and wanted all Bob's lab notes on the solar gun!
Sonya: I don't understand. . . . *Please*—I must go to Bob . . . be with him, even if I can't talk to him!
Orloff: *(Off mike, calls sharply)* Sonya!
Sound (footsteps come down stairs behind the following)
Sonya: *(Startled)* Uncle!
Orloff: *(Coldly)* Who are these people?
Sonya: *(Quickly)* Mr. Cranston and Miss Lane—friends of Bob!
Orloff: *(Ignoring them)* What do they want?
Cranston: I'd like to ask you a few questions, Professor Orloff.
Orloff: *(Ignoring him)* Tell them to get out. I receive no visitors.
Cranston: Would you rather talk to the police?
Orloff: *(Startled)* The police!
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes! I *thought* that would bring you out of your scientific Valhalla to acknowledge our presence.
Orloff: *(Coldly)* Ask your questions.
Cranston: Did you discharge Bob Warner this morning?
Orloff: Yes.
Cranston: Why?
Orloff: It is a personal matter.
Sonya: But Uncle Boris! Something has happened to Bob. He's in a hospital.
Orloff: *(Snaps)* Go prepare my lunch, Sonya. Bring it to the lab. I will get rid of these people!
Sonya: No! I'm going to the hospital!
Orloff: Leave this house, and you will *not* come back.
Sonya: I don't care. I'm going to marry Bob.

Orloff: You will never marry him!
Cranston: How can you be so sure of that, Professor Orloff?
Orloff: Get out of my house, Mr. Cranston!
Cranston: So you'd rather talk to the police?
Orloff: What have the police to do with this matter?
Cranston: Bob Warner was stricken while watching you operate your solar gun from the balcony of his apartment across the street.
Orloff: How do you *know* that to be a fact?
Cranston: I was talking to him on the telephone at the time it happened.
Orloff: What was he telling you?
Cranston: That you had discharged him and demanded he return all his notes on the solar gun.
Orloff: That is my right! The solar gun is *my* invention!
Cranston: Did he return the notes?
Orloff: No!
Cranston: Then why aren't you interested in getting them back?
Orloff: I will get them when Warner recovers.
Cranston: *(Sharply)* From what?
Orloff: From whatever is the matter with him.
Cranston: You will not get the notes unless you already have them.
Orloff: Why not?
Cranston: They are not in his desk or anywhere in his apartment.
Orloff: Then he destroyed them.
Cranston: You don't seem too concerned about it.
Orloff: I'm *not* . . . as long as they are not available to others.
Cranston: Professor Orloff, why haven't you worked in any of the nuclear laboratories in this country?
Orloff: Because I did not choose to do so. I prefer to work alone, not with others. Now, I have much to do and . . .
Sound (door jerked open, light street sounds)
Orloff: I demand that you leave this house!
Cranston: All right, professor. *(Aside)* Come along, Margot.
Sonya: Wait! Please wait till I get my things. I'm going with you!
Orloff: Then you will *not* come back!

Sonya: I don't want to come back . . . ever!
Orloff: *(Warning)* Don't *any* of you come back!
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Don't get too involved in your experiments with the solar gun, Professor Orloff.
Orloff: Get out! All of you! I am locking this door!
Cranston: Very well, Orloff! But if Bob Warner dies, a search warrant will open it, or the police will break it down!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (light street sounds, car door opens)

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Get in, Margot. Drive Miss Orloff to General Hospital, and phone me the latest word on Bob Warner's condition.
Margot: Where should I phone you, Lamont?
Cranston: At Bob's apartment. I'll be there!
Margot: But we searched it thoroughly! The notes are gone!
Cranston: Yes, but it affords a good view of Orloff's lab, and I want to keep an eye on him.
Margot: Be careful he doesn't put the "solar" eye on you.
Cranston: I'll try to avoid that. Get going, Margot. Call me if there's any change in Bob's condition—for better or worse!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)

Orloff: *(Sharply)* Hello!
Reber: *(Filter)* Professor Orloff?
Orloff: Yes?
Reber: *(Filter)* This is Max Reber, the superintendent of the building across the street from your place.
Orloff: What do you want?
Reber: *(Filter)* I did you a favor once—got an apartment for your assistant, Mr. Warner. . . . Remember?
Orloff: You were well paid for it, Reber.
Reber: *(Filter)* Yes. So I thought you might want another favor done.
Orloff: Such as what?
Reber: *(Filter)* There's a fella named Cranston been around asking questions about what happened to Mr. Warner this morning.
Orloff: I know that!
Reber: *(Filter)* But do you know I saw you sneaking out of

Mr. Warner's apartment after I helped his doctor and the interns get him down to the ambulance?

Orloff: *(Sharply)* Did you tell that to Cranston?

Reber: *(Filter)* Not yet, because I'm not one to make trouble for anybody. But Cranston says what happened to Warner might be murder! And I wouldn't want to get in trouble with the police for withholding any important information. *(Pause)* So . . . ?

Orloff: I see. Could you come over to the institute?

Reber: *(Filter)* What for?

Orloff: We can talk it over.

Reber: *(Filter) (Warning)* I *know* you got the notes. I saw you sneak out with the briefcase Mr. Warner always carried.

Orloff: *(Quickly)* I'll explain about those notes.

Reber: *(Filter)* I'm not much interested in explanations, Professor Orloff.

Sound (buzzer rings)

Orloff: But you're interested in doing me another favor?

Reber: *(Filter)* Yeah, I might be, but excuse me. Somebody wants me in the lobby. It might be that Cranston fella.

Orloff: *(Quickly)* If it is, tell him nothing about my getting the notes. Come over as quickly as you can! Come up to my laboratory. I'll leave the street door unlocked.

Sound (buzzer rings impatiently)

Reber: *(Filter)* O.K., professor. I'll be over as soon as I can make it!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (door unlocked and opened, footsteps into apartment)

Reber: *(Uneasily)* I still don't know as I oughta be letting you into Mr. Warner's apartment again, Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: *(Impatiently)* I'm expecting a call from the hospital about Warner. You can stay here and see that I don't take anything . . . if you like.

Reber: It ain't that, Mr. Cranston. But you said if Mr. Warner died, it might be murder . . . and that'd mean the police would want to know why I let anybody in here.

Cranston: Look, would you go down to Dr. Hadley's office and ask him to come up here for a few minutes if he can?

Reber: You won't touch anything?

Cranston: Nothing but the phone when Miss Lane calls from the hospital.

Reber: All right . . . O.K. *(Goes as . . .)*

Sound (phone rings)

Reber: I'll ask the doc to come right up. *(Calls back)* Maybe that's the call you're expectin'.

Cranston: I'll answer it. You get Dr. Hadley.

Reber: *(Off mike)* Yes, sir.

Sound (door closes and Cranston lets phone ring again before answering it)

(phone rings again, phone off cradle)

Cranston: *(Cautiously)* Hello?

Margot: *(Filter)* Lamont?

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: *(Filter)* Bob Warner is still unconscious, but his pulse and respiration have improved.

Cranston: What do they make of it?

Margot: *(Filter)* They're really puzzled. He had a very high temperature when he was brought into emergency—almost a hundred and five—like a heat stroke only there are no external burns or . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in grimly)* The body can be heated by various rays, Margot.

Margot: *(Filter)* I guess there's nothing to do but wait.

Cranston: How is Miss Orloff taking it?

Margot: *(Filter)* Pretty hard. She's really in love with the guy. And . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Wait a minute, Margot.

Margot: *(Filter)* What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: I've been standing here by the window, watching Orloff's place, and he seems to be having a visitor.

Margot: *(Filter)* Sonya says he never sees anyone during the day, especially bright sunny days when he can work on the solar gun.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* He's up there in the lab . . . working on it now, and his visitor is going in the street door without knocking.

Margot: *(Filter)* But Orloff locked the door when we left!

Cranston: It isn't locked now, or else the man had a key. He's gone inside.

Margot: *(Filter)* Any idea who it might be?

Cranston: A very definite idea, Margot!—the superintendent of this building!

Margot: *(Filter)* But he said he didn't know Professor Orloff.

Cranston: He lied. *(Quickly)* Call Commissioner Weston and ask him to meet me at the institute!
Margot: *(Filter)* Meanwhile?
Cranston: Meanwhile I think the Shadow should join that conference!
Margot: *(Filter)* The door may be locked again!
Cranston: *(Quickly)* There's a fire escape on the side of the building. It won't be the first time the Shadow has had to climb one to reach a killer!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Following up an appeal for help from Bob Warner, a stricken young scientist, Lamont Cranston has learned that the superintendent of the building where Warner lives is paying an unexpected call on Bob's former employer, a physicist known as Professor Orloff. *(Pause)* As the Shadow, Cranston intends to be present at the fateful conference. . . .

Sound (knock on door, back from mike)

Orloff: *(On mike, calls)* Come into the lab, Reber!

Sound (door opens and closes, back from mike)

Reber: *(Comes on)* Say! This is quite a place you have up here on top of the building!
Orloff: *(Impatiently)* What kept you so long?
Reber: It was that fella Cranston coming back to have another look at Warner's apartment.
Orloff: Did he say what he expected to find?
Reber: No! . . . He was expecting a phone call from the hospital where they took Warner.
Orloff: Does he know you've come over here to see me?
Reber: No! He sent me downstairs to get the house doc that looked after Warner before they took him to the hospital.
Orloff: Does anyone know you've come here?
Reber: Not unless somebody saw me come in the front door. Why?
Orloff: No one must know we are acquainted.
Reber: Look here, prof! . . . if you didn't have anything to do with what happened to Warner, and them notes you

took out of his apartment are yours, what are you in such a lather about?

Orloff: It's a matter of secrecy . . . security.

Reber: *(Slyly)* Whose security?

Orloff: The plans and principles of my solar gun are top secret . . . and could be one of the most important discoveries in the world.

Reber: So what's it worth for me to keep quiet about you getting them notes out of Warner's apartment?

Orloff: One moment. . . . Before we go into that matter, I want to show you something.

Sound (footsteps into semi-echo of large dome-shaped room)

Orloff: *(Moves back)* I would like to show you the secret weapon I am guarding so closely.

Reber: I ain't interested in things like that, prof. I wouldn't understand anything about it if you *told* me. . . .

Orloff: I won't try to explain the principle of the solar gun to you, Reber.

Sound (whir of electric motor)

Orloff: I will *show* you how it works. First I open the dome in the ceiling to catch the direct rays of the sun on the reflecting mirrors.

Reber: *(Impatiently)* Look, prof! I gotta get back to the apartment, and I don't care what you do with that gadget!

Orloff: *(Back from mike, coldly)* But in a moment you will not care at all . . . about anything. . . .

Sound (hiss of compressed air)

Reber: *(Gasps and stiffens)* Hey! Wait! . . .

Orloff: *(Slightly off mike, shouts)* Least of all about the money you hoped I would pay you to be silent!

Reber: *(Gasping cry)* Don't, prof! . . . Stop! . . . Turn it . . . *(Sags)* off!

Sound (slump of body to floor, motor cut and hissing sound fades as door closes, back of mike)

Shadow: *(Off mike, calls)* A very convincing demonstration, Professor Orloff! *(Laughs)*

Orloff: *(Startled)* Who spoke? . . . laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow, professor. *(Quickly)* And don't bother to look around your laboratory! No man sees the Shadow, although I am right here in the room with you.

Orloff: It is not possible!

Shadow: *(Mocking)* A much older science than yours makes it possible to cloud your mind so that you cannot see me in the brightest beam of light from that murderous solar gun of yours!

Orloff: *(Recovering)* I don't have to see you to destroy you with my gun!

Shadow: The sun is the source and energy of all life on this earth, Professor Orloff. Did you invent and perfect that instrument only as a weapon . . . to destroy that life?

Orloff: No! Long ago I proposed research into harnessing the limitless power and energy of the sun's rays. But my idea was laughed at . · my services rejected.

Shadow: Who financed this "Solar Institute" of yours?

Orloff: I . . . alone! And no one will ever share or learn the secret of my solar gun!

Shadow: And you have stricken two men with its deadly rays to keep that secret?

Orloff: Yes! . . . And it will destroy *you*, Shadow!

Sound (whir of electric motor intermittent behind the following)

Orloff: No matter where you are in this room, the light ray will find you . . . paralyze your body . . . your mind! You will not be able to move . . . or even cry out for help.

Shadow: *(Back from mike, mocking)* Bob Warner cried out in time. And real men of science are trying to *save* his life, which you tried to destroy!

Sound (hissing of compressed air builds slowly to a crescendo behind the following)

Orloff: *(Rising frenzy)* He was going to steal my secret . . . betray me!

Shadow: No! He only feared you meant to betray your country.

Orloff: This is *not* my country! I have no country. I owe allegiance to no man or nation!

Shadow: Then you are "for sale" to the highest bidder?

Orloff: No! But I will be honored . . . remembered along with all the great men! *(Shouts)* There, Shadow . . . I have swept the room with my ray! And it has found you . . . silenced your mocking voice forever!

Shadow: Try again, professor! Hurry! Look up at the

sky. . . . Clouds are gathering. They will blot out the sun, and your perverted power to destroy will be gone!

Sound (police siren comes on and stops in street below)

Orloff: You lie, Shadow! The sky is cloudless. . . . The sun . . . *(Gasps, struggles)* Let go of me, Shadow!

Shadow: *(In effort of holding)* Yes, Orloff. I lied about the sun, but the clouds of retribution are closing in on you.

Orloff: *(Struggling)* The police! They'll never take me . . . or my solar gun. I'll destroy it!

Shadow: *(In effort of holding)* No, professor! You've done enough destroying for one lifetime! And if your second victim dies . . . *(Hits)* you will be remembered as a murderer!

Sound (thud of hard blow and crash of body, whir of motor cut and hiss of air fades into . . .)

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Sound (car comes on and stops, motor cut, light street sounds)

Margot: *(On mike, calls)* Lamont! What happened? Where is the professor? . . . and Commissioner Weston?

Cranston: *(Comes on)* The professor is on his way to headquarters with Weston. And the superintendent of Warner's building is en route to General Hospital. How is Bob?

Margot: He's regained consciousness and doesn't seem to be suffering any ill effects from the blast of the solar gun.

Cranston: Good! Then there's hope for that greedy superintendent, although he got *his* blast at much closer range.

Margot: How does the solar gun work, Lamont?

Cranston: I think it generates a beam of superheated air that acts as a conductor of an electrical charge similar to a bolt of lightning which stuns but does not kill the victim.

Margot: Then it isn't really the deadly weapon we supposed?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* It *could* be if its range and power were developed. And, with Orloff in custody, I hope Bob Warner will carry on the research for peaceful purposes.

Margot: Was Orloff planning to turn the solar gun over to some foreign power?

Cranston: No. . . . I think he planned to perfect it and use it against any and all who scorned his ideas and rejected his genius.

Margot: *(Shudders)* Ugh! What a waste of a brilliant mind!

Cranston: *(Quickly)* And what a waste of a sunny day! Let's make good use of it and go for a nice quiet drive in the country.

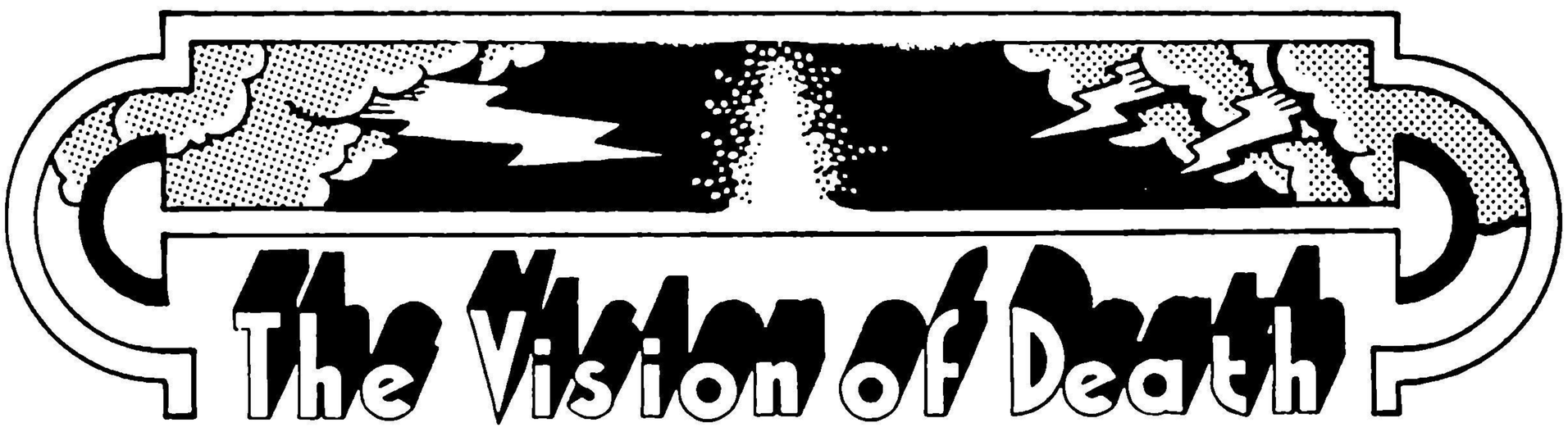
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Susan Randolph *(22 years old, youngest heir to the Randolph fortune)*

Edward Randolph *(Susan's 50-year-old uncle, administrator of the Randolph estate)*

Victoria Randolph *(Susan's grandmother, wealthy matriarch)*

Luther Webb *(gardener and caretaker at Randolph Hall)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Vision of Death," is a strange tale of death in a house of hate. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Vision of Death."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: There are those who believe that it is given to some to see and foretell the future. But the gift of prophecy can be a two-edged sword—deadly for the one who possesses it and for those who believe his predictions. Such was the case at Randolph Hall, where the heirs to the Randolph fortune awaited the will of the dead and the dying! . . . As our drama begins, Susan Randolph, youngest of the heirs, is summoning Luther Webb, the caretaker. . . .

Susan: *(Calls nervously)* Luther! Luther!

Sound (heavy footsteps on gravel come on)

Luther: *(Comes on)* Yes, Miss Susan?

Susan: Please cut me some flowers for Grandmother's room.

Luther: You should not leave her alone, Miss Susan.

Susan: She is not alone, Luther. Uncle Edward is with her.

Luther: You should not leave her alone with your uncle.

Susan: Why not?

Luther: Your Grandmother Victoria hates your Uncle Edward.

Susan: I know. But he is one of the administrators of Grandfather's estate.

Luther: *(Darkly)* Soon he will have to account to no one.

Susan: *(Nervous and irritated)* Luther! How do you know so much about everyone . . . and everything that's going to happen?

Luther: Don't ask me *how* I know, Miss Susan. I just know!

Susan: You knew Grandfather was going to be killed in that auto accident on the cliff road last year. How?

Luther: I saw it happen in a dream.

Susan: And you knew my brother was going to die!

Luther: I had a vision.

Susan: And you think Grandmother Victoria is going to die . . . soon?

Luther: Very soon.

Susan: But she isn't really ill or terribly old! Her heart is weak, but I'm taking good care that she isn't excited . . . doesn't overexert herself.
Luther: But you cannot be with her all the time.
Susan: Well . . . get me some flowers and let me get back to her. . . .
Luther: Last night all the roses in the hothouse died.
Susan: *(Nervous)* Well, get something else . . . anything. She loves flowers.
Luther: There is nothing in bloom. . . . Nothing will bloom in this place—so filled with hate!
Susan: *(Angrily)* Stop talking nonsense, Luther! If there are no flowers, it's your fault! Drive down to the village and buy some.
Luther: Your uncle won't let me.
Susan: I'll give you the money.
Luther: *(Darkly)* Save your money, Miss Susan. You will get nothing from the estate.
Susan: That isn't why I'm here—why I'm looking after my grandmother!
Luther: I know. . . . You are the only one, so be careful, Miss Susan. And warn your *friends* to be careful.
Susan: *(Startled)* What friends?
Sound (distant rumble of thunder)
Luther: *(Evasive)* A storm is coming.
Susan: *(Angry)* Don't change the subject, Luther! What friends should I warn?
Luther: The man called Cranston that you have asked to come here. . . .
Susan: *(Angry)* Luther! Don't tell me you know *that* from a dream or a vision! You've been listening on the gatehouse extension again!
Luther: Yes. I was going to phone the vet about your grandmother's dog, and I could not help hearing you beg this man Cranston to come quickly.
Susan: What's the matter with Grandmother's dog?
Luther: Don't tell her, but this morning it died.
Susan: How? . . . Why?
Luther: Someone poisoned it!
Susan: *(Shocked) Poisoned!*
Sound (roll of thunder, off mike)
Luther: The storm is coming closer. It will be a bad night on the mountain.

Susan: Never mind the storm! Who poisoned Grandmother's dog?
Luther: I don't know. It may have been an accident. Your uncle ordered me to put rat poison in the stables.
Susan: But you know better than to put it where Shep could get it.
Luther: *(Darkly)* Yes, Miss Susan. But some of the poison is missing, and it did not take all of it to kill the dog.
Susan: *(Angry)* Thanks for the warning, Luther. I'll make sure Lamont Cranston and Miss Lane don't get any of it.
Luther: *(Startled)* A woman is coming with Mr. Cranston?
Susan: Yes. Why?
Luther: Then *she* must be the strange woman I saw in my dream.
Susan: What about her? What's supposed to happen to her?
Luther: *(Vague and hesitant)* There was an accident . . . in a car . . . on the road. . . .
Susan: What happened?
Sound (roll of thunder)
Luther: *(Quickly)* I don't know. I was awakened suddenly by something . . . a cry in the night, I think. I am not sure. I must go now if I'm to get the flowers from the village before *(Goes)* the storm breaks.
Susan: *(Calls after him)* Wait, Luther! . . . Wait!
Sound (heavier roll of thunder)
Music (bridge and fade for . . .)
Sound (car up and fade for . . .)
(muffled roll of thunder over drone of car)
Margot: I hope we get up to Randolph Hall before this storm breaks, Lamont.
Cranston: We should, Margot. Susan said it's only a couple of miles from the village.
Margot: But the last mile is a hairpin road almost straight up the side of the mountain.
Cranston: Looks like we're coming to the hairpin. Now we'll see how much life there's left in the old bus.
Margot: Be careful there's some life left in *us*. This road is pretty narrow . . . hardly room to pass another car if we should meet one coming down.
Cranston: Don't let Susan Randolph's story of premonitions get you looking into the mirror of the future, Margot.
Margot: Forewarned is forearmed, Lamont.

Cranston: Not always.
Margot: Don't tell me you've become a fatalist and believe "What is to be will be."
Cranston: About some things, yes!
Sound (roll of thunder)
Margot: It's starting to rain.
Cranston: That's one of the things we can't do much about . . . except drive carefully and turn on the windshield wipers.
Sound (car slows for upgrade pull)
Margot: What can we do for Susan Randolph?
Cranston: Relieve her mind that there was nothing sinister or unnatural about her grandfather's death, I hope.
Margot: What makes her think his death *wasn't* an accident . . . *(Uneasy)* on this very road?
Cranston: Something about an old caretaker who seems to have the gift of prophecy and foresaw the crash *before* it happened.
Margot: What actually caused the car to plunge off the cliff road?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* It fell two hundred feet. There wasn't enough left to determine the cause.
Margot: Was old Mr. Randolph alone?
Cranston: Yes. . . . Luther, the visionary caretaker, refused to go with him to the village . . . *after* his dream.
Margot: Sometimes I can make myself dream of things I *want* to happen, Lamont.
Cranston: Yes, Margot, and I want to ask Luther about that.
Margot: *(Uneasy)* This really is a narrow, crooked road!
Sound (car slows and changes gear for hairpin turn)
Cranston: *(Chuckles)* Relax, Margot. On this leg of the climb we're on the *in*side of the road!
Margot: *(Cries out)* Lamont! Something is coming down . . . fast!
Cranston: Good grief, yes. . . .
Margot: It's a truck!
Cranston: *(Fast)* Hold on, Margot. I'm going to climb the inside bank!
Sound (motor gunned suddenly, brakes squeal slightly off mike, then fenders scrape and motor cut)
Margot: *(Gasps)* Lamont! You missed your calling!

Cranston: That truck missed us . . . except for a coat of paint!
Margot: The truck has stopped. The driver is getting out!
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes! Stay in the car, Margot. It looks like it might be the Randolphs' caretaker.
Margot: He should pay more attention to his driving on a road like this.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes . . . and I'd like to know if he had any dreams or premonitions of this "accident"!
Sound (car door opened, crash of thunder)
Music (theme)
Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.
Music (up and out)
Announcer: En route to investigate one mysterious death, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane narrowly miss the same fate on the same mountain road leading to the mansion of the Randolphs. And Cranston gets out of his car to challenge a reckless driver! . . .
Sound (roll of thunder, patter of rain)
Luther: *(Comes on)* Hey! Are you all right, mister?
Cranston: Yes, except for a scraped fender. But no thanks to you!
Luther: This is a private road!
Cranston: And we're here by invitation.
Luther: Then you must be that Cranston fella.
Cranston: And you must be Luther Webb, caretaker of Randolph Hall.
Luther: I be!
Cranston: Why the big hurry down this steep twisting road?
Luther: Gotta get flowers for Miss Susan's grandma before the storm gets worse!
Cranston: Flowers! Is Victoria Randolph dead?
Luther: Not yet, but it won't be long now.
Cranston: Another of your visions?
Luther: *(Angrily)* Don't you make fun of me, mister! I had a dream about you and your lady friend, Miss Lane, too!
Cranston: *(Sharply)* And what happened in *that* dream?
Luther: I didn't get to the end of it! Something woke me up. Something didn't let me finish it.

Cranston: Well, I suggest you do your dreaming when you're not driving a car, because if we had been on the other leg of this hairpin road, we'd have been on the outside, and your truck would have knocked us over the embankment.

Luther: *(Indignantly)* Are you sayin' I done it deliberate, mister?

Cranston: *(Coldly)* Isn't that the way Victoria Randolph's husband died?

Luther: *(Angrily)* 'Twas *not!* His brakes didn't hold. He couldn't make the hairpin turn, and he crashed over the cliff!

Cranston: *(Fast)* I understand the police couldn't tell from the wreck *what* caused the crash!

Luther: They couldn't!

Cranston: Then how do you know the brakes failed?

Luther: I saw it happen in my dream!

Cranston: Before or after it happened?

Luther: Before! And I warned him. But he laughed at me! Just like you're laughin' at me now! Like everybody laughs at me. But I ain't got time to argue with you! . . . *(Goes to truck, shouting)* You wait and see! You just wait and see!

Sound (truck motor starts and goes away fast behind the following)

Margot: *(Slightly off mike)* Lamont! Get back in the car . . . out of the rain!

Sound (car door opens and closes)

Cranston: Did you hear what he had to say?

Margot: He sounded mad as a hatter!

Cranston: I'm not so sure of that, but he certainly has a persecution complex.

Margot: If he's a sample of the others at Randolph Hall, I don't wonder Susan Randolph is frightened.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes! So let's get up there and see if this business is based on fantasy or fact!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (sharp crack of thunder)

Victoria: *(Calls)* Susan! Susan! Come here!

Susan: *(Comes on)* I'm right here, Grandmother.

Victoria: Don't leave me! Don't leave this room!

Susan: *(Soothingly)* I won't. Does the storm make you nervous?

Victoria: *(Sharply)* Ha! I've weathered a thousand storms! I'm not afraid of the elements.
Susan: Then what's making you so nervous—so restless?
Victoria: Edward! That sniveling nephew of mine! That sanctimonious uncle of yours!
Susan: What did he do to upset you while I was down in the garden talking to Luther?
Victoria: Just sat here like a vulture waiting for me to die so he can pick my bones! And that Luther! There's another one that can't wait till I'm dead!
Susan: *(Surprised)* Why should Luther want you to die? He isn't one of the family.
Victoria: Because your grandfather left him twenty thousand dollars, but he doesn't get it until I die. *None* of you gets anything until I die!
Susan: I don't care about the money, Grandmother. And I don't see why Luther should care. He's as old as you are!
Victoria: Susan, my child! You're a liar or a fool. As for Luther, the older some of us get, the greedier we get.
Sound (sharp knock on door, back from mike)
Victoria: *(Drops voice)* Susan! If that's Edward, don't leave me alone with him!
Edward: *(Back from mike, muffled call)* Susan!
Sound (rattle of doorknob)
Edward: *(Muffled call)* Susan! . . . Stop locking this door! Unlock it and let me in!
Victoria: Let him in.
Sound (quick light footsteps to door, door unlocked and opened behind the following)
Susan: Just a minute, Uncle Edward! I'm sorry, but Grandmother wants the door kept locked.
Edward: *(Comes on)* Stop humoring her! . . . Aunt Victoria, why must you imagine everyone hates you?
Victoria: Because this has become a house of hate. . . . Everyone hates everyone else, except Susan, and I'm not even sure of her!
Edward: And well you may be suspicious of her!
Victoria: Why should I be?
Edward: Did she tell you she invited a couple of strangers to come here and ask questions . . . pry into Uncle Harry's death?
Susan: *(Startled)* How do you know that?!

Edward: You seem to forget there are phone extensions in this mausoleum! Besides, your friend Cranston and Miss Lane are down in the library . . . waiting to start asking questions.

Victoria: *(Angry and suspicious)* Susan! Have you dared ask anyone to this house to question me?!

Susan: No, Grandmother . . . only to . . .

Victoria: *(Cuts in, excited)* To examine me! Have me declared senile . . . incompetent . . . insane!

Susan: No. . . . Only because I'm afraid. . . .

Victoria: *(In a rage)* Afraid I won't die soon enough!

Susan: That isn't true!

Victoria: Get out! Go down and get those people out of my house!

Susan: But, Grandmother! You asked me not to . . .

Victoria: *(Cuts in, gasping from exertion and excitement)* Never mind what I said! You're as bad as the rest! Get out! Get those people out of my house!

Edward: *(Pleased)* You heard your grandmother.

Susan: Grandmother! Won't you please see them? . . . talk to them for just a moment?

Victoria: *(Chokes)* No! Get them out!

Susan: Please, Grandmother . . . your heart!

Victoria: My heart will outlast the lot of you! Get out!

Susan: Then let me give you your medicine before I go.

Victoria: No! I don't trust you!

Susan: *(Goes to door)* I'm sorry, Grandmother . . . so sorry.

Sound (door opens, back from mike)

Edward: *(Calls to her)* Don't worry, Susan my dear. I'll give your grandmother her medicine. And tell Cranston and Miss Lane to be very careful going down the cliff road in this storm!

Sound (roll of thunder into . . .)

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (roll of thunder repeated)

Margot: *(Uneasy)* What do you make of Uncle Edward, Lamont?

Cranston: He reminds me of something that might have crawled out from under a wet rock, Margot.

Margot: Ugh! I agree! And, speaking of wet rocks, I'd hate to have to drive back down that road tonight . . . even without meeting the prophetic Luther.

Cranston: I think I heard Luther's truck come back up the road a few minutes ago.
Margot: Good! . . . because from Uncle Edward's attitude, I don't think we're going to be asked to spend the night if he has anything to say about it.
Cranston: I gather the grandmother still has the final say in this house.

Sound (quick footsteps coming on)

Margot: I still don't understand why . . . *(Breaks off and exclaims)* Susan!
Susan: *(Comes on, sobbing and frightened)* Oh, Margot! I'm so sorry. I'm such a fool. I shouldn't have asked Mr. Cranston to come here!
Cranston: What's wrong, Susan?
Susan: Grandmother thinks you've come to question her . . . have her declared incompetent . . . insane!
Cranston: Who put *that* idea in her head?
Susan: Uncle Edward came up . . . said that you had come to ask questions . . . *(On verge of hysteria)* that I had asked you to come. She got so excited she forgot she'd just begged me not to leave her alone with Uncle Edward! Told me to get out . . . to tell you to get out of her house!
Margot: *(Firmly)* Well, if we go, you're coming with us, Susan. You look utterly exhausted.
Susan: I . . . I haven't really slept for days. I've been with Grandmother all the time because I love her. *(Sobs)* But now she doesn't trust me . . . thinks I want her to die . . . like Edward and Luther.
Cranston: What's Luther's stake in your grandmother's death?
Susan: He gets twenty thousand dollars that Grandfather willed him when Grandmother dies.
Margot: Huh! No wonder he has dreams . . . and visions!
Susan: *(Surprised)* Have you met Luther?
Cranston: *(Ruefully)* We met him on the cliff road . . . almost head-on!
Susan: He knew you were coming!
Margot: Did you tell him?
Susan: No! He heard me talking to you . . . on the gatehouse extension . . . and Uncle Edward must have been listening on this library phone.
Cranston: Just a couple of eavesdroppers.

Susan: I'm sorry I made you take the trip for nothing . . . sorry I can't ask you to stay.

Cranston: I'm sorry, Miss Randolph . . . but I seem to have misplaced my book of etiquette, and what with that dangerous cliff road, I think we'll risk your grandmother's wrath and stay until the storm passes.

Susan: Oh! If you only would! . . .

Edward: *(Off mike, shouting)* Aunt Victoria! Come back! Don't try to go down those stairs! Wait! Come back!

Sound (thud of body crashing down stairs)

Susan: *(Screams)* Grandmother!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Called to the isolated mansion of Victoria Randolph—a wealthy old matriarch—by her frightened granddaughter, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane arrive in time to witness the fulfillment of a strange vision of death. . . .

Margot: *(Fearfully)* Is she dead, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Pause)* Yes, Margot.

Edward: Of course she's dead! And it's all your fault, Susan!

Susan: *(Sobs)* Oh . . . poor Grandmother! Can't we do something . . . carry her back upstairs? . . .

Edward: *(Quickly)* Of course. . . .

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Just a minute, Mr. Randolph. I don't think you'd better move the body until the police arrive.

Edward: *(In a rage)* The police! Why should the police be called? She fell down the stairs . . . rushing down to order you and Miss Lane out of her house!

Cranston: I don't think she fell!

Edward: How can you think anything, Mr. Cranston! You didn't see her stumble and fall. You were in the library! I saw it! I called to her . . . tried to stop her! You must have heard me calling to her!

Cranston: Yes! You shouted loud enough for *us* to hear you. But I don't think *she* heard you.

Edward: What do you mean by that, Cranston?

Cranston: I think she was dead *before* she plunged down those stairs.
Edward: *(In a rage)* Are you accusing me of murder!
Cranston: *(Coldly)* The condition of the body accuses you of at least lying and faking an accident, Randolph!
Edward: How can you say that?!
Cranston: Only a limp, unconscious, or dead body could fall down that flight of stairs without breaking any bones.
Edward: *(Quickly)* Then *that's* it! Her heart! . . . I remember now! She swayed . . . grasped the railing . . . fainted or died *before* she fell!
Cranston: *(Coldly)* The medical examiner will determine that.
Edward: No! I will call our family physician!
Luther: *(Slightly off mike)* You won't call nobody this night, Edward Randolph!
Edward: Luther! What are you doing here in the house?
Luther: *(Sullenly)* I've had the run of this house for forty years.
Edward: You won't have it after tonight!
Luther: Maybe *you* won't either!
Cranston: Why can't Randolph call the family physician?
Luther: 'Cause the storm's knocked down the phone line, and nobody can call anybody till it's fixed!
Edward: Then you'll drive to the village and get the doctor.
Cranston: And the police.
Luther: *(Sharply)* Go yourself, mister. The old woman's dead and nobody gives me orders to do *anything . . . (Goes) anymore!*
Sound (door opens, crack of thunder)
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (another crack of thunder and fade for . . .)
Susan: *(Sobs)* Poor Grandmother. . . .
Edward: It's your fault, Susan. You deliberately upset her by bringing strangers here! You caused the heart attack . . . killed her!
Susan: *(Stunned)* No . . . No. . . .
Edward: Yes! So get out of this house! I am master here now! Get out and take Cranston and Miss Lane with you!
Cranston: *(Quickly)* That's a good idea, Randolph. Come on, Margot. Get a coat and pack an overnight bag, Susan.
Susan: *(Numb)* All right. . . . But must we leave Grandmother lying there like that?

Cranston: Yes. . . . Hurry.
Susan: *(Goes)* All right. . . . I'll get my things.
Edward: *(Goes)* I'll go with you . . . make sure you don't steal Aunt Victoria's jewelry!
Sound (footsteps go off)
Margot: *(Disgusted)* Edward really *must* have crawled out from under a wet rock!
Cranston: *(Quickly)* Better go up with her, Margot. I don't trust him. I'll go bring the car up to the front entrance.
Margot: Better make sure it hasn't been tampered with. I'd hate to go down that cliff road without any brakes.
Cranston: I'll check it carefully, but I want you to go down in low gear and be very careful.
Margot: Aren't you going with us?
Cranston: No. Edward is much too anxious to get rid of us. I think he has some unfinished business, and I want to be around when he settles it.
Margot: What kind of unfinished business?
Cranston: From the way Edward and Luther snapped at each other, there's no love lost between them . . . and the old lady's death should bring it to a head . . . tonight.
Margot: Is the Shadow going to take a hand?
Cranston: Yes. I think Luther with his dreams and visions will be in a receptive frame of mind to talk to the Shadow.
Margot: *If* you can find him.
Cranston: He seems to live in the gatehouse at the top of the cliff road. You can slow down and drop me off there.
Margot: All right, Lamont. I'd better go up and see that nothing happens to Susan.
Cranston: Good. I'll get the car. Then you notify the police while the Shadow puts Luther's visions to the test!
Music (up and out for . . .)
Sound (thunder and rain, muffled off mike)
(car comes, slows down, then passes on)
Luther: *(Excited)* Ah! That Cranston fella and Miss Lane and Susan have gone . . . for the police. But they'll never get down the cliff road!
Sound (clatter of heavy wrecking bar)
Luther: A rock slide will catch them. . . .
Sound (heavy pounding on door)
Luther: *(Startled)* Randolph! . . . He's come to make a bargain!
Sound (quick footsteps to door)

Luther: He don't dare stop me! He'll have to help me!

Sound (door unlocked and jerked open, rain sound up)

Luther: *(Mocking)* Come in, Mr. Randolph! The others have gone! Now we can make a bargain between us!

Shadow: *(Slightly off mike, laughs)* What kind of bargain, Luther?

Luther: *(Backing away)* Who laughed? 'Tweren't Edward Randolph! 'Tain't nobody!

Shadow: *(Comes on)* Perhaps it's another dream, Luther . . . another vision.

Luther: I don't see nobody.

Shadow: No man sees the Shadow, Luther.

Sound (door slammed, rain sound down and under . . .)

Luther: Shadow! What shadow? What . . . do you want?

Shadow: I want the truth, Luther Webb . . . the truth about your dreams and visions. Were they dreams of things you wanted? . . . dreams that became reality because you *made* them happen?

Luther: No! I seen it comin'!

Shadow: Like Harry Randolph's death on the cliff road?!

Luther: I knowed it was gonna happen, but I didn't *make* it happen!

Shadow: And Victoria Randolph's death on the stairs?

Luther: I didn't have nothin' to do with that!

Shadow: What about the unfinished dream of disaster for Margot Lane? Were you going to *make* that happen by starting a rock slide with that iron bar and kill Cranston at the same time?

Luther: *(Scared)* How do you know so much, Shadow?

Shadow: I have no power to see into the future, Luther. But I have the power to blind your vision . . . read the record of guilt written on your face!

Luther: *(In a panic)* I ain't killed nobody. I only saw . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in sharply)* Listen, Luther! Be silent! A moment ago you thought Edward Randolph was at your door! You planned to make a bargain. He's coming! . . . Let *him* make the bargain!

Sound (loud knock on door)

Edward: *(Muffled, outside door)* Luther! Open the door!

Luther: *(Slyly)* 'Tain't locked. Come in!

Sound (door opened, rain up and down again as door is closed)

Edward: *(Comes on)* All right, Luther. That meddling fool, Cranston, and his friend, Miss Lane, and Susan have gone for the police. You and I better get our story straight about what happened to my aunt.

Luther: I had nothin' to do with it!

Edward: But you saw what happened. I saw you standing in the lower hall when I shoved her body down the stairs!

Luther: *(Slyly)* Yeah . . . but I didn't see what you did before that.

Edward: I didn't really kill her. She got excited . . . wanted to call Susan back. She *did* try to get out of bed. I tried to stop her, and she struggled and died!

Luther: With your hands around her throat . . . I'll bet!

Edward: No! It was an accident!

Luther: Like you drainin' the brake fluid out of the old man's car?

Edward: How do you know that?!

Luther: I seen you do it! And it weren't no dream!

Edward: So that's why you wouldn't go with him that day!

Luther: Yes! Thought you'd get rid of both of us, didn't you?

Edward: *(Savagely)* So that's what you've been hinting at! You've been waiting for Aunt Victoria to die so you could blackmail me!

Luther: Just makin' sure you didn't do me outa the money the old man left me.

Edward: Well, you'll never get it! You're not going to live to tell the police what you know.

Luther: *(Mocking)* Put away that pistol. 'Twon't do you no good to kill me! . . . 'cause I've already told somebody what I know, and you've told him all the rest!

Edward: What are you talking about? Who have you told?

Luther: The Shadow. And he's right here in this room . . . listenin'!

Edward: You're crazy!

Luther: You'll be crazy if you don't kill him . . . *if* you can see him . . . find him.

Edward: You're insane! There's no one here.

Shadow: *(Laughs)* No, Randolph! It is you who are insane to think you could get away with wholesale murder!
Edward: *(Startled)* There *is* someone here! Someone in this room!
Luther: *(Mocking)* I *told* you!
Edward: *(Savagely)* I'll kill you . . . kill you both!
Shadow: Put down that gun, Edward.

Sound (thud of heavy blow and crash of body)

Shadow: Get out, Luther! Wait for the police! Tell them what you know!
Luther: *(Cries out)* They won't believe me! Nobody'll believe that a shadow saved my life!
Shadow: *(Draws back)* Then let them believe . . .

Sound (door opened, rain sound up)

Shadow: . . . it was just a dream. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)
Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: Look, Lamont! The storm has passed, and the moon is breaking through the clouds!
Cranston: And the human storm has passed for the Randolphs!
Margot: What really happened up there at the gatehouse, Lamont?
Cranston: Didn't Luther tell the troopers about his mysterious visitor?
Margot: Not a word! He turned state's evidence and confessed to seeing Edward Randolph tamper with his uncle's car and to seeing him throw Victoria's body down the stairs. But he didn't say a word about the Shadow.
Cranston: I counted on that! He was afraid they would think he was insane.
Margot: What made you suspect that Victoria was dead *before* she tumbled down those stairs, Lamont?
Cranston: Because we heard Edward call out—much louder than necessary so we'd be sure to hear it. But we *didn't* hear Victoria cry out as she would have if she'd fallen while rushing down the stairs, as Edward claimed.

Margot: Yes, that's right. We didn't hear her at all. And I'm glad Susan learned from Edward's confession that her grandmother was trying to call her back before she died.

Cranston: Yes, Margot. Her grandmother's love and trust meant much more to Susan Randolph than all the money she will now inherit!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Horace Blake *(a well-to-do banker)*

Ellen Blake *(his 19-year-old daughter)*

Archie Windsor *(a wealthy playboy)*

Leon Selby *(Windsor's secretary and cousin)*

Mr. Saunders *(the manager at Bentley's, a jewelry shop)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Case of the Dead Man's Shoes," is about an expensive string of pearls and murder motivated by hate, jealousy, and greed. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Case of the Dead Man's Shoes."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: It is a pleasant morning, and Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are enjoying the beauties of nature as they stroll through one of the less frequented areas of the park. Margot sighs and says . . .

Margot: Ah, spring! . . . It's so lovely, Lamont, and yet it always makes me feel a little sad. Why is that?

Cranston: Perhaps it's because you realize that human beings don't measure up to the rest of nature.

Margot: Don't measure up? In what way?

Cranston: Well, as far as I know, a flower has never been accused of murder. . . . And a tree has never been found guilty of arson, extortion, or burglary.

Margot: I see what you . . .

Blake: *(Moans, off mike)*

Cranston: *(Tensely)* Margot . . . listen!

Margot: It—it sounds like a moan, Lamont.

Cranston: And it seems to be coming from over there. . . .

Margot: *(Gasps)* Lamont, look! . . . by that bush.

Cranston: A man's feet! Come on, Margot. . . . He must be hurt!

Sound (running footsteps)

Margot: *(Slightly off mike)* Wait for me! I can't run in these high heels!

Cranston: *(On mike)* Hello! . . . hello there! Can you hear me?

Blake: *(Groans)*

Margot: *(Comes on, panting)* Is—is he all right?

Cranston: I think so. He's trying to sit up. *(Effort of lifting)* Come on. . . . Up you go. On the bench . . . there you are!

Blake: Oh . . . my head . . . my head!

Margot: Lamont! Look at that bruise.

Cranston: Yes, I noticed it. . . . What happened, sir?

Blake: He—he hit me . . . struck me with his walking stick. He—he tried to *kill* me!
Margot: Who did? There's no one here.
Blake: No, but he *was* here. We just happened to meet. . . . We got into an argument . . . and then *(Groans)* . . . my head!
Cranston: Who was it? You could have him arrested.
Blake: No, no I couldn't. I—I struck him first, and besides he's very rich—very influential. His name is Archie Windsor.
Margot: *(Incredulous)* Archie Windsor? . . . the playboy?
Blake: The scoundrel . . . the wolf . . . the woman chaser!
Cranston: How many times has he been married . . . five?
Blake: Six. *(Enraged)* And now—now he wants to add my daughter to the list. She's only nineteen!
Margot: Oh. . . . And you won't allow it. . . . Is that it?
Blake: I've got to stop it. I've tried everything. . . . I've begged him, pleaded with him, warned him to stay away from Ellen . . . but he only laughs at me. I—I'm going out of my mind!
Cranston: Can't you talk to your daughter?
Blake: *Talk* to her! She won't listen to me. She's madly in love with him. . . . You know the kind of terrible fascination a man like that can have for a young girl. . . .
Margot: That silver-gray hair . . . tanned face . . . athletic figure . . . even the monocle. . . . He's very attractive.
Cranston: Yes . . . Archie Windsor. . . . I've seen him once or twice at some of the clubs.
Blake: You have? . . . *Wait* a minute. Your face is familiar. Aren't you . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I'm Lamont Cranston.
Blake: Of *course*. . . . I've seen your picture in the paper. I'm Horace Blake.
Cranston: The banker?
Blake: Yes. . . . Mr. Cranston, can't you help me? Isn't there something you can do to stop this—this terrible marriage?
Cranston: I'm afraid not, Mr. Blake. I sometimes help solve crimes. . . . But I can't very well interfere in a thing like this.
Blake: Isn't *this* a crime? . . . a man like that . . . marrying an innocent young girl who doesn't know any better?

Cranston: It's not a crime in the books.
Blake: *(Emphatically)* Well, it is in *my* book. And I'm going to stop it, Mr. Cranston. . . . Do you hear? I'm going to stop it, if it's the last thing I ever do!
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (knock on door)
Windsor: Come in.
Sound (door opened)
Windsor: Selby! . . . Where've you *been?*
Selby: Even a secretary is entitled to a day off, Mr. Windsor. . . . I've been downtown all day.
Windsor: You have, huh?
Selby: Yes. . . . I just got back . . . and found your message in my room. Anything wrong?
Windsor: I'm afraid so.
Sound (drawer opened and closed under . . .)
Windsor: Ever seen this before?
Selby: Why . . . yes. It's the jewel case you had out this morning. I—I gathered that it contained the string of pearls you'd bought for Miss Blake.
Windsor: Yes . . . a ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklace . . . a wedding present.
Selby: Yes, sir. . . . She's a lucky girl.
Windsor: Open the case, Selby. . . . Go on . . . *open* it.
Selby: *(Pauses)* They're very lovely.
Windsor: Are they?
Selby: Oh yes, sir . . . *very* lovely.
Windsor: Selby . . . you're a liar.
Selby: What?!
Windsor: You're a *liar.* You know perfectly well these aren't the real pearls.
Selby: Mr. Windsor! . . . you can't be serious!
Windsor: You made a mistake, Selby. You thought I was a complete fool, didn't you? . . . You waited till Ellen and I had left for the theater this afternoon . . . and then you substituted these cheap imitation pearls for the real ones . . . hoping I wouldn't find out till it was too late. . . .
Selby: How *could* I? The pearls were in the safe. . . . I don't even know the combination.
Windsor: That's *your* story. You've watched me open it a dozen times. . . . *(Menacingly)* Selby . . . what did you do with those pearls?

Selby: I never touched them.
Windsor: Very well . . . I gave you your chance. Now I'm turning you over to the police. . . .
Selby: *(Harshly)* Don't touch that phone, Archie. . . .
Windsor: You cheap, bungling thief! No wonder you never made good at anything. Selling, acting, gambling . . . you were always a flop.
Selby: *(Sarcastically)* And women. . . . You forgot women. . . . I never had the wonderful way with *them* that my famous cousin had!
Windsor: You'd have starved if I hadn't given you a break. Well, I'm through protecting you. . . . You're going to jail . . . where you belong.
Sound (phone lifted off cradle)
Selby: *(Grimly)* Drop that phone, Archie. . . .
Windsor: Take your hands off me!
Sound (fast dialing of three or four numbers)
Selby: All right, Archie. . . . You asked for it.
Windsor: What are you . . . *(Frightened)* Put down that knife!
Selby: *(Almost incoherent with rage)* All these years . . . how I've hated you . . . hated fawning on you, calling you *Mr.* Windsor, listening to your idiotic prattling. And now you're . . .
Windsor: *(Cuts in, terrified)* No! . . . Put down that knife! No! . . . *(Screams)* Selby! Sel . . .
Sound (knife plunged into body, body slumps to floor)
Windsor: *(Gurgles and dies)*
Selby: *(Triumphantly)* Exit Mr. Windsor! . . . And now . . .
Sound (phone off cradle, dialing, filter sound of phone ringing, then filter click of connection)
Blake: *(Filter)* Hello?
Selby: *(Imitating Windsor's voice)* Hello . . . Mr. Blake?
Blake: *(Filter)* Yes. . . .
Selby: This is Archie Windsor.
Blake: *(Filter)* Windsor! . . . Where's Ellen? She hasn't been home all day.
Selby: Right here . . . at my place.

Blake: *(Filter)* You filthy swine! . . . I told you this morning I won't have you seeing her!
Selby: I don't see how you can stop it. . . . We're getting married *tonight!*
Blake: *(Filter)* Married! . . . tonight?!
Selby: Yes, Mr. Blake. We'd like to have your blessing. Why don't you come here to my place?
Blake: *(Filter)* I wouldn't go there if . . . *(Pauses)* Yes . . . maybe I *will*. . . . Sure, I'll give you my blessing, Archie. I'll be there in twenty minutes.
Selby: The servants are out, but the front door is open. We'll be in the library upstairs. . . .
Blake: *(Filter)* Wait for me. . . .
Selby: Don't worry. Archie'll be here waiting . . .
Sound (phone back on cradle)
Selby: *(Mocking)* . . . and so will the police!
Music (bridge and out)
Margot: *(Whispering)* The front door was wide open, Lamont . . . just as Commissioner Weston said it would be!
Cranston: *(Softly)* Yes. . . . Doesn't look too good, does it?
Margot: Lamont . . . I don't like it in here! Can't we turn on a light?
Cranston: Not yet. . . . We'd better look around a bit until we see what's what. Come on . . . let's go upstairs to the library.
Sound (footsteps up stairs under the following)
Margot: *(Shivers)* It's so dark in here, Lamont . . . and it's still daylight outside. . . .
Cranston: These old brownstone houses are all that way, Margot . . . built to keep out sunlight.
Margot: Why would a man as rich as Archie Windsor live in a place like this? It—it's like a tomb.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* If that anonymous tip Commissioner Weston got on the phone is correct . . . that's just what it is now—someone's tomb.
Margot: Where is the commissioner? He ought to be here by now.
Cranston: He's got to come from downtown. . . . We were only two blocks away. That's why he called *us*. . . .
Sound (footsteps stop)

Cranston: Here we are. . . . This should be the library.

Sound (door opened)

Cranston: Uh-huh. . . . It *is.*

Margot: This room's even darker than the foyer! I can hardly see a . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Margot! . . . Stop!

Margot: Why? What's the matter?

Cranston: *(Fast)* Turn on the light switch . . . right behind you. . . .

Sound (click of switch)

Margot: *(Gasps)* Lamont . . . that *blood!*

Cranston: *(Slightly off mike)* The tip was correct, Margot. Here's Archie Windsor. . . .

Margot: Is he . . . *dead?*

Cranston: Yes . . . stabbed through the heart with a letter opener. . . .

Margot: How horrible! He—he's lying in a pool of blood. . . . He must have just dropped in his tracks.

Cranston: Yes . . . and these bloody footprints . . . all over the carpet . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* They must be the murderer's. . . . *(Gasps)* Lamont! . . . Blake said he'd stop that marriage if it was the last thing he ever did!

Cranston: I know. . . . As soon as Commissioner Weston comes, we'll have him rush some men over to Blake's house. There's a good chance they'll find him walking around in a pair of blood-stained shoes.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Following up the leads furnished by Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane, the police arrested Horace Blake and charged him with the murder of Archie Windsor. Now . . . a little later . . . Cranston and Margot emerge from Commissioner Weston's office. . . .

Sound (door closes, footsteps on marble floor)

Margot: It's lucky the police got to Blake's house when they did. He'd already thrown his blood-stained shoes into the fire.

Cranston: Pretty strong evidence of guilt, isn't it?
Margot: *Strong?* . . . As far as I'm concerned, it's as good as a confession.
Cranston: I'm not so sure, Margot. . . .
Margot: Lamont! Don't tell me you believed Blake's story that Windsor was dead when he got there!
Cranston: It's possible. Blake might have walked into the dark room . . . gotten his shoes all bloody before he saw the body. . . . Then he got panicky and changed them.
Margot: Uh-uh, that's not the way I . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Ellen: *(Calls)* Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, please!
Margot: It's Ellen Blake.
Cranston: Yes, Miss Blake. What is it?
Ellen: You've got to help us, Mr. Cranston. You've got to prove my father is innocent!
Cranston: I wish I could, Miss Blake. But the evidence . . .
Ellen: *(Cuts in)* I don't care about the evidence. I—I know my father didn't do it. He—he couldn't, Mr. Cranston. He's the gentlest, kindest person alive.
Margot: But he was *there*, Miss Blake . . . right around the time of the murder. . . . He admitted it.
Ellen: He was tricked, I tell you. Someone lured him down there . . . and planted evidence on him. Everyone in town knew how he felt about Archie. . . .
Cranston: If we could only prove that in some way. . . .
Ellen: There *must* be a way, Mr. Cran . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh, there's Selby now. Maybe *he* knows something. . . .
Cranston: Selby? Who's . . .
Ellen: *(Cuts in)* Archie Windsor's secretary. *(Louder)* Selby, oh, Selby, please . . .
Selby: *(Cuts in)* Oh . . . Miss *Blake*. . . . This is terrible . . . terrible!
Ellen: You've . . . heard?
Selby: Yes. The police were waiting for me at the house this morning when I got back from my day off. . . . They want to question me here.
Ellen: You'll tell them, won't you? . . . you'll tell them that my father couldn't have done it. . . .
Selby: I don't know what *I* can tell them, Miss Ellen. I was out all day yesterday. . . .

Cranston: May *I* ask you a question, Selby? I'm Lamont Cranston.
Selby: Certainly, sir. . . . They—they told me you found the . . . body.
Cranston: Yes. . . . Selby, did Mr. Windsor have any enemies?
Selby: Enemies? I don't think so, sir. . . . Of course there were many people who hated him. . . .
Margot: Why?
Selby: Well, frankly . . . he was just about the most self-centered man in the world. He couldn't stand being in the background for a minute. It was always top billing for Archie Windsor. . . . He wouldn't have it any other way.
Cranston: Still no reason for anyone to *kill* him.
Selby: No, sir. I can't think of anyone who'd want to do *that.*
Ellen: Maybe some woman—some woman who was jealous about the necklace . . .
Selby: *(Cuts in)* Necklace?
Ellen: *(Impatiently)* Yes . . . the pearl necklace Archie was going to give me for a wedding present. . . . *You* were there, Selby, when he showed it to me yesterday morning. He took it out of the safe and . . .
Selby: *(Cuts in)* Oh, yes. . . . I *did* hear some conversation about it. . . . I was getting ready to leave for the day.
Margot: Lamont . . . did you hear anything about a pearl necklace?
Cranston: On the contrary. . . . Commissioner Weston went through Windsor's safe today by court order. He said there was no jewelry at all . . . anywhere in the house . . . except for a pair of cuff links. Miss Blake . . .
Ellen: Yes, Mr. Cranston. . . .
Cranston: Do you happen to know where the pearl necklace was bought?
Ellen: Of course . . . at Bentley's.
Cranston: Thank you. . . . Come along, Margot. . . .
Margot: Where to?
Cranston: We're going to see a man . . . about a motive!
Music (bridge and out)
Sound (doorbell rings, off mike . . . door opened)
Selby: Why, Miss *Blake!* . . . This *is* a surprise!

Ellen: Selby . . . I *had* to come here . . . to Mr. Windsor's house. . . .

Sound (door closed)

Ellen: I had to see for myself . . look around . . . try to find something to clear my father . . Is there anything you . . .

Selby: *(Cuts in)* I'm sorry, Miss Blake. I've gone through everything . . . and so have the police. There's nothing to show that anyone else could have . . . killed Mr. Windsor.

Ellen: It's horrible . . . *horrible!* The police have booked my father, Selby. They're going to try him for murder!

Selby: Yes, I know.

Ellen: But there's something wrong!

Selby: I beg your pardon?

Ellen: The necklace—the necklace that's missing! . . . If my father *had* had anything to do with this—this awful murder—he would never have *touched* the pearls. He's wealthy. . . . Someone else must have taken them.

Selby: That's impossible, Miss Blake. No one but Mr. Windsor had access to the safe. . . .

Ellen: *(Quickly)* No one but Mr. Windsor *(Suddenly horrified)* . . . and *you!*

Selby: Me?

Ellen: Yes . . . *you,* Selby. . . . You had access to the necklace, and you knew my father had threatened Archie. *You're* the murderer, and . . . *(Breaks off with a gasp)*

Selby: Sit very quietly, Miss Blake. I don't want to harm you unless I have to.

Ellen: *You* killed Archie . . . and *you* stole the pearls . . . and *you* framed my father. . . . You vile, horrible beast! I'm going to phone the . . .

Sound (scuffle of feet, phone clatters to floor)

Selby: No you don't! Archie tried that . . . now he's dead!

Sound (chair pushed back, running footsteps)

Selby: *(Fading on mike)* No! That won't do either. The front door's locked. I locked it as you came in.

Ellen: *(Terrified)* Keep away from me! . . .

Selby: You're so beautiful, Ellen . . . so beautiful. . . .

Ellen: No! No! Don't you come near me! *(Screams, faints)*

Sound (slump of limp body to floor)

Selby: Thank you, my dear. So convenient of you to faint. I'll just gag you so you're not tempted to scream

again. . . . *There* we are. Now I *know* you'll be quiet . . . until we leave town together . . . tonight.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: While Ellen Blake lies gagged and helpless at the mercy of her fiancé's murderer, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are in Bentley's, an exclusive jewelry shop, talking to the manager. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Saunders, did Archie Windsor have an account here?

Saunders: Oh yes, Mr. Cranston. And, if I may say so, a very active account.

Margot: Naturally . . . considering all the wedding rings he had to keep buying.

Cranston: I'm interested in one particular purchase, Mr. Saunders. . . . Did you sell him a necklace recently?

Saunders: Indeed we did, sir . . . a very fine pearl necklace. Let me see now . . . it was delivered to Mr. Windsor four days ago.

Cranston: Just a couple of days before his murder. . . . This puts a new light on everything.

Margot: How so, Lamont?

Cranston: The *motive*, Margot. If the motive was robbery, then Horace Blake is pretty much cleared. He's very wealthy. He wouldn't commit murder for a string of pearls.

Margot: Who would?

Cranston: I don't know. . . . But when we find the person who has the necklace, we'll have the murderer.

Saunders: In that case, Mr. Cranston, you'll have to arrest me.

Margot: What?! . . .

Saunders: I have the pearl necklace right here. Mr. Windsor returned it yesterday afternoon.

Cranston: *(Incredulous)* Archie Windsor *himself* returned that necklace yesterday afternoon?

Saunders: Yes, sir. He'd bought it with the understanding he could return it within ten days. He walked in here

yesterday afternoon . . . said he'd changed his mind about the lady . . . and the necklace.

Cranston: And you . . . refunded the money?

Saunders: Yes. As a matter of fact, we gave him cash. It was just after three, so the banks were closed. He said he was leaving town last night and wanted some money.

Margot: Well, here we are, Lamont, back where we started from. This brings Mr. Blake right back into the picture.

Cranston: Mr. Saunders, you're *sure* it was Archie Windsor who was here?

Saunders: Positive. Mr. Bentley usually waits on him . . . he's out of town right now . . . but I'd know Mr. Windsor anywhere. His picture's always in the paper . . . and that silver hair, the monocle, the walking stick . . . it was him all right.

Cranston: I just don't get it, Margot. Why did he change his mind so suddenly about marrying Ellen Blake?

Margot: I can't imagine.

Cranston: It's all out of character. . . . And until we know the reason for it, the case won't be solved. Let's go back to my apartment and see if we can figure out the answer.

Music (short bridge and out)

Margot: Well, we've been sitting around here for two hours now, Lamont . . . pondering. Any ideas?

Cranston: One or two . . . but they're very vague. If we could only get in touch with Ellen Blake. . . .

Margot: Well, she isn't home. I've tried her a dozen times. . . . How about letting me in on your ideas?

Cranston: Not yet. They're really only hunches. I'd have to check a few things before I . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (phone rings, then lifted off cradle)

Cranston: Hello?

Ellen: *(Filter) (Hysterical)* Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, you've got to help me! . . .

Cranston: Miss Blake! . . . what's wrong? What's happening?

Ellen: *(Filter)* He's going to kill me! He—he tied me up . . . but I got loose.

Cranston: Just a minute! I can't make out what you're saying. The connection's bad. . . .

Ellen: *(Fuzzy filter)* Please . . . locked in. . . . Save me before he comes . . . *(Gasps)* No! . . . No! *(Screams)*

Cranston: Miss Blake! Miss Blake, where are . . .

Sound (filter sound of phone banged on cradle)

Cranston: Hello . . . hello! . . . Cut off!

Margot: Lamont, what is it? . . . What's wrong?

Cranston: Ellen Blake says someone's going to kill her.

Margot: Kill her! . . . Where is she?

Cranston: She didn't say. . . . Listen, Margot, no one at her home knows where she went. But there's one person who might know something about her.

Margot: Who?

Cranston: Leon Selby—Archie Windsor's secretary. She seemed to be friendly with him. . . . He looked like the kind of secretary who would keep tabs on his boss's girlfriends. Get in touch with him, Margot . . . right away.

Margot: Yes, Lamont. . . .

Cranston: Try phoning. If he's not in, get up there and wait for him. I'll join you as soon as I can.

Margot: What are *you* going to do?

Cranston: Report this to Commissioner Weston . . . phone *Variety*[1] . . . and then go to work as the Shadow.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (doorbell rings off mike, door opened)

Selby: Yes? What can I . . . oh, Miss Lane! . . . Come in.

Sound (door closed under . . .)

Margot: How long have you been here, Selby? I tried to get you on the phone a dozen times.

Selby: I—uh—I just got in a few minutes ago.

Margot: Selby, you've *got* to help us. Something terrible has happened.

Selby: Oh?

Margot: Ellen Blake's in trouble. . . . Someone's trying to kill her.

Selby: Kill her! Really, Miss Lane, I think the poor girl's so upset about Mr. Windsor's murder that she's gone off the deep end.

Margot: Selby . . . you were Mr. Windsor's confidential secretary. You must know a lot about Miss Blake . . . who her friends are . . . where she might be. . . .

Selby: Oh no, Miss Lane. You overestimate my position.

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1. *Variety*, theatrical trade journal, published weekly, containing the news of all phases of show business.

But if I hear anything, I'll . . . *(Breaks off)* What *are* you looking at, Miss Lane?

Margot: That glove, Selby . . . that long black suede glove.

Selby: Glove? Oh . . . that—that belonged to Mr. Windsor's last wife, I believe.

Margot: What's it doing out on the desk?

Selby: Probably been there for weeks. . . .

Margot: Really? That's funny. It's lying on top of a theater program . . . and a couple of ticket stubs dated yesterday. It must have been placed there after . . . *(Trails off)*

Selby: *(Menacingly)* Don't get any strange ideas, Miss Lane.

Margot: Theater . . . yesterday . . . of *course.* Ellen Blake *mentioned* it. . . . She and Mr. Windsor were at a matinée yesterday.

Selby: Suppose they were?

Margot: If Mr. Windsor was at the theater yesterday afternoon, then someone *else* must have returned the pearl necklace to Bentley's. . . . Someone who . . .

Selby: *(Cuts in)* I think you've said enough, Miss Lane.

Margot: *You,* Selby! *You* killed Archie Windsor, and somehow Ellen found out. You—you've got her here now!

Selby: Yes, I've got her here now . . . in the next room. She was too curious . . . like *you.* I planned to kill her and dispose of her body . . . after dark.

Margot: No! You wouldn't dare! . . . You must be out of your mind! . . .

Selby: Now it will have to be a double feature. . . . I hate to do this, Miss Lane, but I'm afraid . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* No, no! Stay away from me! . . . Don't touch me! They'll get you. . . . They'll hang you! . . .

Selby: They can only hang me once. And if I silence those pretty lips of yours . . .

Margot: No! . . . No! . . .

Shadow: *(Laughs)*

Selby: Who's that? Who laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow, Selby. *(Laughs)*

Selby: What shadow? I don't see anyone.

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow. But he is here, Selby . . . to put an end to your murderous plans.

Selby: No one can stop me now . . . *no one.* I'm rich. . . . I'm powerful . . . like *he* was.

Shadow: No. The money you got for the pearl necklace doesn't belong to you.

Selby: It does. . . . It *does.* Half of everything he had should have been mine. He stole it from me. . . . He got our grandfather to leave everything to him . . . and cut me off without a penny. Oh, how I've hated him! For years I sat by and watched him fritter *my* fortune away . . . until I couldn't stand it anymore.

Shadow: So you killed him . . . and used your acting experience to impersonate him when you returned the pearls.

Selby: Yes, *yes.* . . . He said I was a failure as an actor. I showed him. . . . I showed the *world.* What a performance! Magnificent! . . .

Shadow: It was your last one, Selby. You're nearing the end of your run.

Selby: No! No shadow can stop *me.* . . . Miss Lane, get away from that door! . . .

Margot: She's in there! I *know* Ellen's in there! I heard her struggling. . . .

Shadow: Stand back, Selby. . . . Drop that knife!

Selby: No! Not till . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* Drop it, I say!

Selby: . . . I've finished. . . . *(Exclamation of pain)* Oh, my arms, my arms! . . .

Shadow: Drop it!

Sound (knife clatters to floor)

Shadow: That's better. Now, Miss Lane, *unlock the front door, and then release Miss Blake.* The police should be here in a moment. As for *you,* Selby, you may get ready for your grand exit. The curtain is about to fall! . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Cranston: Like to go for a walk in the park, Margot? It's a lovely day.

Margot: No thank you. I don't want to be reminded of that horrible Leon Selby ever again! . . . or Archie Windsor either. He certainly was no credit to society, was he?

Cranston: No, but that didn't give Selby the right to murder him.

Margot: Lamont . . . I still don't understand one thing. Why did you decide to check with a theatrical journal?

Cranston: I phoned *Variety* to find out if Leon Selby had ever been an actor. And he *had*. . . . They had some clippings about him. You see, I began to suspect an impersonation the minute we spoke with that salesman at Bentley's.

Margot: But why?

Cranston: Because Ellen Blake had said she and Windsor were at the theater that afternoon. He *couldn't* have returned the necklace.

Margot: Sure he could have, Lamont. He could've walked out of the theater, taken a cab to the jewelry shop, and returned it.

Cranston: Ellen would have told us about it if he had left her for any length of time. . . . As a matter of fact, *she* didn't even know the necklace had been returned. *She* brought up the subject of the necklace, remember?

Margot: Yes . . . outside Weston's office.

Cranston: So . . . the man at Bentley's had to be wrong. *Windsor* hadn't brought back the pearls. . . . But someone else *had* . . . someone who impersonated him.

Margot: But what made you suspect Selby?

Cranston: He happens to be the same height and build as Windsor, he had access to the pearls, and I got the feeling he'd been an actor from an expression he used.

Margot: What was that?

Cranston: The first time we met Selby, he spoke of Windsor contemptuously . . . as though he despised him. And he said that Archie always wanted *top billing*, strictly a theatrical term.

Margot: So you followed a hunch . . . and came up with a murderer. . . .

Cranston: It was greed that tripped Leon Selby up. If he hadn't tried to cash in the pearls so quickly, he might have gotten away with the murder. But in the end . . . the necklace turned into a noose!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



The Final Hour

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Jim Martin *(a young man convicted of murder)*

Sam Walker *(the man whose testimony convicted Martin)*

Laura Walker *(Walker's older sister)*

Andy Barton *(the owner of Barton's Tavern, the scene of the murder)*

Prison Warden

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Final Hour," is a tale of terror and suspense in which time and death battle for the truth. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Final Hour."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: The weed of crime does indeed bear bitter fruit. And the storehouse is prison, where the tragic harvest of murder is often the death chamber. Unfortunately, despite all the safeguards against injustice, the innocent can be caught in the fatal web of circumstantial evidence or perjury! This grim fact is preying on the mind of Lamont Cranston as he talks to the warden of State Prison on the very eve of a friendless prisoner's execution. . . .

Sound (door opened)

Warden: Come in, Cranston. I'm having Jim Martin brought here to my office.

Cranston: Thanks, Warden. I still think he's innocent. . . .

Sound (door closed)

Warden: Your friend, Commissioner Weston, seems to feel the same way . . . in spite of an eyewitness's testimony and young Martin's admission that he was in the tavern at the time the murder was committed.

Cranston: But Martin testified that he was knocked unconscious and framed for the robbery and murder of the bookie!

Warden: *(Dubious)* It *could* have happened that way, but . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* That's why I want to make one more attempt to get at the truth!

Warden: You have less than five hours, Cranston! Martin goes at midnight. The governor has no new evidence nor any reason to grant a stay of execution.

Cranston: So it's by midnight . . . or never.

Warden: *(Warning)* Don't give Martin too much hope! He has courage, but there are limits.

Cranston: I'll be careful.

Sound (door opened, slightly off mike)

Warden: *(Calls)* Come in, Martin. You know Lamont Cranston.

Martin: *(Tensely)* Yes. . . . Hello, Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: Hello, Jim.
Warden: *(Moves back)* Cranston would like to talk to you. I'll leave you two alone.
Sound (door closed, slightly off mike)
Martin: Don't you *ever* give up?
Cranston: Not on something as important as this.
Martin: Why am I important?
Cranston: Because the law, society, and justice can't afford mistakes that take a man's life.
Martin: I'm set to take whatever comes.
Cranston: I'm sure you are, Jim.
Martin: Why did you come here?
Cranston: I just want you to know we're still trying.
Martin: That helps! It's rough not having anybody.
Cranston: Isn't there anyone?
Martin: *(Sharply)* No! Or maybe I wouldn't have been in that tavern alone! I might have had a pal or a girlfriend to alibi me. . . . *(Pauses)* Sorry . . . we've been over all that. What are you trying now?
Cranston: I'm still watching that eyewitness who testified he saw you rob and kill that bookie in the back of Barton's Tavern.
Martin: Sam Walker lied! He's scared to death! He won't change his story!
Cranston: For a coward, the dread of living with a stricken conscience can be stronger than the fear of death . . . *(Measured)* especially when the dreaded final hour of decision is at hand.
Martin: How come you're taking this so hard, Cranston? It's me that's going . . . not you.
Cranston: With each injustice to one man, all of us die a little, Jim.
Martin: Don't let it get you. . . . I know I'm innocent, and I can take it if I must.
Cranston: It won't happen . . . *if* I can call on the power of conscience over cowardice.
Martin: Thanks, but I don't have your kind of faith.
Cranston: But the victory of conscience over cowardice will not take place until the final hour.
Martin: Well, thanks for the try, but I'm still ordering that special dinner they give you here . . . the works!
Cranston: Margot Lane is waiting outside. We're driving

directly to the city and that tavern where the crime was committed.

Martin: Thank Miss Lane for trying to help too. Thanks for everything, and . . . good-by.

Cranston: No! Just so long, Jim, until . . . we meet again.

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: How is Jim Martin taking it, Lamont?

Cranston: With all the courage of an innocent man.

Margot: I was sure he would.

Cranston: *(Grimly)* It made me bitterly ashamed of the times during the investigation and trial when I wondered if he *might* have killed that bookie in Barton's Tavern.

Margot: Don't blame yourself. You've done everything possible to prove his innocence, and Commissioner Weston has used all the resources of the police.

Cranston: And it all added up to nothing but a suspicion that Sam Walker, the so-called eyewitness, was lying. . . .

Margot: But the jury believed Walker.

Cranston: They had very little choice in the face of Martin's utter lack of defense. . . .

Margot: Any chance of another stay of execution?

Cranston: None! The death sentence was mandatory, and there is no new evidence to justify the governor's granting a stay of execution.

Margot: *(Quickly)* Lamont . . . we have less than three hours! What can we do in that short time?

Cranston: Drive me straight to Barton's Tavern.

Margot: Why?

Cranston: I believe a coward must finally face the decision of whether or not to murder an innocent man with a lie! And I think we'll find him at the scene of the original crime!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (glass bangs on tavern table)

Walker: *(Calls nervously)* Andy! Come here! . . . *Andy!*

Sound (heavy footsteps come on)

Barton: *(Comes on, surly)* What do you want, Sam?

Walker: Where *is* everybody? How come nobody's here tonight?

Barton: *(Mocking)* My place ain't popular no more! Ain't you heard?

Walker: No! . . . I haven't talked to anyone . . . like you said.
Barton: Neighborhood folks figger they're burning the wrong guy in the chair tonight.
Walker: They are!
Barton: Thanks to you, pal.
Walker: *(Wearily)* I—I'm going home.
Sound (chair pushed back)
Barton: Like nothing you are! Stay *put!*
Sound (chair scraped back to table)
Walker: Why not?
Barton: The newspaper reporters might be looking for you.
Walker: I won't talk to anyone.
Barton: Not while *I'm* around! But without me to protect you, pal, you'd . . .
Walker: *(Cuts in)* What . . . what time is it?
Barton: Just a couple of hours to go. . . .
Walker: I can't stand it . . . just sitting here waiting!
Barton: *(Contemptuously)* Play yourself a game of solitaire. It'll kill time!
Walker: *(Cracks)* Stop talking about killing! I can't stand it! . . . I can't! . . .
Sound (sharp slap)
Barton: Clam up and stay put! Or you'll get the same!
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (car motor under the following)
Margot: Barton's Tavern coming up, Lamont! Shall I park right in front of the place?
Cranston: No, Margot. I don't want to advertise our presence. Pull up this side of the alley leading to the side entrance.
Sound (car slows and brakes to stop, motor cut)
Margot: What makes you so sure Sam Walker will be here at the tavern tonight?
Cranston: I've heard he's been here *every* night since Martin's trial.
Sound (car door opened, light street sounds off mike)
Margot: Are we going in the side entrance?
Cranston: Not you, Margot.
Margot: Oh yes! If there's going to be trouble, I want to share it.
Cranston: Thanks, but the trouble is Martin's. You can help

more by driving to Walker's home and talking to his sister.

Margot: Why, Lamont? Laura Walker is devoted to her brother. She won't talk . . . won't turn against him!

Cranston: *(Slowly)* I'm not so sure. She may be more concerned with his sanity and his soul than with his life. We can't afford to overlook the slightest chance.

Margot: All right, Lamont. I know the house . . . just a couple of blocks from here. I'll come back if I get anything.

Cranston: No! Stay there!

Margot: Why?

Cranston: Because if Sam Walker is in the tavern, the Shadow is going to try to frighten him into going home!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In one last effort to stop the execution of Jim Martin, who even Commissioner Weston believes was convicted on the perjured testimony of an eyewitness, Lamont Cranston has sent Margot Lane to the witness's home. Meanwhile, as the Shadow, Cranston approaches the side entrance of the deserted tavern where the murder was committed. . . .

Sound (town clock booms eleven times) (thump of glass on table in time with each stroke of clock)

Walker: *(Calls and thumps in time with last three clock strokes)* Andy! *(Thump)* Andy!! *(Thump)* Come here! *(Thump)*

Barton: *(Comes on, coldly) Now* what? . . . Shut up! Get hold of yourself!

Walker: I can't stand it! . . . That Martin kid in the death house! . . . Only one hour to go!

Barton: *(Harshly)* Quit thinking about it!

Walker: *(Pleading)* Give me another drink!

Barton: You've had enough.

Walker: I'll never have enough . . . after this!

Barton: We'll get to that . . . later.

Walker: I keep seeing the kid's face . . . sitting there like he did when I was in the witness chair . . . looking at me like he was sorry for *me* . . . like it was *me* that was going to die for lying!

Barton: Listen, you jellyfish! Quit seeing things! And quit imagining things, or that dopey sister of yours will be seeing your face . . . in a box!

Sound (door crashes open and hits wall, slightly off mike . . . light street sounds, off mike)

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! The side door opened! But—but nobody's there!

Barton: Quit yammering! The wind must've blowed the door open!

Walker: There's no wind tonight . . . nothing!

Barton: *(Impatiently)* Then it just swung open. . . . Unwind! *(Goes)* I'll close it if it'll make you feel any better. . . .

Sound (heavy footsteps to door and door closed . . . street sounds out)

Walker: Doors don't just slam open like that!

Sound (phone rings, off mike)

Barton: *(Comes on)* Cut it out! You're priming yourself for a straitjacket!

Walker: Maybe I *am* going crazy. Give me another drink, Andy . . . *please!*

Barton: No! Stay put! *(Goes)* I gotta answer the phone.

Sound (phone rings again)

Barton: It may be them newspaper guys again . . . askin' how you feel.

Sound (phone-booth door closed, off mike)

Walker: Don't let them come here! I couldn't stand it. I . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (chair scrapes on floor)

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! The chair moved!

Shadow: Wait, Sam Walker! Don't call to Barton. He wouldn't believe a chair could be moved by unseen hands.

Walker: Un—unseen hands?!

Shadow: Yes, and an unseen presence speaks to you.

Walker: *(Dazed and frightened)* Speaks! . . . Yes, I *am* hearing a voice. I *must* be hearing it, or else I'm going crazy!

Shadow: The voice is as real as the fear and remorse that is slowly destroying your mind, Sam Walker.
Walker: What . . . where are you?
Shadow: Not behind you . . . not in the dark corners of this tavern. I am right here . . . in front of you . . . close enough to touch you.
Walker: *(Panic-stricken)* No! It can't be! It's just in my mind!
Shadow: Of course! . . . for I have the power to remain unseen . . . invisible to the eyes of men with tormented minds such as yours. . . . *(Emphatically)* But I *am* real.
Walker: No . . . not real!
Shadow: *(Slow and deliberate)* So real that I could reach out and touch your trembling hand that clutches the empty glass you have drained of the last bitter dregs of the false courage of the coward!
Walker: Who—who *are* you?
Shadow: Many men and women . . . such as you . . . have known me as the Shadow.
Walker: The Shadow?!
Shadow: But they were never believed . . . just as you will be called crazy and a liar if you try to convince your so-called friend, Andy Barton, that I am here.
Walker: What do you want? Why *are* you here?
Shadow: To give you one last chance to save yourself from the madness of a guilty conscience, fear, and remorse!
Walker: But I—I'd be killed if I tried to tell the truth about Martin. . . .
Shadow: You cannot be trusted with the truth! The execution of Jim Martin in the chair at midnight will not end this for the real killer.
Walker: Why . . . why not?
Shadow: The real killer will never be safe . . . so long as *you* live!
Walker: He won't dare kill *me!* I've written everything down . . . told how it really happened! If I die, it will be found!
Shadow: *(Sharply)* Where is this written confession of the truth?
Walker: I won't tell. This is just a trick to get me to talk!
Shadow: It is no trick! The Shadow is real . . . and here at your side!

Walker: Prove it!
Shadow: Very well! Watch the empty glass in your hand.
(Hits)
Sound (crash of broken glass on floor)
Walker: *(Terrified)* Andy! *Andy!* Come here . . . quick!
Shadow: *(Laughs mockingly and draws back)*
Sound (heavy footsteps come on)
Barton: *(Comes on)* That was just some dame on the phone . . . lookin' for a guy! *(Breaks off)* Creeps! What's bleached you? Why'd you smash that glass?
Walker: *(Gasps)* I didn't! The Shadow did!
Barton: The *who?!*
Walker: The Shadow . . . to prove he was real . . . here in the bar . . . at this table . . . talking to me!
Barton: There's nobody here! You're crazy!
Walker: No! He said I wasn't . . . not *yet* . . . but I would be if I didn't tell the truth before it was too late! . . . I'm getting out of here!
Sound (scuffle)
Barton: You're not going anywhere till after midnight! *(Fiercely)* Put that bottle down!
Walker: *(Effort of struggling)* No! *(Hits)* I'm getting out!
Sound (bottle smashes, then body crashes to floor)
Walker: *(Wildly)* I won't talk! But I *am* going home . . . *(Goes)* home! . . .
Shadow: *(Back from mike)* That's right! . . . Run, Sam, *run! (Laughs mockingly)*
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (noisy ticking of mantel clock [metronome can be used to quicken beat in later scene], then two loud bongs, indicating the half hour)
Laura: *(Tense, nervous)* Please! Miss Lane! I know you mean well . . . trying to help that boy in the death house, but *I* know what agony my brother is suffering. Please go before he comes home!
Margot: Do you expect him home before midnight, Miss Walker?
Laura: *(Distressed)* I don't know! He spends all his time down at that tavern . . . where it happened . . . where he *saw* what he had to tell at the trial! *(Pleading)* My brother is not a strong person! It was hard for him to tell

the *truth* . . . knowing it condemned a young man to die! That's why he can't eat . . . can't sleep nights. . . .

Margot: Could it be . . . because he *didn't* tell the truth?

Laura: No! Sam isn't vicious . . . just weak! He'd go out of his mind. . . .

Margot: *(Gently) Isn't* he going out of his mind?

Laura: No! He'll be all right again . . . after it's over . . . after tonight!

Margot: Not if he *lied.*

Laura: *(Blindly loyal)* Why should Sam lie? He never *saw* the Martin boy before he came into the tavern that night . . . with a gun . . . and killed the man who wouldn't give up his money! Why should Sam *lie?*

Margot: Perhaps because he's afraid of the person who really *did* kill the bookie . . . or perhaps for another reason!

Laura: No! I can't believe that of Sam. I've brought him up since he was a child . . . after our parents died.

Margot: *(Gently)* And you've been father, mother, and sister to him ever since?

Laura: Yes! I gave up my own life. I've kept house for him. I've done everything for him. . . . I'd do anything!

Margot: And believe me, Miss Walker, he needs you now more than he ever needed anyone in his life.

Laura: I know he's troubled! I know he's afraid of something! But what can I do? How can I help him?

Margot: Persuade him to tell the truth before it's too late . . . *if* he comes home in time.

Laura: *(Startled)* Why do you say "*if* he comes home"? . . . What could happen?

Margot: If he is at Barton's Tavern, things may happen that could cost him his sanity . . . or his life!

Laura: *(Horrified)* Do you think *Sam* killed that man?

Margot: No, but we think he is foolishly shielding whoever did.

Laura: Oh, no! . . .

Margot: And sooner or later the killer will have to make sure Sam doesn't ever find the courage to tell the truth!

Laura: Oh, no! What . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (front door jerked open and slammed, off mike)

Laura: *(Fast)* That's Sam! Please go! Let me talk to him alone!

Margot: All right, Miss Walker. But remember . . . there are only twenty-five minutes left!

Sound (inner door jerked open, on mike)

Walker: Laura! Who is this woman?! What's she doing here?!

Laura: She . . . she's just a friend, Sam.

Walker: You're lying! I've seen her before! She was at the trial with that Cranston fellow! Get her out of here! *(To Margot)* Get out!

Margot: I'm leaving, Mr. Walker. But why are you so upset? Why did you leave Barton's Tavern so soon?

Walker: None of your business! Get out! I have no time for you and your questions!

Margot: And very little time for anything else if that clock on the mantel is correct.

Sound (clock ticking up slightly behind the above and the following)

Walker: Stop talking about the time! . . . Get out!

Laura: Please go, Miss Lane. Let me do what I can!

Margot: Do your best . . . for his sake and Jim Martin's.

Walker: Stop talking about that kid!

Margot: *(Goes)* I'll let myself out the front door. . . . Good-by!

Sound (inner door closed)

Laura: *(Sobs)* Oh Sam! . . . Sam! For your own sake, if not for that boy . . . if you haven't told the truth, tell it now. *(Sobs) Now! . . .*

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light sharp slaps on face)

Cranston: *(Calling)* Barton! Come on! Wake up! Snap out of it!

Barton: *(Groans)* Huh? . . . What?

Cranston: Snap out of it! . . . *(Effort of lifting)* Up on your feet!

Barton: *(Groggy, dazed)* My head! What happened? . . . Where's Sam Walker?

Cranston: He hit you with a bottle . . . then ran out of here!

Barton: *(Voice clearing fast)* How long ago?

Cranston: A few minutes ago . . . five . . . maybe ten.

Sound (scuff of feet)

Barton: Oh yeah? The dope . . . the crazy . . . *(Breaks off)* Hey! I know you! You're Cranston! You've been around asking questions!

Cranston: I'm still asking questions.
Barton: Not here you ain't. Get out!
Cranston: This is a public place.
Barton: I'm closing up. Beat it!
Cranston: So soon? Aren't you staying open . . . serving drinks on the house at midnight if young Martin dies?!
Barton: *(Savagely)* Get out!

Sound (crash of broken glass)

Barton: Beat it, or I'll bleed you with this busted bottle!
Cranston: *(Measured)* All right, Barton. But I have a notion we'll meet again before this day is done!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (light street sounds, off mike . . . quick footsteps come on and stop suddenly as . . .)

Margot: *(On mike, calls cautiously)* Lamont! Lamont!

Sound (footsteps come on slowly)

Margot: Lamont . . . is that you?
Cranston: *(Comes on)* Yes, Margot. Did Sam Walker come home?
Margot: Yes . . . a few minutes ago!
Cranston: What are you doing out here in the dark?
Margot: Walker ordered me out of the house, but I managed to leave the front door unlatched.
Cranston: Good! That will make it easier.
Margot: What happened at the tavern? Walker was scared green!
Cranston: He met the Shadow . . . then tried to convince Barton of the Shadow's presence.
Margot: Barton must have thought Walker had really cracked up!
Cranston: He did, and that was my intention.
Margot: How did Walker get away?
Cranston: Barton tried to stop him, but Walker knocked him out with a bottle and ran.
Margot: Why didn't you follow him?
Cranston: I stayed to revive Barton.
Margot: Good heavens . . . why?
Cranston: I wanted him to recover and follow Walker home as quickly as possible.
Margot: Do you think Barton is the actual killer?
Cranston: His actions point to it, but we must have proof!

Margot: There's only a little time left.
Cranston: Yes, this is the final hour! I want you to get to the nearest phone and call Commissioner Weston.
Margot: What will I tell him?
Cranston: Tell him there *is* a written confession of perjury! It's probably somewhere in Walker's home! Ask Weston to come here immediately!
Margot: But, Lamont . . . is there time enough to . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* The governor and the warden are standing by, Margot! Hurry! Meanwhile, the Shadow is going to join Sam Walker in his death watch . . . and, if possible, stay the hands of time!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Lamont Cranston, as the Shadow, has entered the home of Sam Walker, whose perjured testimony is about to send an innocent young man to his death in less than an hour's time. . . . In Walker's living room a noisy old mantel clock ticks the seconds away as Laura Walker, Sam's devoted sister, pleads with her brother to tell the truth! . . .

Sound (ticking of clock up and under the following)

Laura: Oh Sam! . . . Sam! If you didn't tell the truth at that boy's trial . . . tell it now! Phone the police before it's too late!
Walker: *(Harsh with fear)* Shut up, Laura! Leave me alone!
Laura: I'm afraid to leave you alone! Something's happened to you since that awful night when the man was killed in Barton's Tavern!
Walker: Stop talking about it! Go see if all the doors and windows are locked!
Laura: Who are you afraid of, Sam? What happened at the tavern tonight?
Walker: Nothing!
Laura: Why did you come home so soon?
Walker: No reason!

Laura: *(Shocked)* You're lying to me, Sam!
Walker: I am not!
Laura: You're frightened!
Walker: No!
Laura: Like when you had nightmares as a child!
Walker: I'm not a child now! Get out! Leave me alone!
Laura: Don't keep watching the clock! Listen to me!
Walker: Go see about the doors!
Laura: Is it Andy Barton? . . . Are you afraid of *him?*
Walker: *(Frenzied)* No! He doesn't *dare* do anything to me!
Laura: *(Shocked)* Then you lied to protect *him!*
Walker: Shut up, Laura! Do you want to get me killed?
Laura: You *will* be killed if you lied to protect a killer! . . . Sooner or later you will be killed!
Walker: I haven't said I lied! Get out. . . . Lock the doors!
Sound (door squeaks open, slightly off mike)
Laura: Tell me the truth, Sam. . . .
Walker: *(Startled)* Shut up. . . . The door to the hall . . . it's opening!
Laura: There's no one in the hall!
Walker: *(Dazed)* It opened! . . . just like the side door at the tavern! And no one was there . . . no one but . . .
Laura: *(Cuts in)* Sam! Are you losing your mind?
Walker: No! It was the Shadow.
Laura: What shadow?
Walker: He spoke to me . . . knocked a glass from my hand . . . to prove he was . . . there . . . real. . . .
Laura: *(Sobs)* Sam! You're ill! . . . This awful thing you've done . . . out of cowardice . . . out of fear . . .
Walker: *(Cuts in desperately)* No! It's nothing! The hall door just swung open. Go lock the back door . . . quick!
Laura: All right, Sam, if it will make you feel better. But try to realize what you're doing . . . *(Goes)* before it is too late . . . *(Sobs)* too late. . . .
Sound (hall door closes)
Shadow: *(Laughs softly)*
Walker: *(Startled)* You again!
Sound (ticking of clock up slightly for emphasis)
Shadow: Yes, the Shadow. But stop looking around the room. Look at the clock on the mantel . . . ticking away the last minutes of a man's life.

Walker: No!
Shadow: Look at the clock, Sam Walker! Remember your sister's words! Realize what you're doing to yourself and to an innocent man. Act before it is forever too late!
Walker: It *is* too late!.
Shadow: It is never too late to make amends for an evil deed! But it is later than you think! Your mind is cracking under the strain of fear and remorse.
Walker: I told you! I *can't* change my story. I'd be killed!
Shadow: And I warned you! . . . You'll be killed whether you change your story or not!
Walker: I *told* you! He won't dare kill me! I've written it all down . . . hidden it!
Shadow: Where have you hidden your confession of truth? Where?
Walker: I won't tell you, Shadow, or anyone else! I'm getting out of here!
Sound (chair pushed back)
Walker: I'm going away . . . far away!
Shadow: There is no place on earth where you can escape the maddening torment of a guilty conscience!
Walker: You can't stop me from going.
Shadow: I don't *have* to stop you.
Walker: Why not?
Shadow: Because you don't have the courage to leave this house . . . this sanctuary where your devoted sister has sheltered you since childhood . . . protected you from your own weakness and cowardice!
Walker: She's turned against me!
Shadow: All mankind will turn against you! The mark of madness is on you! You will not run out of this house! You know the real killer is waiting!
Walker: He wouldn't dare!
Shadow: He has nothing to lose! Because he has killed once, he will not hesitate to kill again!
Sound (clock strikes three times, marking the third quarter of the hour)
Shadow: Hear that, Sam Walker! Only fifteen minutes left to stop being a coward! Fifteen minutes to pick up that phone and call the governor and save the life of an innocent man!
Walker: Will . . . will I be protected?

Shadow: Stop thinking of your own life . . . or no power on earth can save you from a living death!

Sound (ticking of clock up and at slightly faster tempo)

Walker: How can I reach the governor now? It's so late.

Shadow: An emergency line is open . . . waiting. Dial 634-1717. . . . Hurry!

Sound (phone jerked off cradle)

Walker: *(To himself)* Six . . . three . . . four.

Sound (three fast dials)

Walker: One . . . seven . . . one . . . seven.

Sound (four fast dials)

Walker: There! It's . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (hall door kicked open violently)

Barton: *(Slightly off mike, quiet and deadly)* Put down that phone!

Walker: *(Gasps)* Andy! . . .

Barton: Yeah! Hang up, or I'll give you what I gave that welshing bookie! . . . *(Measured)* right between the eyes! *(Snaps)* Hang up! . . .

Sound (click of phone on cradle)

Walker: Don't, Andy. I wasn't . . .

Barton: *(Cuts in)* You were calling the cops! I should've fixed you right after the trial!

Walker: Don't, Andy! . . . I've written it all down . . . how you shot the bookie for welshing on you . . . and framed the Martin kid! The police will find it . . . if you kill me!

Barton: No! . . . because you're going to find it for me . . . before you die!

Walker: *(Terrified)* No!

Barton: I'll give you ten seconds to find it. . . . *(Counts)* One . . . two . . . three . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Shadow: *(Laughs coldly and mockingly)*

Barton: What the . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Shadow: *(Hits) Four!*

Sound (thud of heavy body on floor)

Shadow: *(Fast)* Take this gun, Walker!

Sound (clatter of gun tossed on table)

Shadow: Hold Barton here! The police are coming! Phone the governor! Tell him the truth! Hurry, Sam Walker! . . . *(Draws back)* The final hour is at hand! *(Laughs as he fades off mike)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Sound (light street sounds, off mike . . . quick footsteps come on)

Cranston: *(Comes on)* Margot?

Margot: Where have you been, Lamont? Commissioner Weston and a couple of detectives just went into Walker's house!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes, I know. I slipped out the back when I heard Laura Walker let them in the front door.

Margot: What happened in there?

Cranston: With the help of the Shadow, Walker finally found the courage to tell the truth.

Margot: Thank heavens! But did he do it in time to stop the execution? It must be almost midnight.

Sound (distant town clock starts booming)

Margot: It *is* midnight! *(Cries out)* It's too late!

Cranston: No, Margot! The governor and the prison warden were standing by . . . waiting on an emergency line. Don't worry. . . . They have been notified of Barton's guilt and Walker's confession of perjury!

Margot: What made Walker perjure himself, Lamont?

Cranston: Fear of his life at the hands of Barton, a killer! But the fear of a guilty conscience and the dread of madness were stronger in the final hour!

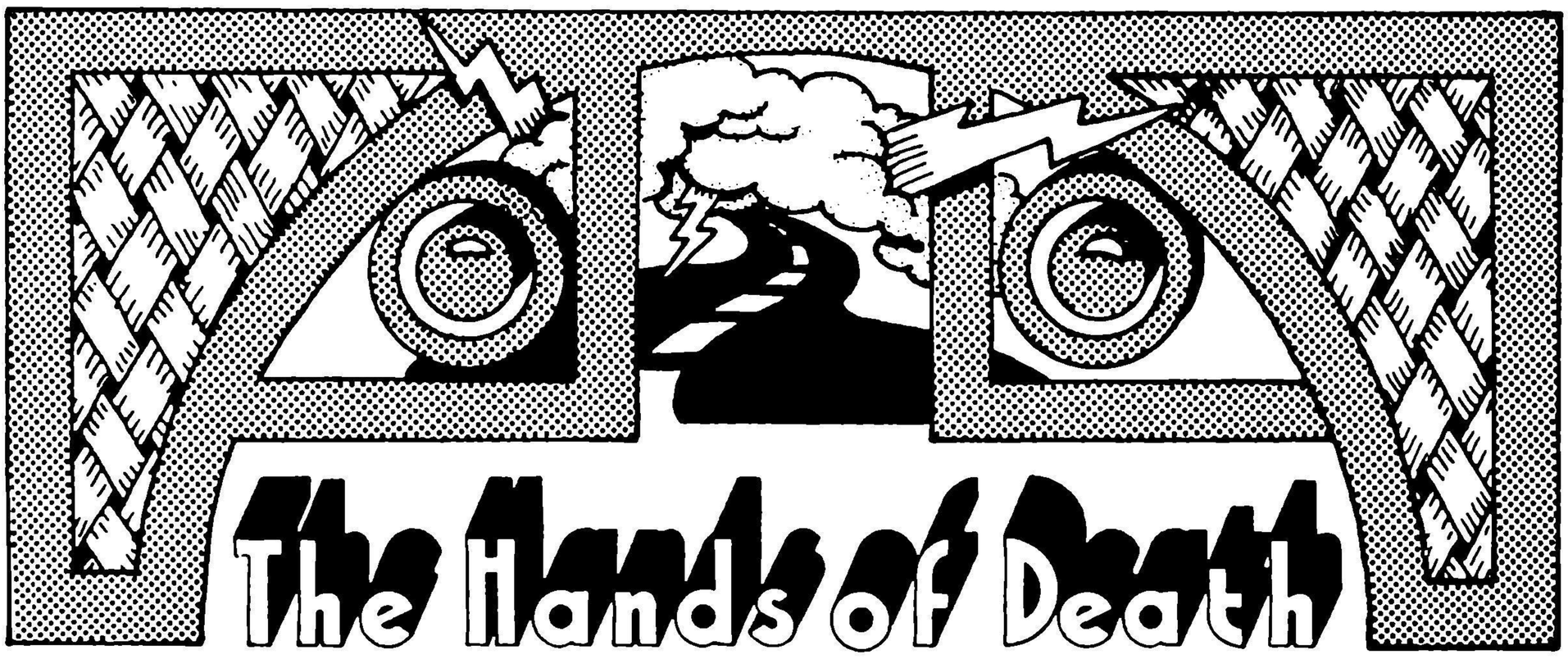
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Dr. Felix Grelling *(a 50-year-old scientist)*

Rama Shandu *(a Hindu scientist)*

Netta Shaw *(a beautiful young actress)*

Commissioner Weston

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Hands of Death," is about a man with strange hypnotic eyes, a cathode tube, and a beautiful young woman who died of old age. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Hands of Death."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: It is almost midnight. . . . In a dark, secluded spot on the outskirts of the city, a single light burns in the window of a small building—the home and laboratory of Felix Grelling. Suddenly a car looms up out of the darkness and comes to a stop before the small house. . . . A man, shrouded in a black cape, steps out and walks quietly up to the front door. . . .

Sound (doorbell rings, off mike, after a pause door is unbolted and opened)

Grelling: Yes?

Shandu: *(In a cultivated British-Indian accent)* Dr. Grelling?

Grelling: Yes. . . .

Shandu: May I come in?

Grelling: *(Hesitantly)* Well . . . it's very late and . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in)* Thank you.

Sound (door closed)

Grelling: Just one moment. . . . Before you make yourself too much at home, what is it you want to see me about?

Shandu: You will know . . . very soon, Dr. Grelling. *(Ominously)* Or should I say . . . Dr. Gross?

Grelling: *(Reacts strongly)* Gross?!

Shandu: So sorry. . . . Perhaps I should not have mentioned a name which you have tried so hard to forget.

Grelling: *(Shaken)* What—what do you know about Gross?

Shandu: Everything . . . that he—I mean—that *you* are, shall we say, a fugitive from justice . . . that if certain facts were known, you would instantly lose your position at the university . . . and in all probability be incarcerated in some local dungeon for many years.

Grelling: *(Panting with alarm)* How—how can you possibly know about me?! Only one man in all the world knew. . . .

Shandu: *(Quickly)* Old Rama Shandu . . . the Hindu

scientist with whom you worked for many years in the mountains of Tibet . . . trying to unlock the secrets of cosmic rays.

Grelling: You . . . you look as if you come from India yourself, although your eyes . . . I've never seen such eyes in a . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in)* Yes. I was born in India . . . many, many years ago.

Grelling: What?! . . . I don't believe you. You're only a young man . . . hardly more than twenty-five, I'd say. . . .

Shandu: Am I? . . .

Grelling: And yet, somehow—somewhere—your path must have crossed that of old Rama Shandu, and he told you about me . . . after I swore him to secrecy. . . .

Shandu: No, Dr. Grelling. Shandu never revealed your secret to a living soul. You . . . *you* were the one who told me.

Grelling: What?! How could I? I've never seen you before in . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in, sternly)* Look at me, Felix. . . .

Grelling: *Felix!* How do you . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in)* Look at me well. . . . Do I look familiar?

Grelling: *(Slowly)* No-o. . . . I don't . . . Wait! There *is* a faint resemblance! You could be . . . yes, you must be a son . . . no . . . a *grandson* of old Rama Shandu. . . .

Shandu: *(Laughs)*

Grelling: Why do you laugh?

Shandu: My friend . . . Rama never had a son or a grandson. I . . . *I* am Rama Shandu.

Grelling: What sort of joke is this? Rama was an old man when I worked with him thirty years ago! He'd be well over ninety now! . .

Shandu: I am exactly one hundred and six years old.

Grelling: Come now! . . . How can you expect anyone to believe *that?!*

Shandu: I can prove it, Grelling. I have been very careful to preserve proof—photographs, fingerprints, and so on. But I didn't think I would *have* to prove it to you. . . . *You* know what we were working on together. *You* know what we learned.

Grelling: Yes, that cosmic radiation is responsible for the aging process.

Shandu: Precisely . . . that the constant bombardment by cosmic rays from outer space—from the day we are born—is what makes us grow old and wither and become feeble. . . .

Grelling: Yes, yes. . . . But what has that to do with you?

Shandu: Years ago, after you left me, I discovered a method of warding off these cosmic rays . . . a process by which the human body could be enabled to repel the rays—stop the aging process—grow young and strong again. . . .

Grelling: *(Incredulous)* And you . . . you have used this process on yourself?

Shandu: Yes. And year by year, as my body grew stronger, my heart and lungs and glands, I grew younger and younger. I have come back to you . . . in my prime.

Grelling: Incredible!

Shandu: And now, my dear Grelling, I am ready to demonstrate my discovery to the world . . . with your help.

Grelling: My help? . . . No, no! I won't have anything to do with it!

Shandu: *(Menacingly)* I think you will. Yes . . . I *know* you will. I know too much about you. You and I, Felix . . . we will find some young and very beautiful person. . . . We will subject her to the Shandu process. . . . We will keep her young and enchanting forever!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light murmur of voices in restaurant, soft music in background)

Cranston: Well, Margot? . . . Did I misrepresent the facts?

Margot: Oh no, Lamont! You said this is one of the finest restaurants in the city . . . and it *is.* What *I* don't understand is how they can afford it.

Cranston: Who?

Margot: The young actors and actresses. . . . This place is just full of them.

Cranston: *(Chuckles)* If you take a closer look, you'll notice only the very successful ones are here—the top bracket.

Margot: You're right! Why, Lamont, this place is practically a *Who's Who* of the theater. Look over there! . . . Robert Ashe, and over there Greta Ander . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Netta: *(Fading on mike, breathless, frightened)* Mr. Cranston! . . . Mr. Cranston, please!
Cranston: I beg your . . . oh, Miss Shaw! How are you? You know Margot Lane. . . .
Margot: Of course. . . . That was a perfectly charming party you gave at your apartment last week. . . .
Netta: Mr. Cranston . . . Miss Lane . . . please don't think I've suddenly gone mad, but I—I'm frightened to death.
Cranston: Frightened? . . . About what?
Netta: A man. . . .
Margot: What man? Where?
Netta: *(Terror-stricken)* Back there . . . just a table or two away from where I was sitting. No . . . don't look now. . . . He's watching us.
Cranston: What about him, Netta? What is it that frightens you? . . .
Netta: The way he looks at me. His *eyes* . . . he has the strangest dark, piercing eyes—eyes that look as if they've seen everything . . . eyes that almost hypnotize you!
Cranston: Oh, come now. . . .
Netta: It's true, I tell you! He kept staring at me . . . all through dinner. . . .
Cranston: Naturally . . . you're a beautiful girl. . . .
Margot: Are you sure you weren't . . . imagining it?
Netta: No! I could see him out of the corner of my eye. Even when I turned my back to him, I could feel those eyes . . . boring into me. Lamont, I—I'm terrified!
Cranston: Well, suppose you turn right around now and point him out to me. Perhaps I can stare him down.
Netta: No . . . no! You don't understand. . . .
Cranston: *(Firmly)* Miss Shaw! . . .
Netta: Very well. He's sitting right behind *(Stops short)* No! He's gone! . . . He's not there anymore.
Margot: *There* . . . you see?
Cranston: Just finished his coffee and took off . . . even as you and I. . . .
Netta: I wish I could think so, Mr. Cranston. But I just can't get those eyes of his out of my mind.
Cranston: Well, maybe a good night's sleep will do it. . . . I suggest you go right home, Netta. Drink a glass of warm milk, and go to bed.

Netta: Yes. . . . Yes, I suppose you're right. Good night, Mr. Cranston. Sorry I bothered you. . . .
Cranston: *(Slightly off mike)* Not at all. Good night.
Margot: *(Off mike)* Good night, Netta. Sleep well.
Netta: Thank you, Margot. *(To attendant)* Good night, Mario. No—no taxi. I'll walk. It's only a few blocks. . . .
Sound (door opened, traffic sounds, door closed)
(footsteps receding behind . . .)
Music (very short bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (girl's footsteps on sidewalk)
Netta: *(To herself)* Ought to be ashamed of myself . . . kicking up such a fuss over *(Gasps)* . . . What's that? Up ahead . . . a shadow . . . someone's there! . . . a man coming out of the alley. . . . I've got to run. I've *got* to, but I can't *move.* I can't. . . . I *can't!* . . .
Shandu: *(Fading in)* Good evening, mademoiselle.
Netta: *(Terrified whisper)* It's . . . it's *you!*
Shandu: Yes. You followed me from the restaurant. I knew you would. You could not resist my hypnotic powers, although you tried. Now you will come with me . . . quietly.
Netta: Where . . . where are you taking me?
Shandu: You have nothing to fear, my dear. I am going to give you what men have searched and died for throughout the centuries. . . . I am going to give you the gift of eternal youth. . . .
Music (ominous-sounding bridge and out)
Margot: I don't know why it is, Lamont. . . . But every time Commissioner Weston sends out an SOS for you, it means a visit to the morgue.
Cranston: Not *every* time, Margot.
Margot: Well, almost every time.
Cranston: Don't you like it here?
Margot: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, sure . . . I *love* it. I wouldn't give this up for a front-row ticket to a Broadway show.
Cranston: Well, I know how you feel. But an unidentified body . . . death under peculiar circumstances—from causes unknown . . . you can't blame Weston for being upset.
Margot: She's an old, old woman. She died. Her body was found in the park. There's nothing mysterious about that.
Weston: *(Fading in)* I'm glad *you* think so, Miss Lane.

Margot: Commissioner! I didn't hear you come in.
Weston: I've just been talking to the department laboratory. They've come up with a few items that may change your mind.
Cranston: Something strange about the cause of death?
Weston: I'll say. The poor woman was shot full of some foreign substance . . . only the fellows in the lab can't identify it.
Cranston: What type of substance? What does it do? . . . What's the effect of it?
Weston: The medical examiner is stumped. But the electronics division reports that for some unknown reason there's a magnetic field all around the body . . . a strong electrical charge. . . .
Margot: What?!
Cranston: But she didn't die of electric shock or poisoning?
Weston: No . . . nor of old age, either.
Margot: How can you be sure of that, Commissioner?
Weston: How? . . . Hold onto your hats! . . . This old woman—shriveled, wrinkled, bent with age—was twenty-seven years old yesterday.
Cranston: What?!
Margot: Oh no, Commissioner, that's impossible!
Weston: It's unbelievable, Lamont, but it's true. We have labels in her clothing, a birthmark on her arm, her fingerprints, which match those found all over her apartment. . . . This old woman—found dead in the park—is Netta Shaw . . . the beautiful young actress.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Frightened by a strange man with dark, hypnotic eyes, Netta Shaw, a beautiful young actress, appealed to Lamont Cranston for help. The next day she was found dead in the park, mysteriously aged and withered. . . . Unable to account for the incredible change, Cranston decides to consult an expert. . . . As he

and Margot Lane drive to the outskirts of the city, Margot says . . .

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: Lamont . . . this man we're going to see . . . you say he's an expert?

Cranston: Uh-huh . . . one of the greatest.

Margot: Expert in what?

Cranston: Geriatrics (jer′ē at′riks).

Margot: What's that?

Cranston: The science that deals with aging and old age.

Margot: Is that a science? I thought old age just naturally *happens*. . . .

Cranston: For years, Margot, doctors and other scientists have been trying to discover just what the aging process is . . . what causes living things to develop—grow stronger and bigger up to a certain point—and then gradually begin to shrivel and decay.

Margot: Well, have they learned anything?

Cranston: Nothing conclusive . . . although there are a number of theories. . . .

Margot: And you think this professor we're going to see may be able to throw some light on Netta Shaw's death?

Cranston: It's worth a try. I'd certainly like to find out what could cause a person to age fifty years overnight!

Margot: So would I, Lamont. But I have a hunch we won't get much from this expert of yours. . . . What did you say his name was?

Cranston: Grelling . . . Dr. Felix Grelling.

Music (short bridge and out)

Grelling: I'm honored by your visit, Mr. Cranston. I had no idea my feeble efforts had attracted anyone's attention.

Cranston: Don't be so modest, Dr. Grelling. I've been following your work for many years. . . .

Grelling: Really?

Cranston: Only a few months ago I read a report on your experiments with vegetables.

Margot: Vegetables!

Cranston: Dr. Grelling has developed a process by which certain foods can be preserved almost indefinitely . . . without refrigeration. . . .

Grelling: *(Chuckles)* Only—unfortunately—it costs about five dollars to preserve one carrot.

Margot: A little too expensive. . . . Professor, do you use all this equipment in your work?
Grelling: Oh yes. We have a small but very complete laboratory—electric generators, cathode tubes, a Wilson cloud chamber, chemical equipment, and a small X-ray unit.
Cranston: Very impressive. *(Pauses)* Dr. Grelling, perhaps with all this know-how, you can answer one small question for me.
Grelling: I'll be glad to try. . . .
Cranston: Last night the body of an old woman was found lying in the park.
Grelling: *(Uneasy)* An *old* woman?
Cranston: Well, she looked old . . . her skin, face, hands, and body all shriveled up. But investigation established that she was really a *young* woman—a beautiful young woman—who had aged overnight.
Grelling: Oh no, Mr. Cranston. . . . That is impossible.
Margot: Just what *I* said. . . .
Cranston: Nevertheless, it's true. . . . Professor, you must have some sort of theory on how such a thing could happen.
Grelling: *(Alarmed)* I? . . . No, no. I don't know anything about such things. I had nothing to do with it. . . . Why do you . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Hold on, professor. No one's accusing you of anything. It's just that . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Sound (door opened)
Cranston: Oh. . . .
Shandu: You must excuse my colleague, sir. . . . Dr. Grelling is so easily excited. . . .
Margot: *(Whispers)* Lamont . . . those eyes!
Cranston: *(Aside)* Margot! *(On mike)* I didn't know you had a colleague, Dr. Grelling.
Grelling: *(Shaken)* Yes. May I present Rama Shandu, a brilliant scientist. . . . Mr. Cranston and Miss Lane.
Shandu: How do you do. . . . Mr. Cranston, I happened to overhear what you said about the unfortunate young lady. . . . Very interesting.
Cranston: Well then, perhaps you can give us some information.
Shandu: *(Regretfully)* No-o . . . I'm afraid not. It is out of my field. However, if you like, we can think about it. There

may be some clue in the scientific papers written about the subject. . . .

Margot: You don't have much hope though, do you, Mr. Shandu?

Shandu: In science, Miss Lane, one can be neither hopeful nor discouraged. One of my wisest teachers—Professor Lee Singh at the University of Shanghai—used to say that a scientist must be as unemotional as a test tube.

Cranston: You *will* try to help us, won't you?

Shandu: Of course, Mr. Cranston. And as soon as I think of something, we will let you know.

Cranston: Thank you, Mr. Shandu . . . and you too, Professor Grelling. Good day.

Margot: Good-by!

Shandu: Good day, Miss Lane.

Sound (door opened and closed)

Grelling: I don't like it, Shandu. I don't like it at all.

Shandu: Don't like *what?*

Grelling: Cranston's coming here . . . to ask questions about that girl.

Shandu: Why *shouldn't* he come here? After all, you are the greatest in the field . . . after me. *(Sharply)* What are you doing?

Grelling: I'm leaving. I'm getting out of here before it's too late.

Shandu: It *is* too late, my friend. You are in this with me, and you will stay . . . to the end.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: I tried to tell you, Lamont, but you wouldn't let me.

Cranston: Tried to tell me *what,* Margot?

Margot: When we were back there—at Dr. Grelling's place, I tried to call your attention to Shandu's eyes. . . .

Cranston: What about his eyes? They're dark . . . yes . . . but there's nothing remarkable about *that.*

Margot: Just the same, I saw you giving him a pretty thorough looking over.

Cranston: Well, there *were* a few things about that setup that bothered me. For one thing, I didn't like the way Grelling jumped when we mentioned the body of Netta Shaw.

Margot: M'mm. And it was just then that Shandu walked

in . . . as though he felt his colleague was getting in too deep.

Cranston: He's a pretty young man to be the colleague of an old-timer like Grelling. . . . Usually they call fellows *that* young their assistants. Something odd about that.

Margot: And their equipment! I never saw anything like it in my life.

Cranston: Oh, I don't know. . . . The only strange thing in the place was the *(Pauses)* yes . . . the Wilson cloud chamber!

Margot: Cloud chamber! What in the world is *that?*

Cranston: An instrument that records the presence of energized particles in our atmosphere . . . particularly cosmic rays.

Margot: I don't follow you. . . .

Cranston: There's a theory, Margot, endorsed by many leading scientists, that all living things get old and gradually disintegrate because they're subjected to the constant bombardment of cosmic rays.

Margot: Cosmic rays . . . from where?

Cranston: *(Waxing eloquent)* Outer space. No one really knows where they originate, but we *do* know that they're constantly showering down on the earth . . . striking us all the time . . . like so many beta or gamma rays. . . .

Margot: But we never see them . . . or feel them?

Cranston: No. And yet—yet they may be destroying us slowly . . . like water dripping constantly on a rock. . .

Margot: *(Getting the idea)* Lamont! That girl . . . Netta Shaw . . . she suddenly got old and withered long before her time . . . as if . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes . . . as if she'd been hit by a massive bombardment of cosmic rays.

Margot: Is it possible, do you think, that Grelling and Shandu had anything to do with Netta Shaw's death?

Cranston: I can't say for sure . . . but I intend to find out. . . . I'll drop you off at your apartment. You wait there till you hear from me.

Margot: Where are *you* going?

Cranston: To the university . . . to look up one small item that intrigues me. If I find what I'm looking for, there'll be work for you . . . and the Shadow!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Investigating the death of beautiful young Netta Shaw, who had apparently aged overnight, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have sought information from Dr. Felix Grelling, an authority in the field of geriatrics—the science dealing with the process of aging. But certain things in his laboratory have made them suspicious, and Cranston is trying to find out whether Grelling and his associate, Rama Shandu, had anything to do with the death of Netta Shaw. Cranston has checked on a significant clue and has issued instructions to Margot. And now in Grelling's laboratory . . . Shandu is arguing with Dr. Grelling. . . .

Shandu: It's no use, Felix. I'm telling you once more . . . you cannot withdraw from our venture now!

Grelling: *Your* venture, not *ours*. I was perfectly content with my lectures and experiments until *you* came along.

Shandu: *(Scornfully)* Experiments . . . with vegetables? . . . with carrots and turnips? . . . I gave you an opportunity to experiment with human beings. . . .

Grelling: Yes, and your experiment ended with death. You killed that poor girl . . . murdered her with your mad dreams and untested techniques!

Shandu: My dear Felix, you are getting positively maudlin.

Grelling: You promised her eternal youth . . . and instead, you turned her into a horrible old corpse.

Shandu: A slight error in calculation, that's all . . . and very easily corrected. I will prove it to you as soon as we find our next subject.

Grelling: *(Shocked)* Our *next* subject! Are you utterly mad? Do you think . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (doorbell rings)

Shandu: I will answer it. Your nerves are a little unstrung.

Sound (footsteps to door, door opened)

Shandu: Well, Miss *Lane!* This *is* a surprise.

Margot: I . . . I'm sorry to barge in on you this way.

Shandu: We're delighted, aren't we, Dr. Grelling?

Grelling: *(Alarmed)* No, *no.* Go away, Miss Lane. *Please.* Go away. . . .

Shandu: *(Laughs)* Poor Dr. Grelling. *So* conscientious . . . dislikes so much to be interrupted in his work. Don't mind him, Miss Lane. Come right in. . . .

Margot: But . . . I wouldn't want to disturb you. . . .

Sound (door closed)

Shandu: You won't disturb us, I assure you. As a matter of fact, you may be of considerable help to us. Yes . . . you came at exactly the right time.

Grelling: No, Shandu . . . I won't let you do it.

Margot: Please. . . . All I came back for was my handkerchief. I must have dropped it back there near your equipment. I remember I had it out for a moment.

Shandu: In that case, we must go back and look for it. Come. . . .

Sound (footsteps under the following)

Margot: I'd never have bothered . . . except that I happened to be passing by.

Shandu: Of course. . . . And no one knows you are here?

Margot: Why, no. . . .

Shandu: Excellent, excellent. *(Louder)* Did you hear that, Dr. Grelling?

Sound (footsteps stop)

Margot: Oh, *here* it is . . . on the floor. I knew I . . . *(Stops short) That's* funny! . . .

Shandu: Something wrong?

Margot: This hankie! . . . It's not mine at all.

Shandu: It *must* be. It's a lady's handkerchief . . . and you are the only . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Wait. There's a monogram on it . . . *N S.* . . .

Shandu: *N S?* . . .

Margot: I've seen that same monogram somewhere lately. . . . Unusual, isn't it? I wonder . . . *(Gasps)* Of *course!* . . . Netta Shaw! She has that monogram on things all over her apartment.

Shandu: You must be mistaken, Miss Lane. We don't know any . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in, terrified)* She *was* here. Netta Shaw came here . . . or was brought here. . . . A beautiful young girl . . . and you did something to her with . . .

Shandu: *(Cuts in) Really,* Miss Lane. . . .
Margot: . . . those horrible machines and things. You turned her into an old woman. You killed her . . . and threw her shriveled body into the park! . . . Why? . . . *Why?!*
Grelling: *(Between clenched teeth)* I *told* you, Shandu. . . . I told you it was no good.
Shandu: No, but it *will* be. . . . My congratulations, Miss Lane. You are very clever . . . and also very beautiful.
Margot: You fiend! . . . You horrible creature! . . .
Shandu: I am sorry you feel that way. I could have done such wonderful things for you.
Margot: *(Scornfully)* Like what?
Shandu: I could have put you through my electro-repellent process . . . made you immune to cosmic radiation . . . guaranteed you eternal youth. . . .
Margot: *(Bitterly)* As you did for Netta Shaw.
Shandu: What happened to her was only an accident. In your case, Miss Lane, the result will be the same . . . but it will *not* be an accident.
Margot: *(Frightened)* What?
Shandu: I must do it, my dear. I have no choice. You know too much. . . . You are in my way. . . . Grelling, get everything ready.
Margot: Don't touch me. . . . *Please* don't touch me! . . .
Shandu: It won't hurt, Miss Lane. You won't feel a thing. Just one injection of this fluid, and you won't even know when the electrodes are attached. *(Calls)* Start the cyclo-generator, Grelling!

Sound (whine of generator up and under the following)

Margot: *(Screams)* No! No! Stay away from me! . . . Help! . . . Someone . . . please help!
Shadow: *(Laughs)*
Shandu: Who's that? Who laughed?
Grelling: No one. . . . You're imagining things.

Sound (generator dies out)

Shandu: Why did you turn off the cyclo-generator, Grelling?
Grelling: I didn't.
Shandu: Then who did?
Shadow: *(Laughs)* The Shadow. *(Laughs)*

Shandu: What shadow? . . . I see no one.
Shadow: No one sees the Shadow. But the Shadow sees all.
Shandu: No, no. I don't believe it. It's a trick. Turn on the generator, Grelling. . . . Hurry!
Grelling: *(Effort of twisting)* Impossible. Something's holding it. . . .
Shandu: You fool! You're ruining everything!
Shadow: No, Rama Shandu . . . *you* are the one who has ruined everything. You thought you could improve on nature . . . turn back the clock . . . make people live forever. . . .
Shandu: *(Quickly)* Yes, yes. I can do it. I can improve on the work of God.
Shadow: All you did was murder an innocent girl. For that crime, you will answer to God.
Shandu: *(Contemptuously)* Murder? . . . Crime? . . . Oh no, Shadow. There was no murder. The lady died of old age. You cannot punish me for *that*. . . . No one can punish me.
Grelling: *(Suddenly) I* can, Shandu!
Shandu: What?!
Grelling: I can punish you . . . with this gun. . . .
Shadow: No, no, Dr. Grelling! Don't shoot!
Grelling: You've lived long enough, Shandu . . . *too* long. This is the end.
Shadow: *(Effort of holding)* No! No! You cannot take the law into your own hands! . . .
Grelling: *(Struggling)* Let go of me! I've got to do it now.
Margot: *(Screams)*
Sound (two gunshots, body falls to floor)
Grelling: *(Panting)* One hundred and six years old! He was a wicked, evil creature always. . . . He should have died fifty years ago. . . .
Margot: *(Gasps)* Look! His face . . . his throat . . . his body! . . . They're changing!
Grelling: *(Incredulous)* No, no . . . it *can't* be!
Margot: He's getting older . . . and older . . . by the second. Those wrinkles . . . he's shriveling up before our eyes!
Grelling: His hair—white. . . . His hands—twisted and gnarled.

Margot: That face! . . . that awful face! *(Shudders)* I—I can't bear to look at him!

Grelling: A man one hundred and six years old . . . who looked so young just a few moments ago . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* And now looks like death itself. He managed to hold it off for many years . . . but in the end, nature took its toll, as it always does. . . . The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Dr. Grelling voluntarily accompanied Margot Lane down to police headquarters and gave himself up. . . . Now, after making her report and seeing Grelling booked for the murder of Rama Shandu, Margot is with Lamont Cranston, driving away from police headquarters. . . .

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Margot: Lamont, do you suppose Rama Shandu was right?

Cranston: About what?

Margot: About his claim that he couldn't be tried for the death of Netta Shaw because she died of old age.

Cranston: I'm pretty sure he was wrong, Margot. The fact is he *did* cause her death. The method is immaterial . . . whether it's shooting, poisoning, or strangling. . . .

Margot: It seems a pity . . . such a great scientist—a man who did succeed in keeping himself young for over a hundred years.

Cranston: Whether or not his method had anything to do with his living so long . . . no one will ever know. He left no notes. . . . He didn't even confide in Grelling.

Margot: Lamont . . . when you went to the university without me, what was it you found out that made you so sure Shandu was connected with the death of Netta Shaw?

Cranston: You remember Shandu mentioned Lee Singh, the great professor he studied with in Shanghai? Well, tucked away in the back of my mind was an item about

Lee Singh . . . something about his wonderful achievements during the First World War.

Margot: The First World War! That was over fifty-five years ago! . . .

Cranston: Exactly. . . . If Shandu studied under him, he'd have had to be close to eighty-five.

Margot: So you checked. . . .

Cranston: And I was right. . . . I put two and two together and sent you back to Grelling's lab with one of Netta Shaw's hankies—one I picked up at her apartment on the way back from the university. . . .

Margot: And I dropped it—pretending it was mine. . . . What's going to happen to poor Felix Grelling? After all, he *did* try to save me. . . .

Cranston: He'll have to pay for his crimes . . . the killing of Shandu, as well as his earlier crimes . . . the embezzlements and forgeries. . . .

Margot: He didn't really have to confess those earlier crimes. No one would have known. . . .

Cranston: No one but Grelling himself, and he was bound to carry the guilty knowledge with him for the rest of his life.

Margot: So he decided to make a clean breast of everything.

Cranston: Yes. He may spend a few years in prison, Margot . . . but with nothing to conceal—even behind bars—he's a free man at last!

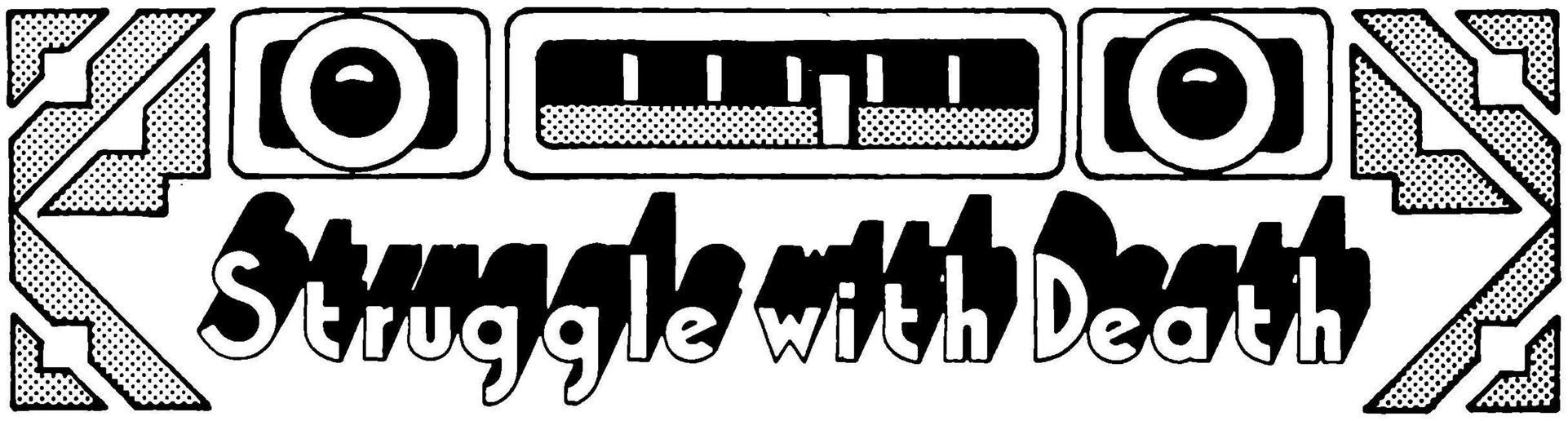
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Elsie Reynolds *(a greedy young woman)*

Jim Reynolds *(Elsie's husband)*

Roger Small *(Jim's best friend until he met Elsie)*

Bill Hanson *(a vendor on the interurban train)*

Mary Hoyt *(a mentally disturbed young woman)*

Hazel Foster *(Mary's aunt)*

Commissioner Weston

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "Struggle with Death," is about a precious jewel, a hungry girl, and a dagger striking home. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "Struggle with Death."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: It is early evening. In the fireplace of the Reynoldses' apartment a pleasant fire is crackling, and the living room has an air of peace and contentment. In the bedroom, however, the atmosphere is charged with bitterness and rancor, as Elsie Reynolds continues to pack her clothes into a suitcase, ignoring her husband's protests. . . .

Reynolds: You can't do it, Elsie! You can't leave me!

Elsie: *(Coldly)* Can't I? . . . Just watch me!

Reynolds: But why? . . . *Why?*

Elsie: You know very well why. How long do you expect me to put up with this sort of life?

Reynolds: What's wrong with it, honey? We've got a nice little apartment. We eat well. We dress well. . . .

Elsie: Hah! That's not what you promised me. You told me all about your family's millions. You promised me cars and mink coats and jewels. . . .

Reynolds: You'll get them, dear . . . *some* day.

Elsie: Yeah? When? . . . After your disgustingly healthy parents finally die? . . .

Reynolds: No! . . . Now!

Elsie: Don't make me laugh! They wouldn't even let me into their fine house . . . let alone hand over one of their precious gems to me!

Reynolds: *(Slyly)* They won't have to hand one over. I'll go and get one myself . . . tonight.

Elsie: *(Interested)* You will?

Reynolds: *(Eagerly)* I'll get you the Bleeding-Heart Ruby. It *belongs* to me. It's in the safe now, and the family's away in Europe. I'll go and get it for you tonight.

Elsie: You mean that, Jim?

Reynolds: You bet I do. I'll do anything . . . but don't leave me . . . *please.*

Elsie: O.K. It's a deal. You go grab the train right now. You can get to Philadelphia and back in about two hours. I'll wait for you that long.

Reynolds: And if I bring the ruby . . . you'll stay?
Elsie: I'll stay, Jim. You know how crazy I am about you. . . . You bring that ruby, and you'll see how nice I can be.
Reynolds: Good . . . good! I'm on my way. So long.
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (door buzzer, off mike . . . footsteps under . . .)
Elsie: O.K. . . . O.K. I'm coming!
Sound (door opened)
Elsie: What's the big . . . *(Alarmed)* Roger!
Small: *(Menacingly)* Yes. . . . Roger Small in person. Surprised?
Elsie: Wh—what are you doing here?
Small: That's *my* line, sweetie. You were supposed to meet me an hour ago. We're going away together . . . remember?
Elsie: I'm sorry, Roger. It's all off.
Small: It's *what?*
Elsie: I'm staying with Jim. We've made up.
Small: Just like that, huh? You've made up . . . and I'm out in the cold.
Elsie: It's a long story, Roger. I can't talk about it now. So . . .
Small: *(Cuts in)* Oh *no,* you don't!
Sound (door closed)
Small: Nobody double-crosses me.
Elsie: *(Frightened)* Roger . . . get out of here. Get out!
Small: I will . . . but not quite yet. I've got something to attend to first.
Elsie: *(Terrified)* Wh—what are you going to do? *(Gasps)* That knife! No! . . . Get away from me! Don't touch me!
Small: You lying, double-crossing little gold digger! Play me for a sucker, will you?
Elsie: Roger! No! . . . Don't! . . . Jim's your best friend!
Small: He was . . . until you came along. Now you've ruined both our lives. But you won't ruin any more lives. . . . I'll see to that!
Elsie: No, Roger! Don't! I'll go away with you . . . now. I'll do anything you . . . No! No! *(Screams)*
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (train whistle, click of wheels on rails, door between cars slammed)

Bill: *(Comes on, calling)* Candy . . . sandwiches . . . papers! Paper, mister?
Reynolds: No. . . . Which way is the smoking car?
Bill: The rear.
Reynolds: When do we get to Fairview?
Bill: We just pulled out of Philly ten minutes ago. You got almost an hour to go. *(Louder)* Candy . . . sandwi . . . *(Breaks off)* Hey! What are *you* doing here, miss?
Mary: What? . . . What do you mean?
Bill: Where'd you come from? I didn't see you a minute ago.
Mary: I've been sitting here since the train pulled out of Philadelphia.
Bill: Oh no you weren't. Some guy was sitting here.
Mary: That's a lie. You . . . you must be one of them.
Bill: One of who? What's the matter with you? You crazy?
Mary: *(Gasps, frightened)* Don't say that! Don't ever say that! You hear?
Bill: *(Taken aback)* O.K. . . . O.*K.*
Mary: *(Confidentially)* Mister . . . I'm in a terrible jam. . . . Could you . . . could you help me out?
Bill: What do you want?
Mary: I'm hungry—terribly hungry. I want a sandwich.
Bill: Sure . . . eighty-five cents.
Mary: I don't have any money.
Bill: Huh? . . . That's too bad, sister. *(Starts to go, calling)* Candy . . . maga . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Mary: *(Cuts in)* Wait! . . . I'll trade you. I'll give you a—a compact . . . very valuable. I'll give it to you for a sandwich.
Bill: *(Guarded)* Yeah? . . . Let's see it.
Mary: Don't you believe me? Look . . . I've got lots of things in my pockets.
Bill: *(Whistles)* Where'd you get all that junk?
Mary: *(Sharply)* They're *mine.* Everyone wants to take them from me. They're after me all the time. . . . They persecute me!
Bill: Who does?
Mary: Everyone at school . . . the dean . . . the professors . . . all of them. But I won't let them do it anymore . . . *ever.* . . . Here—here's the compact.

Bill: *(Impressed)* Yeah . . . yeah, this is *O.K.* Here's your sandwich. Take two.
Mary: Thanks. . . . You won't tell anybody about me, will you?
Bill: No, I won't tell. Don't worry. *(Goes, calling)* Candy . . . sandwiches . . . magazines . . . papers. . . .
Music (bridge and out)
Weston: *(Severely)* You killed her, didn't you, Reynolds? Why don't you admit it?
Reynolds: *(Desperate)* I didn't do it, Mr. Weston. I wouldn't kill my own wife. I've told you a hundred times . . . I wasn't there when it happened.
Cranston: Commissioner . . . mind if I ask Mr. Reynolds a few questions?
Weston: Go right ahead, Lamont. That's why I asked you and Miss Lane down here . . . to see if you had any ideas.
Margot: Lamont usually has, Commissioner.
Cranston: Jim, when did you last see your wife . . . alive?
Reynolds: I've been over it so many times. I left Elsie at seven-thirty last evening. I went to Philadelphia . . . was there about forty minutes . . . and caught the train back. I was back here in town at ten o'clock.
Margot: And his wife was killed at about eight-thirty . . . according to the medical examiner. . . . Isn't that right, Lamont?
Cranston: Yes. He *has* got a good alibi, hasn't he, Weston? . . . if he really was in Philadelphia.
Weston: Sure! *If* . . . only he can't prove it!
Reynolds: *(Wearily)* Look. . . . I went to Philadelphia to my parents' home on Eastview Drive. I opened the safe. I took out the Bleeding-Heart Ruby . . . the brooch I'd promised Elsie. . . .
Weston: Prove it, son. *Prove* it. Where is the ruby brooch?
Reynolds: *(Downcast)* It's gone.
Weston: Hah! . . . just like the knife you killed her with!
Reynolds: Somebody took the ruby . . . stole it from my coat pocket.
Weston: Who? How could anyone have known you had it?
Reynolds: I took it out on the train . . . to look at it. I didn't think anyone was watching me. . . . You don't believe me, do you?
Weston: Frankly . . . no.

Reynolds: Check the family safe, why don't you? You'll find the ruby brooch is gone.
Weston: That wouldn't prove *you* were there . . . or that you were there last night.
Margot: But if he could prove he was on the eight-thirty train, then . . .
Weston: *(Cuts in)* If . . . if . . . if! We've checked the crew on that train. Nobody remembers seeing him.
Margot: How could they? He's a quiet man. He probably didn't talk to anyone.
Cranston: There's *one* person who probably remembers him.
Margot: Who, Lamont?
Cranston: The thief, Margot . . . the person who stole the ruby brooch.
Weston: Oh, come now, Lamont! Don't tell me you're taken in by that fantastic story!
Cranston: I'm not sure, Weston, but I'm not quite ready to reject it, either. . . . Mind if Miss Lane and I check it a little further?
Weston: Go right ahead. Have a good time. *(Fading off mike)* But if you come up with anything, I'll eat my hat. . . . *(Calls)* Higgins, take the prisoner back. . . .
Sound (door opened and closed)
Small: *(Off mike)* Mr. Cranston!
Cranston: Huh? . . . I beg your pardon?
Small: *(Comes on)* I'm Roger Small.
Margot: Oh, yes. You're Mr. Reynolds's best friend. . . . The commissioner told us about you. He was questioning you when we arrived.
Small: Unfortunately, I couldn't tell him anything. It—it looks bad for Jim, doesn't it?
Cranston: I'm afraid it does, Mr. Small.
Small: You've got to help him, Mr. Cranston. Jim wouldn't kill Elsie in a million years. They were in love with each other. . . . Jim would never lay a finger on her . . . much less stab her to death. You've *got* to save him!
Cranston: We'll try, Mr. Small. We'll do all we can to save him . . . if he is innocent.
Music (theme)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Unwilling to reject Jim Reynolds's alibi, which would prove his innocence, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane undertake to check it further . . . to see if they can locate the person who, according to Jim, stole the ruby brooch from him on the train from Philadelphia. . . . Meanwhile, in a brownstone house not far from Cranston's apartment, Mary Hoyt, who was on that same train, argues with her aunt. . . .

Mary: No! Aunt Hazel! . . . I won't go back to that college . . . ever!

Hazel: You've *got* to, Mary. I promised your mother you'd be taken care of and educated properly.

Mary: *(Pleading) Please,* Aunt Hazel! Don't send me back. I'll run away again. . . . I can't stand it, I tell you.

Hazel: Why, Mary?

Mary: They drive me crazy. They persecute me. *(Darkly)* They say I steal things . . . but I don't. I don't! . . .

Hazel: *(Shocked)* The dean didn't say anything about *that!* . . . Mary . . . have you been having that trouble *again?*

Mary: I never steal things, Auntie. You know that. I *find* them. *(Gleefully)* Nice shiny things . . . pretty things. Here, Auntie, look at this . . . this lovely piece of red glass.

Hazel: *(Gasps)* Mary! . . . that looks like a—a ruby!

Mary: Oh no . . . it couldn't be. I found it on the train. I mean . . . a man gave it to me. He wouldn't be likely to give me anything valuable, now *would* he?

Hazel: You've got to give it back, Mary. You've got to find the man and give it . . .

Mary: *(Cuts in, fiercely)* No! No, I won't! It's mine! And no one can take it away from me! You hear? . . . You mustn't tell anyone about this, Auntie . . . not *anyone, ever.* I'm going to put it in my box with all my other lovely little trinkets. *(Laughs crazily)*

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (train whistle, click of wheels on rails, door between cars slammed)

Bill: *(Comes on, calling)* Candy . . . magazines . . . papers! What do you read, folks? . . . Papers . . . candy . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Come back here, Bill.

Margot: Lamont, don't you think we've questioned him enough?
Cranston: I don't think so, Margot. I think he's holding out on us.
Bill: *(Wearily)* What is it *now*, mister?
Cranston: Look, Bill, I know I've been badgering you quite a bit since we got on the train, but . . .
Bill: *(Cuts in)* I'll say you have. I'll be glad when this trip's over. . . .
Cranston: You worked this same train—the eight-thirty from Philadelphia—the other night, didn't you?
Bill: That's right. I work it every night.
Cranston: But you don't remember the fellow whose picture I showed you? . . .
Bill: So what? I see *thousands* of guys every day. Maybe they buy a chocolate bar . . . maybe they don't. . . . So what? I don't take their fingerprints.
Cranston: Do you know what may happen to this man . . . if you don't remember him?
Bill: No. And I don't care.
Cranston: This man is charged with murder. If he can't prove he was on this train the other night, he's going to *die.*
Bill: *(Troubled)* He *is?* . . . Golly, I wish I could say I remember him. But I don't. . . . *Honest* I don't.
Cranston: Do you remember anyone else on the train? . . . someone who *might* remember seeing Jim Reynolds?
Bill: No. Like I said, I don't remember no one except . . . *(Breaks off)*
Margot: *(Eagerly)* Except who?
Bill: Uh . . . nobody.
Cranston: You're holding back, Bill. You *do* have something to tell us, don't you?
Bill: Leave me alone, mister. I'm busy.
Cranston: No . . . not when you've got some information that might save a man's life. Come on, son . . . out with it!
Bill: You—you'll protect me? . . . You'll see I don't get into trouble . . . for not telling the cops? . . .
Cranston: I'll do my best.
Bill: O.K. . . . There was this girl on the train that night. There was something odd about her. . . . I could see *that* right away. . . .

Margot: How do you mean?
Bill: She kept roaming all over the train. . . . She *might*'ve sat near this guy for a while. . . .
Cranston: How do you happen to remember her?
Bill: She told me she was hungry . . . said she was running away from school. She—she traded me a compact . . . for a sandwich. . . .
Cranston: What?!
Margot: A compact!
Bill: I think it's pretty valuable. . . . I guess maybe I shouldn't 've taken it, but . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Have you got it with you?
Bill: Yeah. *(Secretively)* Here it is. . . . Don't let the conductor see it.
Margot: *(Gasps)* It *is* valuable!
Cranston: More valuable than you think, Margot. . . . It's got the crest of a school on it. . . . Let me see, I . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in)* Hawthorne College! . . . Why, that's a very exclusive school . . . just outside the city, Lamont. . . .
Cranston: We're going to look that school up, Margot . . . and have a little talk with the dean!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Checking Jim Reynolds's alibi, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane went to Hawthorne College, the school Mary Hoyt ran away from. Although the dean was reluctant to discuss Mary, he finally gave Cranston the address of Mary's aunt, Hazel Foster. Margot called Mrs. Foster but was unable to get Mary on the phone. . . . So now, Margot has left word that she has a valuable compact belonging to Mary and that the girl may call for it at her apartment later in the day. As Cranston and Margot wait for Mary's arrival, they are talking to Roger Small, who has dropped in unexpectedly. . . .
Small: Do you really think this girl will show up, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: I don't know, Mr. Small, but I certainly hope so.

Margot: If she does . . . and if she happens to remember seeing Jim Reynolds on the train . . . he'll have an airtight alibi. Won't that be wonderful?
Small: Yes . . . a happy ending . . . just like the movies.
Cranston: Ending? . . . Aren't you overlooking something?
Small: Huh?
Cranston: If your friend Jim is innocent, then someone else is guilty. . . . Someone else killed his wife . . . and the search starts all over again.
Small: *(Concerned)* Yes. . . . Yes, I see what you mean.
Margot: If Commissioner Weston would only . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Sound (door buzzer sounds)
Margot: *(Raising her voice)* Come in. . . .
Sound (door opened, then closed under the following)
Mary: Miss—Miss Lane?
Margot: Yes. And you must be . . .
Mary: *(Cuts in)* Mary Hoyt. . . . My aunt gave me your message.
Margot: I'm so glad you've come. Won't you sit down? This is Mr. Cranston . . . and Mr. Small.
Cranston: How do you do.
Small: Pleased to meet you, Miss Hoyt. . . . Cigarette?
Mary: Thank you.
Small: Light? . . .
Mary: Oh, what a pretty lighter, Mr. Small! I love that little gold crown on it. . . . It's real gold, isn't it?
Small: Yes. I bought this lighter in England. It matches my wallet . . . see?
Mary: Oh . . . they're both just beautiful! . . .
Cranston: Miss Hoyt . . . this compact of yours . . .
Mary: *(Cuts in)* My aunt told me about it. . . . Why couldn't you leave it at the house for me, Miss Lane?
Cranston: We wanted to see you. We wanted to talk to you about it . . . and other things.
Mary: I'm not sure I *like* that. It sounds sort of underhanded.
Margot: Underhanded? . . . Oh no. . . .
Mary: I—I don't trust strangers. . . . I've had too much trouble with them. . . .
Margot: But we're . . .

Small: *(Cuts in)* Maybe Miss Hoyt is bothered by *my* presence.
Mary: Oh no, Mr. Small! I feel comfortable with *you.*
Small: Just the same, I think I'll run along. . . . Good-by, Miss Hoyt. . . . Good-by, Mr. Cranston. Don't get up. . . . Good-by, Miss Lane. . . .
Cranston: So long. . . .
Margot: Good-by. . . .

Sound (door opened and closed)

Cranston: *Now* . . . about the compact . . . here it is. Is it yours? . . .
Mary: Oh yes.
Cranston: Do you know where I got it?
Mary: I—I can't imagine.
Cranston: From the vendor on the eight-thirty train from Philadelphia. . . .
Mary: Oh, I see. . . . Well, what do you want for it?
Cranston: Information, Miss Hoyt. . . . I want you to look at this picture and tell me if you saw this man on that train.
Mary: Oh, is *that* all? I don't mind. *(Pauses briefly to examine picture)* I have a good memory for . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh! . . . No. No, I never saw this man in my life.
Margot: *(Disappointed)* Oh, no! . . .
Cranston: Are you *sure,* Miss Hoyt? Look at the picture again.
Mary: I don't *have* to look. I've already told you. No, I never saw that man. . . . He wasn't on the train.
Margot: Please! . . . His life may depend on your remembering.
Mary: I'm sorry. I never saw him. . . . Is that *all?* Can I have my compact?
Cranston: *(Discouraged)* Yes . . . you may have it.
Mary: Thank you. *(Fading off mike)* Good-by. I'm sorry I couldn't help you.
Cranston: *(Sharply)* One moment, Miss Hoyt! I—I think you . . . accidentally . . . picked up something more than your compact.
Mary: *(Off mike)* What?!
Cranston: Yes . . . if you look in your purse, you'll find a leather wallet—Mr. Small's wallet. . . .
Margot: Lamont! . . . Are you sure?

Cranston: We can check it. . . . Come on, Miss Hoyt. Open your purse, and we'll . . .
Mary: *(On mike, cuts in)* No, no, I won't do it!
Cranston: I think you will.
Mary: *(Pauses)* All right. . . . Here. . . . look.
Cranston: Uh-huh, just as I thought. You don't mind if I take the wallet. I know it got into your bag . . . accidentally.
Mary: Of course. . . .
Cranston: Mr. Small must have left it on the desk, and . . . I suppose . . . you were planning to return it to him.
Mary: *(Nervously)* Yes. Yes, I was. . . . May—may I go now?
Cranston: Of course. Good-by.

Sound (door opened and closed)

Margot: Lamont, I don't get it. What's going on? I thought we were investigating a murder . . . not petty larceny. . . .
Cranston: We are, Margot. It's all one case . . . a neat little package of crime . . . that's heading for a solution. . . .

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have located Mary Hoyt, who was on the same train as the suspect, Jim Reynolds, although she denies having seen him. Cranston, who thinks he knows why, explains his theory to Roger Small when he and Margot call on Small to return the wallet that Mary . . . accidentally or otherwise . . . lifted. . . .
Small: You really think she's a thief, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: There's the evidence, Mr. Small . . . right in your hand . . . your own wallet.
Margot: But she seems to be well-to-do, Lamont . . . that compact . . . her clothes . . . her manner . . . that fancy school she attends. Why would she . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* She's not actually a thief, Margot. She doesn't steal for profit. I'm afraid she's a kleptomaniac.
Small: You mean . . . she's mentally disturbed?
Cranston: It's obvious, isn't it? She can't help taking

things . . . shiny, attractive things, as a rule. I'm sure she's not even aware of their value. . . .

Margot: And you think she . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I think she was on the train with Jim Reynolds, and stole the Bleeding-Heart Ruby brooch from him.

Margot: And that's why she clammed up when she saw his picture.

Cranston: Yes. She was afraid to admit she'd ever been near him. Kleptomaniacs have a wonderfully cunning instinct for self-preservation. . . .

Small: *(Anxiously)* What—what are you going to do?

Cranston: Inform Commissioner Weston. He'll get a search warrant. . . . And when we've found the ruby brooch in her possession, I'm pretty sure Miss Hoyt will tell the truth.

Small: *(Slowly)* And Jim will be saved.

Cranston: Yes. And then Weston can start looking for the real murderer. . . . Well, Margot, let's go. So long, Mr. Small.

Sound (door opened and closed, footsteps under . . .)

Margot: Lamont, isn't it going to take too long? . . . getting a search warrant and all that red tape?

Cranston: Yes. That's why . . . after we give the commissioner the facts . . . there'll be work for the Shadow!

Music (bridge and out)

Mary: I don't know what to say, Mr. Small. . . .

Small: That's all right, Miss Hoyt. It was obviously a mistake. What earthly interest could you have in my wallet?

Mary: Well, it was sweet of you to come here just to reassure me. . . .

Small: *(Smoothly)* That wasn't my only reason for coming.

Mary: It wasn't?

Small: No. I wanted to see you again.

Mary: You did? . . . Really? You're nice, Mr. Small . . . so much nicer than most people. I'm glad my aunt's not home . . . so we can have a nice long talk.

Small: Yes . . . I'm glad too.

Mary: You're so understanding. *(Fading off mike)* I'd like

to show you some of my things. I have all kinds of trinkets . . . *(Short pause) (On mike)* right here in this box. . . .

Sound (box opened)

Small: M'mm . . . lovely. Beads, watches, bracelets, and . . . ah! . . . the stone in this brooch is magnificent!

Mary: *(Nervously)* No . . . no. That's nothing . . . just a piece of red glass.

Small: Are you sure? . . . It looks like a ruby to me. . . .

Mary: No . . . it's nothing. It's worthless. Give it back to me. please.

Small: *(Turning mean)* Where'd you get it?

Mary: Mr. Small! My wrist! . . . You're hurting me!

Small: *(Snarls)* Where did you get it? Answer me!

Mary: *(In pain)* I—I don't know. I don't remember.

Small: Oh, don't you? . . . *I'll* tell you where you got it. You stole it from *him* . . . from Jim Reynolds . . . on that train! . . .

Mary: No . . . no! I never steal. I *find* things. I never, never steal! . . .

Small: You steal, and you know it! . . . And you're afraid of being caught. . . . That's why you said you didn't remember seeing Jim on the train.

Mary: Please . . . let me go! . . . My arm . . .

Small: *(Cuts in)* But when the police get here and find this brooch and begin hammering away at you . . . you'll crack, won't you?

Mary: Please, *please!* . . . Help! . . . Help me, someone!

Small: *You'll* crack! . . . You'll tell them you stole it from Jim . . . that he *was* on the train. Then he'll be free . . . and they'll start hounding me!

Mary: No! . . . No! . . . I won't tell them!

Small: Of course not. You won't be *able* to talk . . . ever again! . . .

Mary: What—what are you going to do? . . . That *rope* . . . no! . . . Not around my *throat!* . . . No! . . .

Small: Why not, my dear? It's only a necklace . . . a necklace of hemp . . . a lovely . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Shadow: *(Laughs)*

Small: Who's *that?* . . . Who laughed?

Shadow: The Shadow, Roger. *(Laughs)*

Small: Shadow? . . . What shadow? I don't see anyone. . . .

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow . . . but the Shadow sees all.
Small: No! . . . It's a trick . . . a trick of the imagination.
Shadow: No, Roger. It's *not* a trick. It's real . . . and *grim* . . . as real as the knife with which you stabbed Elsie Reynolds. . . .
Small: No . . . no!
Shadow: As grim as her corpse lying on the carpet. . . . You killed her, Roger Small . . . killed the wife of your best friend and then tried to pin the guilt on him.
Small: *(Hysterically)* Friend?! . . . Jim was no friend. He stole Elsie from me . . . *twice!* Once, when he married her . . . and again, when she was about to go away with me. . . . I had to do it. . . . I *had* to! I loved her too much to let another man have her!
Shadow: And now you will pay. . . .
Small: No! . . . never! *He'll* pay . . . Jim Reynolds!
Shadow: He is innocent.
Small: No one will ever be able to prove it . . . *(Effort of holding)* not after I'm through with this stupid, interfering little thief! . . .
Mary: *(Struggling)* No! . . . No! . . . Let go of me!
Shadow: Drop that rope, Small! Let that girl go! . . .
Small: Not till I . . .
Shadow: *(Cuts in)* Let go, I say! . . . Drop it!
Small: *(Exclamation of pain)* Oh! . . . My arm! . . . My arm!
Shadow: You'll have to stand the pain for another second or two, Mr. Small. Listen . . . on the stairs now . . . the footsteps of the police brought here by Miss Lane. Your days are numbered, Roger Small. . . . The Shadow knows. *(Laughs)*
Music (bridge and out)
Margot: Lamont. . . .
Cranston: Yes, Margot?
Margot: I shudder every time I think of how close Jim Reynolds came to being convicted of murder . . . all because an unhappy, mentally-sick girl couldn't resist stealing a brooch set with a glittering red stone.
Cranston: And thus deprived him of his proof of innocence. . . .

Margot: It's no wonder Roger Small went berserk when *we* turned up with her.

Cranston: Yes. By that time he'd convinced himself that *he'd* never be suspected of killing Elsie Reynolds . . . and that his best friend would pay the penalty for the crime. . . .

Margot: Lamont, when did you first suspect Roger Small?

Cranston: The first time we spoke to him outside Commissioner Weston's office. Small said that Jim Reynolds would never have *stabbed* his wife. I was pretty sure the police had been careful to keep the method of murder a secret.

Margot: I know the police are usually careful about that. But still . . . they *might* have mentioned it. . . .

Cranston: Then later, my suspicion was confirmed when I glanced through Small's wallet—the one Mary Hoyt had tried to steal. In it there was a snapshot of Roger Small and Elsie Reynolds, taken quite recently. And on the back was written *All my love,* signed with the initials *E.R.* . . .

Margot: So you set a trap for him by telling him that Mary Hoyt probably had the ruby brooch and would be made to talk.

Cranston: Yes. Then he knew his only chance of safety lay in silencing her.

Margot: Lamont, Elsie Reynolds wasn't a very nice person, was she? . . .

Cranston: No . . . but she didn't deserve being murdered by Roger Small.

Margot: What strange things people will do in the name of love. . . .

Cranston: Not love, Margot . . . jealousy, hate, envy, and egomania. Those are the things that drove Roger to do what he did.

Margot: And Mary Hoyt? . . . What drove her to do the things she did?

Cranston: That's what the psychiatrists are trying to find out now. . . . I hope they succeed.

Margot: So do I. It would be nice to know that someone profited by this senseless, gruesome murder.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END

The Case of the Vanishing Killer

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Thompson R. Hamlin, "Tommy" *(a young man who drinks too much)*

Mr. Feeney *(a cabdriver)*

Mr. Lusardi *(a restaurant owner, speaks with an Italian accent)*

Hugo Kirk *(the owner of The Gilded Cage, a nightclub)*

Rose Marcel *(a hostess at The Gilded Cage)*

Joe *(Hugo Kirk's driver)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Case of the Vanishing Killer," is an intriguing tale of murder motivated by greed and fear. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Case of the Vanishing Killer."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: It is nine-thirty on a balmy summer night, and Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are strolling leisurely toward Margot's midtown apartment. . . .

Sound (footsteps and light traffic noises under . . .)

Margot: I know it's rank heresy, Lamont, but . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* But . . . ?

Margot: But there's no place I'd rather be on a night like this than right here in the middle of the big city.

Cranston: You didn't enjoy our trip to New England?

Margot: The countryside was beautiful, but frankly . . .

Cranston: Frankly . . . ?

Margot: Frankly, I missed the crowds and the store windows and the roar of the traffic.

Cranston: *(Teasing)* Margot, you've got the soul of a cabdriver.

Margot: Is that so? . . . My apartment's over there, Lamont. Remember? Let's cross here.

Sound (taxi moving fast fades on mike)

Cranston: Right. . . . Do you mean to say you can compare the hills of Vermont and the byways of Connecticut with this rock pile? . . . Why, this city is for cliff dwellers, Margot. All your life you live cooped up in a little cell just like every other little . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in sharply)* Lamont! That cab is swerving over to the wrong side of the street! He's coming right at us!

Cranston: He's either drunk or crazy. Look out, Margot!

Sound (taxi stops with screeching of brakes)

Margot: *(With a sigh of relief)* Oh-h, he missed us.

Cranston: *(Angrily)* Are you out of your mind, driver? You could have killed us both!

Sound (taxi door opened)

Hamlin: Mr. Cranston. . . . Miss Lane . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Who are you? And why . . .

Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* Don't blame the driver. It's my fault. I told him he had to stop you.
Margot: *Stop* us! . . . You almost murdered us!
Hamlin: I'm sorry. I've been looking everywhere for you. I was desperate. I just *have* to talk to you, Mr. Cranston.
Cranston: My name's in the phone book. . . .
Hamlin: I've been calling you every hour for the last two days. And I've been cruising around, trying to keep a watch on both *your* apartment and Miss Lane's. That's how I spotted you just now. . . . Look, let's get down to facts. My name is Tommy Hamlin. . . . Maybe you've heard of me.
Margot: Tommy Hamlin? There's a Thompson R. Hamlin who recently married Alice Whitehall. All the papers . . .
Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* That's me. And I know what all the papers said, or at least implied—"Young fortune hunter marries wealthy middle-aged widow."
Cranston: Now look, Mr. Hamlin . . .
Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* Well, they've had something else to write about for the last two days. . . . Just forty-eight hours ago, I came home from a business trip to find my wife dead.
Margot: Oh, I'm sorry. . . .
Cranston: We haven't even seen a paper. We've been out of town.
Hamlin: The police said it was suicide. They found a lethal dose of sedatives in a highball glass near her bedside.
Cranston: Do you have any reason to doubt that it wasn't suicide, Mr. Hamlin?
Hamlin: I *know* it wasn't. That's why you've got to help me. Alice was happy. . . . Oh, I know what the columnists said, but just the same, we *were* happy. When I left town the end of last week, she didn't have a worry in the world.
Cranston: That's not much to go on. . . .
Hamlin: Why was the sedative in a whiskey glass if someone didn't want to disguise it? That's *one* thing, and the other . . . well, maybe Feeney ought to tell you about that.
Margot: Feeney? . . . Who's Feeney?
Hamlin: The cabdriver. He read about Alice's death in the paper and called me up to tell me about something he'd seen the night of the murder. He said he had his reasons for not going to the police. It may be nothing, or it may

crack open the whole case. . . . Will you help me, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: What do you want me to do?

Hamlin: Just listen to Feeney's story, and then tell me what you think.

Cranston: Well . . . I'm not . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* We're right here at my apartment, Lamont. We could all go up for a minute. . . .

Hamlin: *Please,* Mr. Cranston.

Cranston: O.K., Tommy. Bring your cabdriver friend, and let's go. . . .

Music (short bridge and out)

Margot: Make yourselves at home, Mr. Hamlin . . . Mr. Feeney.

Hamlin: Thanks.

Feeney: Sure is a nice joi . . . *place* you got here, Miss Lane.

Margot: I'm glad you like it. Will you have a cigarette, Mr. Feeney?

Feeney: No thanks. I'm still chewing on this ceegar. . . .

Cranston: Would you like to tell us your end of the story now, Mr. Feeney?

Feeney: Huh? . . . Oh, yeah, sure. Well, this here happened the night Mrs. Hamlin died or was murdered or whatever. I didn't go to the police because . . . well, I'm kinda an amateur detective, and usually they laugh at me when I give 'em tips. But I figured I should at least tell Mr. Hamlin here. . . .

Cranston: And what was it you told Mr. Hamlin?

Feeney: About the punk in my cab. . . .

Margot: Punk? . . .

Feeney: That's what he looked like . . . a fellow in the rackets. . . . It was like this, see? I was cruising up Seventy-ninth Street . . . that's where Mr. Hamlin lives. It was about one o'clock in the morning. . . .

Hamlin: The coroner set the time of death at shortly after midnight.

Feeney: And I seen this punk come out of the back of the apartment building. He flags me and staggers into the cab. He's been drinking. I don't get a good look at him. . . . His hat's pulled down, and his coat collar's

up. . . . But I see he's slept in his clothes and ain't shaved for a couple of days. . . .

Cranston: Where did he want to go?

Feeney: He didn't know. I took him a half a dozen blocks and let him out. I figured him for a deadbeat, and he was . . . not a cent on him.

Hamlin: Tell them about what you found in the back of the cab.

Feeney: I saw the punk drop this in the back of the cab just as he was leaving.

Margot: What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: A match folder from Lusardi's Restaurant—"Real Italian Cooking, 32 Greenwich Square."

Feeney: Look at the back . . . he tried to write something.

Cranston: It says "Rose M" . . . I can't make out the rest of the name. And this looks like a phone number. . . . He was drunk all right. The writing's just a scrawl. . . .

Margot: Have you checked Lusardi's, Tommy?

Hamlin: No. I wanted to wait until I talked to you two.

Cranston: If we hurry, I think we can get there before it closes. Let's go. . . .

Feeney: My hack's outside . . . waiting. Be my guests.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (taxi skids to a stop)

Feeney: Here we are, folks . . . Lusardi's Restaurant—"Real Italian Cooking." . . . I'll wait out here for you. . . .

Cranston: Good, Feeney. Thanks. . . . After *you,* Margot.

Sound (taxi door opened . . . footsteps on sidewalk)

Margot: It looks like a cute little place, doesn't it?

Hamlin: They've closed up.

Cranston: The proprietor must still be around. . . .

Sound (restaurant door opened . . . clatter of dishes)

Lusardi: *(Off mike)* No more a-customer tonight . . . all-a close up. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Lusardi? . . .

Lusardi: Sorry . . . business, she's over. You come-a tomorrow.

Cranston: We don't want dinner, Mr. Lusardi. We're looking for some information.

Lusardi: I gotta no information here.

Hamlin: The night before last a man was in here. . . . It was

probably late in the evening, and the man had been drinking.

Lusardi: Look . . . I serva fifty—sixty couple every night. How I gonna to notice one-a man, huh?

Margot: This man might have taken a table in the back of the restaurant. He hadn't shaved, and he probably didn't want to be seen. . . .

Lusardi: It'sa late. I gotta close up now. We talka tomorrow, huh? . . .

Cranston: I think we'd better talk tonight, Mr. Lusardi . . . unless, of course, you want to discuss this with the police.

Lusardi: *(Frightened)* The police?!

Cranston: This man was a suspicious-looking character. His clothes were mussed, and he hadn't shaved. He was intoxicated. The only other thing we know about him is that he was with, or had some connection with, a young lady named Rose something.

Lusardi: Rose-a? . . . Rose-a? . . . Oh! you mean-a *Rose! . . . (Suspiciously)* Rose Marcel? . . .

Margot: Marcel? . . . It *could* have been Marcel. Her last name began with M. . . .

Lusardi: Why you no say Rose Marcel when you come in? . . . Rose come-a to Lusardi's three—four years now. She's a nice girl . . . good a-customer. . . .

Cranston: And she was in here two nights ago? . . . with the man I just described? . . .

Lusardi: I wait on them . . . myself—Lusardi. . . . He drink whiskey, and she eat. Let'sa see. . . . I serva her first antipasto (än'tē päs'tō) then minestrone (mē'ne strô'ne) then . . .

Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* How about the man? Can you describe him?

Lusardi: Well, abouta your build, I think . . . I don't know. All I remember, he's a drunk and looka very dirty.

Cranston: Where can we find Rose Marcel, Mr. Lusardi?

Lusardi: She worka in a high-class nightclub uptown . . . called some-a kinda *cage.*

Cranston: Cage? . . .

Hamlin: Not The Gilded Cage?

Lusardi: That'sa it . . . Gilda Cage. . . .

Hamlin: *(Almost to himself)* The Gilded Cage. . . .

Cranston: You know the place, Tommy?
Hamlin: Huh? Oh yeah, I know it . . . a nightspot run by Hugo Kirk. If you know Kirk, I understand you can do a little gambling in the back.
Margot: Do you know the address?
Hamlin: Yeah, sure.
Cranston: Well then, what are we waiting for? Let's go.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Tommy Hamlin, a young man-about-town, has persuaded Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane to help him follow a trail which he hopes will lead to his wife's murderer. . . . The three of them have slipped into the alley entrance of The Gilded Cage, a plush nightclub. And now—with instructions from a well-bribed doorman—they approach the dressing room of Miss Rose Marcel. . . .

Sound (footsteps on wood floor)

Margot: The doorman said it was the second door on the right. This must be Rose's dressing room here.
Cranston: Well, we'll never know unless we knock.
Hamlin: Look . . . why don't we go in the front way like regular customers and ask someone about Rose Marcel?
Cranston: Because in a place like this, nobody will give you the right answers.
Hamlin: But . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Easy, Tommy. . . . Go ahead and knock, Margot. . . .

Sound (two or three raps on door)

Rose: *(Behind door)* Who is it?
Cranston: *(Raising his voice)* A couple of friends, Miss Marcel. We'd like to talk to you.

Sound (door opened)

Rose: Who are *you?*
Cranston: My name is Cranston. . . . And this is Margot Lane . . . and Mr. Hamlin.
Rose: *(Startled)* Mr. Ham . . . ? *(Breaks off)* What do you want, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: We'd like to talk to you.

Rose: About what?
Cranston: About a man you were with night before last in an Italian restaurant called Lusardi's. . . .
Rose: *(Pauses)* I never heard of the place in my life. What's your racket anyway?
Cranston: We're trying to get some information in connection with the murder of Mrs. Hamlin.
Rose: You're from the police?
Cranston: Not exactly. . . .
Rose: Then get out!
Margot: Please, Miss Marcel, we only . . .
Rose: *(Cuts in angrily)* I don't know how you slipped in the back here, but slip out the same way!
Cranston: Look, Miss . . .
Rose: *(Cuts in)* Go on! . . . Beat it!
Sound (door slammed shut)
Cranston: I guess that's it . . . for the time being anyway. Come on. . . .
Sound (footsteps under the following)
Margot: She didn't lie very convincingly. And she seemed almost frightened of us. . . .
Cranston: Yes . . . especially when we mentioned *your* name, Tommy. *(Pauses)*
Sound (footsteps stop abruptly)
Cranston: Where's Tommy?
Margot: Why, he's gone! He must have slipped out while we were talking to Rose.
Cranston: I think he did, Margot. *(Slowly)* And I *think* I know why. . . .
Margot: Well, for heaven's sake . . . why?
Cranston: Don't you see? . . . He's found *himself.*
Margot: Found *himself?!*
Cranston: Tommy Hamlin's the man we've been looking for all along. . . .
Margot: You mean the *punk* Feeney described? . . . the drunk who needed a shave?
Cranston: The same.
Margot: But that's impossible. Tommy said he was out of town on business when his wife was murdered. . . .
Cranston: My guess is that most of his so-called business was conducted in some hotel room with an inexhaustible supply of Scotch. . . .

Margot: You mean he was off on a drunk? . . . And he came home to his wife and . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* The fatal sedative was given to Mrs. Hamlin in a highball, if you remember, Margot.
Margot: But I still don't see, Lamont. Mr. Feeney . . . he didn't recognize Tommy and neither did Mr. Lusardi. . . .
Cranston: It was dark in both cases, Margot, and neither of them got a really good look at him. Besides, Tommy looked like a bum. He's ordinarily well-dressed and well-groomed, but his own mother probably wouldn't have recognized him in those slept-in clothes and with several days' growth of whiskers. . . .
Margot: It's . . . *terrible,* Lamont.
Cranston: Yes, Margot . . . but then murder always *is!*
Margot: What are we going to do?
Cranston: We're going to wait for Miss Marcel to leave her dressing room. Then I'm going in to try and find out where she lives. I think she can tell us a lot more about Tommy Hamlin than we know now!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light murmur of crowd in nightclub, piano playing softly off mike)

Kirk: Mr. Hamlin? . . .
Hamlin: *(Startled)* Huh?
Kirk: I'm Hugo Kirk. You wanted to see me, I believe. . . .
Hamlin: Yes. Yes, I did, Mr. Kirk.
Kirk: Shall we talk here at the bar, or would you prefer some place a little more private?
Hamlin: Private . . . *very* private.
Kirk: My office is right this way.
Hamlin: Thanks. . . .

Sound (footsteps . . . nightclub noises fade)

Kirk: I hope you have enjoyed your evening thus far, Mr. Hamlin. . . .
Hamlin: I—I just got here.
Kirk: A pity. You should have tried your luck at our private casino. That room is paying heavily this evening. Here we are. . . .

Sound (office door opened)

Kirk: After you, sir. . . .
Hamlin: Thanks.

Sound (door closed . . . nightclub noises out)

Kirk: Sit down, Mr. Hamlin. . . . Care for a drink?
Hamlin: Uh . . . yes. Yes, I *would* like a drink.
Sound (clink of bottles)
Kirk: *(Pours)* There you are. . . .
Hamlin: Thanks. *(Gulps it down)* Ah-h . . . that's better.
Kirk: *(A bit sarcastically)* I gather your business is urgent.
Hamlin: *(Tries to laugh it off)* I never drink ordinarily. . . . But this is something of an emergency.
Kirk: The same kind of emergency you experienced the night before last? . . .
Hamlin: *(Tensely)* What do you mean by *that?*
Kirk: I would hardly have called you sober that night, Mr. Hamlin. . . .
Hamlin: You saw me here the night before last?
Kirk: It's fortunate I did . . . before any of my men tried to throw you out. I gathered from your appearance you had been drinking for some time. . . .
Hamlin: What did I do?
Kirk: You seemed primarily interested in one of our hostesses . . . a young lady named Rose Marcel.
Hamlin: Rose? . . .
Kirk: Although it's a flagrant violation of the house rules, I allowed you to leave here with her.
Hamlin: And that was the night before last?
Kirk: It was, sir.
Hamlin: I think I'll have another drink.
Kirk: Now just a moment, Mr. Hamlin. . . .
Hamlin: *(Slamming down his glass)* Another drink!
Kirk: Very well. . . . *(Pours)* There you are. . . .
Hamlin: *(Gulps it down)* Ah-h! *(Becoming a bit intoxicated)* Now look, Mr. Kirk, I got a little proposition for you. . . . It would be better if nobody knew where Rose and I went that night. Matter of fact, nobody *does* know except a couple of people. . . .
Kirk: Even *that's* too many people to know a secret.
Hamlin: Can you fix it so they forget it?
Kirk: Who are they?
Hamlin: A guy named Lamont Cranston and a girl named Margot Lane. . . .
Kirk: With proper persuasion, they could forget

everything . . . for the proper amount of money, of course. . . .

Hamlin: It's worth two thousand dollars to me.

Kirk: I think for two thousand dollars I could find someone to handle the assignment. . . .

Hamlin: And there's an extra three thousand dollars as a bonus if the job's done right.

Kirk: For that amount of money, Mr. Hamlin, I might consider negotiating the deal myself.

Music (bridge and out)

Margot: Lamont, hurry! . . . Someone's coming down the corridor. . . .

Cranston: *(Fades on mike)* We're all set. I've got it!

Margot: Let's get out of here . . . fast!

Sound (hurried footsteps . . . then hold for . . .)

Cranston: *(Fast)* Here, Margot, this is the door to the alley.

Sound (door opened . . . faint street noises)

Margot: *(With a sigh of relief)* Oh-h . . . I thought you'd *never* come out of that dressing room. . . .

Cranston: We *had* to find Rose Marcel's home address, Margot, and I didn't know any other place to look.

Margot: You've got it?

Cranston: Yes . . . Apartment A, 376 East Avenue. . . .

Margot: What are we going to do now?

Cranston: You're going to my apartment and wait. I'm going to give Miss Marcel a chance to change her clothes and check out of The Gilded Cage. And then I'm going to pay her a social call. . . .

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (barroom noises . . . murmur of voices and clink of bottles and glasses)

Hamlin: *(Intoxicated)* Hey, bartender! . . . where's the phone booth? . . . Oh, I see it.

Sound (phone-booth door opened, then closed)

Hamlin: Let's see now . . .

Sound (phone jerked off cradle and dialing behind the following)

Hamlin: *(To himself as he dials)* Two . . . seven . . . six . . . nine . . . three . . . five . . . three. There! . . .

Sound (filter sound of phone ringing number)

Kirk: *(Filter)* Yes? . . .

Hamlin: Is this Hugo Kirk?

Kirk: *(Filter)* Yes. Who is this?
Hamlin: This is Tommy Hamlin.
Kirk: *(Filter)* Oh, yes, Hamlin. . . . What is it?
Hamlin: What is it? *What is it,* he says! I'll tell you what it is. . . . It's murder—that's what it is!
Kirk: *(Filter)* You're drunk, Hamlin.
Hamlin: Sure I'm drunk, and I'm going to get drunker. . . . Look, I'm in a bar across the street from you. I've been watching The Gilded Cage for an hour now. You've got a job to do. . . . What's holding you up?
Kirk: *(Filter)* If you're referring to the discussion we had in this office, I'll attend to that matter at the earliest possible moment.
Hamlin: I've got news for you. . . . The earliest possible moment? . . . Don't you realize that every minute Cranston and that Lane girl are on the loose, my life is in danger?
Kirk: *(Filter)* Mr. Hamlin, I suggest you go home and to bed, and allow me to handle this matter in my own way.
Hamlin: And I suggest that you forget the whole deal. I'll handle this myself.
Kirk: *(Filter)* You're drunk, Hamlin. You aren't able to . . .
Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* You don't think I can do it, do you? Well, you'd be surprised at what I'm capable of, Kirk. You'd be surprised! . . .

Sound (phone slammed back on cradle)

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Frightened into desperate action, Tommy Hamlin has decided to get rid of Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane, the two people who know the most about his actions on the night of his wife's murder. . . . It is after two o'clock in the morning, and Cranston is ringing the doorbell of Rose Marcel's apartment. . . .

Sound (doorbell rings twice, then door opened)

Cranston: Miss Marcel. . . .
Rose: Oh, It's *you.*
Cranston: May I come in?

Rose: No.
Cranston: Thanks.
Sound (door closed)
Rose: *(Angrily)* Who do you think you are . . . breaking into a girl's apartment? . . .
Cranston: We've been through the formal introductions. Let's get down to business. . . . I'm looking for Tommy Hamlin.
Rose: Why don't you try his apartment?
Cranston: Because I think he has more reason to be *here.*
Rose: Look, the last time I saw him, he was with you. Why don't you keep track of your friends?
Cranston: This one's a little tough to keep track of. . . . You were with Tommy the night before last. What did you do after you left The Gilded Cage and Lusardi's Restaurant?
Rose: Got it all figured out, haven't you?
Cranston: Most of it.
Rose: Maybe you better sit down. . . .
Cranston: Thanks. But do you mind if I look around first?
Rose: Help yourself.
Cranston: *(Fading off mike)* Nice fire escape for a quick exit.
Rose: You've been reading too many detective stories.
Cranston: *(Off mike)* Or not enough. . . .
Rose: Don't bother to look under the bed. He's not there . . . or anywhere else in this apartment.
Cranston: *(Fading back on mike)* Let's get back to the subject at hand—Thompson R. Hamlin, millionaire playboy, wanted for murder. . . .
Rose: You think Tommy murdered his wife?
Cranston: What do *you* think?
Rose: I think you're sticking your nose in some place it doesn't belong.
Cranston: You took Tommy down to Lusardi's to get some food inside him and sober him up, didn't you? But it didn't work. He kept on drinking, so you gave up and decided to take him home to his apartment. Right?
Rose: *You're* telling the story.
Cranston: You found Mrs. Hamlin there, and she and Tommy fought over his drinking and you. Or maybe it was you and Mrs. Hamlin who fought. Maybe *you* killed her. Maybe it was you who slipped the poison into her

highball and then stood there and watched her choke and strangle. . . . How about it, Miss Marcel? . . .

Rose: No! No, it wasn't me, honest! I'll tell you all I know about it. . . . Tommy had come into the club once or twice before. This night he was drunk, and he insisted I leave with him. So I took him to Lusardi's and then home. As we got off the elevator, he handed me his apartment keys and asked me to open the door. I had just opened it when . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (gunshot)

Rose: *(Groans)* Oh-h . . . oh-h . . .

Cranston: Rose!

Sound (body falls to floor)

Cranston: Rose! . . . Can you hear me?

Rose: *(Moans faintly)*

Cranston: Who did it, Rose?

Rose: *(Moans, gasps, and dies)*

Cranston: Dead! *(Pauses)* The fire escape!

Sound (several quick footsteps, then stop)

Cranston: It's empty . . . empty!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (loud raps on door, then footsteps under . . .)

Margot: Coming, Lamont. . . . Just a second. . . .

Sound (door opened)

Margot: You didn't have to break the door, did . . .

Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* Where is he?

Margot: Tommy!

Hamlin: Where is Cranston? Where is he hiding?

Margot: Now, wait a minute, who . . .

Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* He's not here, is that it? This is his place, and you're waiting for him. . . . All right, I'll wait for him too. And when he comes, we'll have a little talk . . . with *this!*

Margot: Put that gun away!

Hamlin: I can still cover my trail. If you two can't talk, the police will keep right on thinking my wife committed suicide.

Margot: Stay away from me!

Hamlin: *(Violently)* I'm going to take care of you right here and now! And when Cranston comes in . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (door slammed, off mike)

Hamlin: Cranston!
Cranston: What are you doing here, Tommy?
Hamlin: I . . . I was . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* What's the idea of the gun?
Hamlin: Stay away from me, or I'll let you have it!
Cranston: If you're going to shoot, Tommy, this would be a good time to do it.
Hamlin: I *will.* I will shoot.
Cranston: You'd better do it fast if you're going to do it at all.
Hamlin: I . . . *(Breaks down)* I can't. . . . I can't do it.
Cranston: I didn't think you could . . . and it proves . . .
Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* But you're not going to get me. *(Fading off mike, almost sobbing)* You'll *never* get me.
Cranston: *(Loudly)* Tommy! . . . Wait!
Hamlin: *(Off mike)* Nobody'll ever get me. . . . Nobody!
Sound (door opened and slammed shut, off mike)
Cranston: Stay here, Margot. . . . I'm going after him!
Music (short bridge and out)
Sound (light street noises, fast footsteps on cement)
Hamlin: *(Wildly)* Nobody'll ever get me. . . . *Nobody!* Got to get away.
Sound (car motor fades on mike, then stops)
Hamlin: Got to get away. . . .
Sound (car door opened)
Kirk: *(Loudly)* Hamlin!
Sound (footsteps stop)
Hamlin: Who—who is it?
Kirk: I'm here in the car, Hamlin.
Hamlin: Kirk!
Kirk: Get in.
Hamlin: But, I . . .
Kirk: *(Cuts in)* There's plenty of room back here. Get in before I have to use this gun!
Sound (car door closed, car motor under the following)
Kirk: Head for the docks, Joe. Try Pier 25. It's quiet there.
Joe: Right, boss.
Hamlin: What's this all about, Kirk?
Kirk: You're a very predictable young man, Mr. Hamlin. So far you've done precisely what I thought you would. After

you shot Rose, I assumed you'd go to Cranston's place. That's why I was waiting outside his apartment just now.

Hamlin: I didn't kill Rose.

Kirk: You shot her in the back from the fire escape. I'm sorry you did that, Mr. Hamlin. Rose was very dear to me. *Very. . . .*

Hamlin: But I tell you I *didn't* kill her!

Kirk: She was the only witness to your wife's murder. She saw you poison your wife's drink. You had to dispose of her.

Hamlin: No . . . you're lying!

Sound (car motor slows down, then stops)

Kirk: Joe, why did you stop the car?

Joe: I didn't, boss. Somebody turned off the ignition.

Kirk: *(Annoyed)* What are you talking about? There's nobody but the three of us in the car.

Shadow: *(Laughs)* You're wrong, Kirk. *I* stopped the car.

Kirk: Who's that? Who's talking?

Shadow: This is the Shadow! *(Laughs)*

Joe: There's a voice, but I don't see nobody.

Shadow: No one sees the Shadow.

Sound (car door jerked open fast)

Joe: I'm gettin' out of here. . . .

Shadow: No you *don't.*

Sound (blow to body)

Joe: *(Groans)*

Kirk: What *is* this? What's happening? There's no one here!

Shadow: The Shadow's here, Hugo Kirk. And now I'll take that *(Effort of grabbing)* gun!

Kirk: Hey! What the . . .

Hamlin: *(Cuts in)* He was going to kill me, Shadow.

Shadow: Two murders aren't enough for you, Kirk?

Kirk: I haven't murdered anyone. Hamlin killed . . .

Shadow: *(Cuts in)* Hamlin didn't kill his wife.

Hamlin: *(Astounded)* What?!

Shadow: *You* killed her, Kirk! . . . and shot Rose Marcel to try to cover your crime.

Hamlin: Kirk killed my wife?!

Shadow: Was it the money, Kirk? Was that what you wanted from Mrs. Hamlin? You wanted her to divorce Tommy and marry you, didn't you? She just laughed at

you, and you killed her. And you were going to twist the scheme to fit Tommy's drunken condition.

Kirk: What are you talking about?

Shadow: *(Taunting him)* What did she say, Kirk, when she refused you? Did she laugh at you and call you a cheap crook?

Kirk: Shut up!

Shadow: After all your efforts to seem respectable, *(Laughs)* you couldn't stand to be laughed and sneered at, could you, Kirk? *Could* you?

Kirk: She had to die! I wouldn't let her laugh at me. I had to kill her. I *had* to!

Shadow: Tommy, drive the car to police headquarters, where Mr. Kirk will tell his story to the authorities.

Kirk: No! . . .

Shadow: Yes, Kirk. You have no choice. You'll have to pay for your crimes . . . with your life!

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: The following morning Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are driving away from police headquarters in the taxi of their new-found friend Mr. Feeney, the cabdriver. . . .

Sound (car motor under the following)

Feeney: Gee, Mr. Cranston, can it really be? . . . You know . . . the story Tommy told about the Shadow?

Cranston: You heard it with your own ears.

Feeney: Yeah, I know. . . . But still, it's pretty amazing.

Margot: Well, the Shadow, I hear tell, *is* a pretty amazing fellow. You heard the commissioner tell how many times the Shadow has helped the forces of law and order.

Feeney: Yeah! . . . Boy! I'd sure like to get a look at that Shadow.

Margot: Maybe you already *have.*

Feeney: Huh? . . . Who? . . . What do you mean?

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Oh, she just means that the Shadow could be anybody . . . maybe one of the people who ride in your cab.

Feeney: Oh! Yeah? . . .

Margot: Let me get this straight, Lamont. In Hugo Kirk's confession, he said he wanted to marry Mrs. Hamlin for her money. That's right, isn't it?

Cranston: Yes. And when she laughed at him and turned him down, he was so furious he decided to kill her. Tommy, who had been on a bat for a couple of days, staggered in with Rose Marcel just at the crucial moment. Rose saw Kirk. She turned and ran. Kirk ducked out the back door. Then Tommy discovered his wife's body, and in his fear and drunken confusion thought he was somehow responsible. He slipped out the back way, and that's when you picked him up in your cab, Mr. Feeney.

Margot: Then Rose was the only person who knew Kirk was guilty?

Cranston: Yes. And when she was shot, it was a pretty clear case against Kirk. After all, Tommy demonstrated to us personally that he didn't have the nerve to shoot anyone.

Margot: I see. Well, I guess that just about wraps it up, doesn't it?

Feeney: Well, where will it be, folks?

Cranston: How about Miss Lane's apartment for a nice cup of hot coffee?

Feeney: Sounds like a good idea.

Margot: Fine, Mr. Feeney. Be our guest.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Larry Davis *(a friend of Lamont Cranston)*

Nick Campos *(a gangster with a Greek accent)*

Pete *(Campos's American henchman)*

Walter Hohlmayer *(an ex-member of the Nazi Gestapo)*

Colonel Xanados *(an officer in Greek Military Intelligence)*

Hotel desk clerk

Voices in hotel lobby

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Master of Torture," is a tale of intrigue, terror, and counterfeit money. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Master of Torture."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: Athens . . . city of antiquity, city of glory, city of intrigue. . . . It is a gray morning. As dark clouds swirl ominously overhead, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are wending their way along a sunless boulevard. . . . They walk swiftly, keeping their heads averted from the merciless slashing of the wind. . . .

Sound (street noises, footsteps under the following)

Cranston: I hope you don't mind our dropping off like this in Athens, Margot. . . . It'll just be for a day. . . .

Margot: Of course not, Lamont! I told you . . . I'm just as anxious to see Larry Davis as you are.

Cranston: It's so long since we've seen Larry . . . must be nearly three years at least.

Margot: Just about. . . .

Cranston: I only hope that he's still in Athens. Every time our paths are about to cross, he's up and off to someplace else. . . .

Margot: Well, Larry *would* choose Military Intelligence as a career. . . .

Cranston: He's such a wonderful fellow! . . . The times we used to have together! Do you remember when the three of us were in Cairo and . . . *(Breaks off suddenly)*

Sound (footsteps stop)

Margot: What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: That fellow . . . the one who just passed by. . . .

Margot: What about him?

Cranston: Didn't you recognize him?

Margot: No. Who was he?

Cranston: It was Nick Campos.

Margot: *(Not recognizing the name)* Nick Campos? . . .

Cranston: *You* know . . . the big-shot Chicago racketeer . . . the one who was deported back to Greece a couple of years ago. . . .

Margot: Oh . . . Oh, yes! . . . Didn't he have a partner or something? I seem to remember reading . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* Yes, that's right . . . Gyp Massi. . . . Massi is still serving his sentence in Leavenworth. . . . Well, come on, Margot. Let's get going. . . .

Sound (footsteps resume)

Margot: Yes. . . . Lamont!

Cranston: What?

Margot: Look who's coming!

Cranston: *(Excitedly)* It's Larry!

Sound (footsteps quicken, then stop as . . .)

Margot: *(Warmly) Larry! . . .*

Cranston: Hi, Larry. . . . How's the boy? . . .

Davis: *(Coolly)* I beg your pardon? . . .

Margot: *(Unheeding)* We dropped off in Athens just to see *you*, Larry. . . .

Cranston: That's right, old man. . . . We were flying from Iran to America, and we thought we'd pop in on you. . . . How about coming back to the International Hotel with us?

Davis: I'm afraid you're making a mistake. You've obviously got me confused with someone else.

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Huh? . . .

Margot: Now, Larry! . . . This is no time for your deadpan humor! . . .

Davis: *(Curtly)* I'm not attempting to be humorous, miss. I just don't happen to be the man you think I am. . . . Now if you'll excuse me . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Margot: I still can't get over it . . . about Larry, I mean.

Cranston: There's nothing difficult to understand about it, Margot. You must remember—Larry is in Military Intelligence. He undoubtedly had a very good reason for denying his identity. . . . Now, come on. Let's go downstairs to the hotel dining room and get ourselves something to eat. . . .

Margot: All right. . . .

Sound (knock on door)

Cranston: Someone's at your door.

Margot: I'll see who it is.

Sound (door opened)

Margot: *(Gasps)* Larry! . . .

Davis: *(Quietly urgent)* Let me in your room, Margot. I

don't want to be spotted out here in the hall. I tried Lamont's room first. Is he here by any chance? . . .

Margot: Yes, he's here. Come on in. . . .

Sound (several footsteps, door closed)

Cranston: Hi, Larry!

Davis: Hi, Lamont! . . . Boy! Did you two give me a turn when you jumped at me in the street! . . . You were about the last people I expected to see here in Athens. . . . Say . . . I hope you understood that brush-off I gave you.

Cranston: *(Smilingly)* I think so.

Davis: For the time being, I'm not Larry Davis. . . . And, incidentally, you two caught me at the wrong moment, anyway. I was busy trailing a guy. . . .

Cranston: Who? Nick Campos?

Davis: *(Taken aback)* What makes you say that?

Cranston: Well, he passed by just before we ran into you. So I . . .

Davis: *(Cuts in, with admiration)* Lamont . . . you can still add two and two faster than anybody I know!

Cranston: What's Campos up to now?

Davis: He's involved in the rottenest scheme of his entire rotten life. . . .

Cranston: Oh? . . .

Davis: There's a plot afoot here, Lamont . . . a plot so foul, so treacherous, that it almost defies description! . . . *(Pauses briefly)* The Communist underground is flooding the country with counterfeit currency. The aim, of course, is obvious. . . . It's to destroy the economy of Greece!

Cranston: Clever, all right. . . . What's Campos's role in the setup?

Davis: He's the distributor of the phony currency. *That* we know for sure.

Cranston: Who's the brains behind the plot?

Davis: That's someone else . . . someone far more deadly, far more evil than even Campos could ever dream of being. . . .

Cranston: Who's that?

Davis: Does the name Walter Hohlmayer mean anything to you?

Margot: *(Gasps)* Walter Hohlmayer!

Cranston: *(Softly)* Walter Hohlmayer?

Margot: You mean . . . the former Nazi, the number-two man of the German Gestapo? . . .
Cranston: The one who devised all the ingenious techniques of torture used by the Gestapo?
Margot: What was that name again they gave him during the war? . . .
Cranston: *(Grimly)* The Master of Torture!
Davis: We know that after the war, Hohlmayer became converted to Communism and fled to Russia. . . . And the Russians obviously have finally decided to make use of his unique talents.
Cranston: Do you have proof that Hohlmayer is behind the plot?
Davis: We have proof, all right . . . *(Grimly)* the bodies of two M.I.[1] boys who were working on the case with me. . . . Only one man in this whole wide world could have known how to torture like that! . . . Only one man! . . . *(Pauses briefly)* Lamont . . .
Cranston: Yes, Larry?
Davis: I want your help. . . . We *need* your help. . . . We've contacted Washington, asking permission for you to work with us, and they said O.K. . . .
Cranston: Well, I—I *did* have other plans, Larry. . . .
Davis: *(Strongly)* Change them! Nothing's more important than this! You know what the stakes are, don't you? It's not only a battle for Greece. It's a battle for control of the sea and air lanes of the Mediterranean! . . . And you know the saying—"Whoever controls the Mediterranean . . . "
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I know. . . . O.K., Larry, we'll stay.
Davis: Good! . . . Well, listen, you two. I have to get going. . . .
Cranston: Where can we contact you?
Davis: You can't. . . . Meet me tomorrow morning at eleven at the Parthenon on the Acropolis.[2] You know where that is, don't you?
Cranston: Of course.

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1. *M.I.*, Military Intelligence. **2.** *Acropolis*, large flat-topped hill, rising more than 200 feet above Athens, on which the ancient Athenians built temples and public buildings. Among the ruins of these buildings is the Parthenon, built to honor Athena, the patron goddess of Athens.

Davis: Oh, one other thing. . . . If anything goes wrong, you're to get in touch with Colonel Xanados (zan´ ə dos) of Greek Military Intelligence. I'll tell him about you.
Cranston: Xanados? I've heard the name. . . .
Davis: He's a good man . . . poison to the Communists. They hate him! . . . Well, good-by, Lamont . . . Margot. . . .
Margot: Good-by, Larry. . . .
Cranston: Good luck, old man.
Davis: Thanks. I'll need it. . . . We'll *all* need it. We're not up against a man, Lamont. We're up against a beast!
Music (bridge and out)
Sound (door opened)
Pete: *(Upset)* Where've you been, Campos?
Campos: Out. . . . Something wrong, Pete?
Pete: The underground just called! . . . Another American is on our trail!
Campos: So? . . .
Pete: Someone by the name of Davis—Captain Larry Davis.
Campos: So . . . he's not the first. And he won't be the last. What's there to get excited about? . . . Did the underground supply you with his address?
Pete: Yes.
Campos: Well, what are you waiting for? Round up some of the boys and pick him up!
Pete: Should we bring him to you?
Campos: To me? What would I do with him? . . . No, my friend, bring him to Hohlmayer! He'll know what to do with him! *(Laughs ominously)* How Hohlmayer loves to do experimental work on these American agents!
Music (theme)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!
Music (up and out)
Announcer: Last evening Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane were told by their friend Larry Davis of a plot to destroy the economy of Greece. The brains behind the plot is a much feared man, Walter Hohlmayer, who is known as "The Master of Torture." . . . Late the next

morning, we find Cranston and Margot at the Parthenon on the Acropolis, waiting for Larry Davis. . . .

Cranston: These ruins, Margot . . . aren't they magnificent? . . . Ah! the glory that was old Athens! . . .

Margot: *(Tensely)* Where *is* he, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Trying to be casual)* Larry? . . . Oh, he'll be along any minute now. . . .

Margot: Why isn't he here *now?* . . . He's already a half hour late.

Cranston: Something probably held him up. . . .

Margot: *(Softly)* I've got an awful feeling, Lamont . . .

Cranston: *(Quickly)* You mustn't give way to your imagination, Margot! Larry's all right! . . . Now, let's sit tight for just a few minutes more. I'm sure he'll show up. . . .

Margot: Larry's not coming, Lamont!

Cranston: Oh now, Margot, don't . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Call it woman's intuition if you like. But I feel something has happened, and he's not coming!

Music (bridge and out)

Pete: Your orders have been carried out, Campos.

Campos: The American agent . . . Captain Davis?

Pete: He's been picked up and delivered to Hohlmayer.

Campos: Did he put up a fight?

Pete: No. What could he do? He was one, and we were five. . . . And we had guns.

Campos: Hohlmayer must have been very happy to receive a new guinea pig. . . .

Pete: *(Laughs)* When we brought Davis in, you should have seen how Hohlmayer's face lighted up! . . .

Campos: *(With an ugly laugh)* I can imagine! He loves American agents! They're his favorite subjects.

Pete: He's going to try out a new system on Davis, and he couldn't wait to get started. . . . He was working on the poor guy even before we left. . . . *(Laughs ominously)*

Music (bridge and out)

Margot: It's noon, Lamont, and still no Larry! . . . *(Bursting out)* Oh, Lamont! . . . How much longer are we going to stand here and wait?

Cranston: No longer! . . . Come on, Margot.

Margot: Where are we going?

Cranston: To Colonel Xanados—the man Larry said we

were to contact in case of trouble. Come along, Margot! From now on, *hurry* is our password!

Music (short bridge and out)

Cranston: You're sure of it, Colonel Xanados?

Xanados: *(Greek accent)* Without a doubt. . . . *(Grimly)* Captain Davis—I regret to say—is in the hands of Walter Hohlmayer.

Margot: *(Almost to herself, horrified)* Good grief! . . .

Cranston: And you have no idea at all where Hohlmayer might be hiding out?

Xanados: None whatever—I again regret to say.

Margot: *(Almost in tears)* What are we going to *do?*

Xanados: All we can do, Miss Lane, is what we do now. . . . Watch and wait . . . wait and watch.

Margot: But by that time Larry will be dead!

Xanados: Mr. Cranston, have *you* any ideas? Captain Davis spoke highly of your prowess in matters of this sort.

Cranston: Yes, I have an idea, but I'd like to work on this case in my own way. I'll keep in steady contact with you, of course.

Xanados: As you wish, Mr. Cranston. . . . Before anything else, let me write down my private telephone number for you. . . . *(As he writes)* You can reach me at this number any hour of the day or night. . . . Here you are.

Margot: I'll take it.

Xanados: And your idea, Mr. Cranston?

Cranston: It's sort of wild and woolly, but it's the best I can come up with on such short notice. . . . *(Slowly)* It has to do with Campos's ex-partner in crime in the United States—Gyp Massi. . . . *(His voice fades out)*

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (knock on door)

Pete: *(Off mike, calling)* Come in.

Sound (door opened)

Cranston: *(Tough and breezy)* Hi, pal.

Margot: Hi.

Sound (door closed)

Pete: *(On mike)* Yes? . . .

Cranston: I wanna see Nick Campos, Mac.

Pete: Who are you?

Cranston: The name is Lamont—Lefty Lamont.

Margot: *(Also tough)* Gee, this is some layout, Lefty.

Pete: *(Alert, suspicious)* What do you want to see Campos about?
Cranston: I got some business I wanna talk over wit him.
Pete: What kind of business?
Cranston: *(Tough)* I wanna talk to Campos, Mac—not to you!
Pete: *(Snaps)* Well, you can't see Campos! He's tied up!
Cranston: O.K. We'll wait. . . . When will he be untied up?
Pete: I don't know. *(Sneers)* Try next month!
Cranston: *(Raises his voice)* Say . . . what are you tryin' to do? . . . give me the bum's rush or somethin'?
Pete: Get out . . . both of you!
Margot: *(Raises her voice)* Hey . . . listen, you! . . .
Cranston: *(Very loud)* Why, you . . . who do ya think you're pushin' around, anyway?!
Sound (door opened)
Cranston: Nobody pushes *me* around, unnerstand? Not Lefty Lamont, they don't!
Campos: *(Voice fading on mike)* What's goin' on here, Pete?
Cranston: I come all the way from America to see Nick Campos, and I ain't leavin' here till I see him.
Campos: I'm Nick Campos.
Cranston: Huh?
Campos: What can I do for you?
Cranston: *(Placatingly)* A pal of yours asked me to look ya up, Nick.
Campos: Yeah? . . . Who?
Cranston: Gyp . . . Gyp Massi. . . .
Campos: *(Low voice, excited)* Gyp! . . .
Cranston: Dat's right! Gyp an' me . . . we was servin' time togedder in Leavenwort. . . . When I was sprung, Gyp tol' me to come over here and see *you.* He said maybe you could use a guy like me!
Campos: *(Warmly)* How's Gyp, anyway? How's he look? How's he feel? . . .
Cranston: Great! Great! Ain't nothin' can get *dat* guy down! He's hard as nails! Why . . . there wasn't a guard in Leavenwort dat wasn't scared to death of Gyp!
Campos: *(Chuckles)* That sounds like Gyp, all right. . . . Say, what did you say your name was?
Cranston: Lefty . . . Lefty Lamont.

Campos: Who's the dame?
Cranston: Dis is my gal. She come all the way to Europe wid me.
Margot: Hi, Nick. . . .
Campos: So Gyp sent you to see me, huh?
Cranston: Dat's right.
Campos: What were you doing in Leavenworth? What was the rap?
Cranston: Counterfeitin'.
Campos: *(Chuckles)* Gyp was *right*. . . . I *can* use you.
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (phone rings, phone lifted off cradle)
Xanados: Hello. . . .
Cranston: *(Filter)* Colonel Xanados?
Xanados: Speaking.
Cranston: *(Filter)* This is Cranston—Lamont Cranston.
Xanados: Yes, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: *(Filter)* Well . . . so far, so good, Colonel. Miss Lane and I have worked our way into Campos's gang.
Xanados: Excellent!
Cranston: *(Filter)* There's one thing that worries me. . . . Campos is no fool. He'll undoubtedly write to Gyp Massi to check on me.
Xanados: Don't worry. We'll intercept any such letter. . . .
Cranston: *(Filter)* Good! . . . Well, that's all. . . . Oh! One other thing! Miss Lane and I have checked out of our old hotel. We're now at the Hotel Metropole. If you should want to contact me, I'm registered under the name of Lamont.
Xanados: *(Repeats)* Hotel Metropole. . . . Lamont. . . .
Cranston: *(Filter)* Well, that's it, Colonel. . . . Good-by.
Xanados: Good-by, Cranston. . . . And be careful! . . . Be very, *very* careful!
Music (bridge and out)
Pete: I don't like it, Campos! I just don't trust that Lamont character!
Campos: *(Dryly)* I know. . . . For the last two days, that's all you tell me. . . .
Pete: There's something *about* that guy . . . about his girl, too. . . .
Campos: Ah-h! You are too suspicious, Pete! Everything and everybody you suspect!

Pete: I don't swallow that cock-and-bull story he . . .
Campos: *(Cuts in)* Listen, why do you keep on kickin' up all this fuss? . . . I told you—I'm not trustin' Lefty with nothin' confidential—not until I get an O.K. on him from Massi. . . . So what've you got to worry about, huh?
Pete: I don't trust that guy, that's all. . . .
Campos: *(Irritated)* All right! All *right!* . . . We've wasted enough time over this. Let's get down to business. . . . The trucks . . . they are ready for tonight?
Pete: Yes.
Campos: And the counterfeit currency?
Pete: Packed, sealed, and ready for delivery.
Campos: This'll be the biggest delivery yet. . . . By tomorrow morning the currency of Greece . . . it will not be worth a plugged nickel.

Sound (door opened)

Cranston: Hi, Nick.
Campos: *(Friendly)* Hello, Lefty.
Cranston: Hey! I ain't interruptin' somethin', am I?
Campos: No . . . no. . . . Come on in.
Cranston: If you got the time, Nick, I'd like to talk to you about somethin'. . . .
Campos: Sure. Shoot.
Cranston: Well . . . it's like dis, Nick. I been settin' around dis office now for two days, doin' nothin' . . . just nothin' at all! When do I get to work? Dat's what I wanna know. A guy like me . . . I like action!
Campos: I'll put you to work soon enough, Lefty . . . just another week or two. . . .
Cranston: Anudder *week* or two! I'll go nuts before dat!
Pete: Why are you so anxious to get to work, Lamont?
Cranston: Huh? . . .
Pete: You wouldn't be interested in finding out our secrets, would you?
Cranston: What?!
Pete: Do you know what I think about you, Lamont? I think you're an American agent!
Cranston: *(Pretending rage)* Why, you lousy little crum-bum! Who d'ya tink you're talkin' to? *(Grabs Pete)* Huh? . . . Just who d'ya tink you're talkin' to?!
Pete: *(Struggling)* Leggo! . . . Leggo!
Campos: *(Interfering)* Lefty!

Cranston: I'll stick my fist down dat lyin' throat of yours!
Campos: Take it easy, Lefty! . . . *(Restrains him)* Take it easy! All right. . . . All right, now, Lefty! Calm down!
Cranston: He can't talk to me like dat! I'll take him apart!
Campos: *(Soothingly)* Easy, Lefty, *easy*. . . . Pete didn't mean nothin' by that crack. He's just a suspicious guy—that's all. He don't trust nobody.
Cranston: If he opens up his mouth again . . .
Campos: *(Cuts in)* Easy, boy, *easy*. . . . *(With a sad chuckle)* You know, Lefty, you warm a guy's heart. For a second there . . . watchin' you, I thought I was back in Chicago. *(With a sigh)* Ah-h! . . . Those good old days!
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (murmurs of conversation in hotel lobby)
Voice: Any mail for me?
Cranston: Can I have my room key, please?
Clerk: Of course. . . . Oh, by the way, Mr. Lamont, your friend—the young lady—she left a message for you. . . .
Cranston: *(Stiffening)* Ain't she in?
Clerk: No, sir. She went out some time ago.
Cranston: *(Quickly, disturbed)* Where'd she go? Did she say?
Clerk: No, sir. . . . Here's your key . . . and your message.
Cranston: Tank you. . . .
Sound (several footsteps, envelope torn open)
(phone rings off mike)
Cranston: *(Reading aloud to himself)* "Lamont—Sorry, but I just couldn't sit around twiddling my thumbs. Went out to do a little window-shopping. Be back soon. Margot." . . . *(Angrily)* Of all the foolish . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Clerk: *(Off mike, calling)* Oh . . . Mr. Lamont!
Cranston: Yeah?
Clerk: Phone call for you. . . .
Cranston: Oh. . . . *(Sound of footsteps)* Tanks. . . . *(Into phone)* Hello. . . .
Margot: *(Filter)* It's me, Lamont . . . Margot. . . .
Cranston: *(Softly, angrily)* Why did you leave the hotel, Margot? I thought I gave you express orders to stay put until I got back!
Margot: *(Filter)* I know, Lamont, but . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in)* There's no excuse for what you've

done! This is no children's game we're playing! One false move here, one slip . . .

Margot: *(Filter) (Cuts in urgently)* Lamont . . . this is no time for recriminations! . . . Lamont, listen! . . . I'm outside the building where Campos's office is. I just saw Campos and Pete come out. That means the office must be empty. . . . I'm going up there, Lamont.

Cranston: No, Margot! . . . Don't!

Margot: *(Filter)* Lamont, every second counts if we're to save Larry. . . .

Cranston: Margot, please! . . . Listen to me! . . .

Margot: *(Filter)* I'm going up there, Lamont! Good-by! . . .

Sound (filter sound of phone connection broken)

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Margot Lane, who has gone up to Nick Campos's office, finds the door open. She goes inside. . . . And she is now looking around the room, muttering to herself. . . .

Margot: Let's start with the desk. . . .

Sound (several footsteps, drawer pulled open)

Margot: What's he got here? . . .

Sound (rustling of papers)

Margot: . . . Nothing . . . just a lot of papers. . . . Let's take a look at the next drawer. . . .

Sound (drawer pulled open) (off mike, footsteps approach)

Margot: Oh—oh, someone's coming down the hall. . . .

Sound (drawers closed, office door opened)

Margot: *(Breezily)* Hi, Nick!

Pete: What did I tell you, Campos! I *told* you I saw her sneak into the building!

Margot: Huh?

Campos: What are you doing here, Margot?

Margot: *(Playing a part well)* Why—why, nothin', Nick. . . . I lost a glove, and I thought maybe I left it up here. I—I hope I didn't do nothin' bad by comin' up here and . . .

Pete: *(Cuts in)* You're a liar! You came up here to spy! You *know* you did!
Margot: *(Pretending shock and amazement)* What?! . . . You're crazy!
Pete: You and Lamont are American agents!
Margot: Nick, what's this dumb bunny talkin' about? What's he mean by that crack about me and Lefty? . . .
Pete: Let me look in your purse!
Margot: Hey! Take your hands off my purse!
Campos: Let him look, Margot. . . .
Margot: Nick, *you* don't think I'm . . .
Campos: *(Cuts in good-naturedly)* No . . . no, Margot. I do not think you are an American spy. But my friend here—he gives me headaches with his suspicions. Let him look and satisfy himself. . . .
Margot: All right . . . if *you* say so, Nick. . . . *(Toughly)* Here you are, monkey-face!

Sound (rummaging through purse)

Campos: Well, Pete?
Pete: *(Sharply)* What's this?
Margot: What's *what?*
Pete: This telephone number. . . .
Margot: Oh, that? . . . It's the number of my beauty parlor.
Pete: You're a liar!
Margot: Now, listen, you . . .
Campos: *(Cuts in)* Here . . . let me have it, Pete. . . .

Sound (rustle of paper)

Campos: We can settle this in a hurry. All we have to do is call this number.

Sound (a few footsteps)

Campos: After I make this call, Pete, I do not want to hear no more outa you about Lefty and Margot bein' spies.
Pete: Make the call first. . . .
Campos: O.K. . . .

Sound (phone off cradle, dialing . . . filter sound of phone ringing . . . click of connection)

Xanados: *(Filter)* Hello . . . *(Slight pause)* hello . . . hello?

Sound (phone returned to cradle)

Campos: *(Grimly)* Xanados! I'd recognize that voice anywhere!

Pete: *(Hissing)* Xanados?

Sound (fleeing footsteps)

Campos: Grab her, Pete!

Sound (more running)

Pete: Come back here, you!

Sound (scuffling)

Margot: *(Struggling)* Let go of me! Let go!

Campos: *(Enraged)* So you play games with me, huh, Margot? . . . You and Lamont—you make fool of me, huh? . . . I show you what it is to make fool of Nick Campos!

Sound (slap on face)

Margot: Oh! . . .

Campos: *(Savagely)* How you like that, huh, Margot?! How you like this?!

Sound (slap on face)

Margot: *(Wincing)* Oh! . . .

Pete: Why waste time and strength on her, Campos? Let's hand her over to Hohlmayer. He'll know how to take care of her!

Campos: Yes . . . yes, you're right. . . . Hohlmayer—he will know better than me what to do with her! But I will watch while he works on her! *(To Margot)* Come, my dear little spy! You have an appointment to keep . . . with the Master of Torture!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (moans)

Hohlmayer: You are a brave man, Captain Davis. But you are also, unfortunately, a very stupid man. Why do you insist on refusing to sign this confession? . . .

Davis: No. . . .

Hohlmayer: You still refuse?

Davis: Yes. . . .

Hohlmayer: Very well, then. I shall not ask you again. . . . *(Pauses briefly)* The moment has come, Captain.

Davis: *(Whispering)* What do you mean? . . . *(Pauses)* Well, go ahead. . . .

Hohlmayer: You are not afraid?

Davis: *(Whispering)* Of course I am.

Hohlmayer: Wouldn't you like to beg me . . . to implore me not to do it?

Davis: No.

Hohlmayer: If you were to beg me, I might not do it.
Davis: You're a liar.
Hohlmayer: *(Laughs)* You're truly a brave man, Captain. Believe me, it has actually been a pleasure to work on you! Well, we shall now proceed. *(Pauses)* Are you ready, Captain? *(With rising excitement)* Now, this . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (knock on door)

Hohlmayer: What's that?

Sound (knock on door)

Hohlmayer: *(Calls)* Who is it?
Campos: *(Off mike)* It's me—Campos!
Hohlmayer: You've won a moment's respite, Captain. Make the most of it.

Sound (footsteps . . . door opened)

Campos: We have brought you another American agent, Hohlmayer.
Hohlmayer: Ah! . . .
Pete: Get in, you!

Sound (door closed)

Margot: Let go of me! Let go!
Hohlmayer: She's a fighter, huh?
Margot: Where's Larry Davis? What have you done with him?
Hohlmayer: He is here.
Margot: Where?
Hohlmayer: Over there . . . behind the partition. . . .

Sound (swift footsteps)

Margot: Larry! . . . *(A few more footsteps)* Larry . . . oh, Larry.
Davis: *(Whispering)* Margot. . . .
Hohlmayer: He is a brave man, your friend. . . .
Margot: *(In wild fury)* You fiend! You monster! . . . What have you been doing to him? . . . *(Strikes Hohlmayer)* I'll show you! . . . I'll show you!
Campos: Get her, Pete!
Pete: *(Grabs Margot)* You little wildcat! *(Scuffle ensues)*
Margot: *(Struggles and pulls away)* I'll show you!
Hohlmayer: *(Admiringly)* What fire! . . . What spirit! . . .
Margot: *(Straining)* Let go of me! Let go!
Campos: Hohlmayer . . . I want you to torture her now . . . while I'm here. . . .

Hohlmayer: A personal matter, Campos?
Campos: Yes! A *very* personal matter!
Hohlmayer: I always respect the wishes of a colleague. . . . Do you have any preference?
Campos: The worst you can think of!
Hohlmayer: I see. . . . All right . . . have your man tie her to that post.
Pete: Come on, you!
Sound (scuffle)
Margot: *(Struggling)* No! . . . No! . . .
Hohlmayer: *(Admiringly)* How she fights! . . .
Pete: *(Panting)* Where's some rope?
Hohlmayer: Right behind you.
Campos: I'll help you, Pete. . . .
Hohlmayer: Let her arms be free! Do not tie them!
Sound (rope being tied . . . Margot struggling)
Pete: There! That'll take care of you, sister!
Campos: O.K. . . . She's all yours, Hohlmayer!
Sound (slow footsteps approaching)
Hohlmayer: Well, we shall first proceed by taking hold of her arm like this. . . . *(Gradually raising his voice)* Then we'll give a strong, upward . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Shadow: *(Laughs)*
Hohlmayer: What was that?
Campos: I don't know. Someone laughed.
Pete: Who was it? Who's here?
Shadow: It is the Shadow. . . . *(Laughs)*
Campos: I don't see anyone.
Shadow: Of course you don't. No one sees the Shadow! . . . But the Shadow sees all!
Hohlmayer: Who are you, Shadow?
Shadow: I am the enemy of all that is rotten and vile and wicked. . . . I am your enemy, Hohlmayer! . . . and yours, Campos! . . . and yours, Pete! . . . You shall pay for your crimes! . . . I—the Shadow—will see to that!
Hohlmayer: Draw your gun, Campos!
Campos: Yes. . . .
Shadow: And what are you planning to do with your gun, Campos?
Hohlmayer: Shoot, Campos! Shoot where you hear the sound of his voice!
Sound (two rapid shots . . . Shadow laughs)

Shadow: Try again, Campos!

Sound (two more shots . . . Shadow laughs)

Shadow: Fools! Do you not understand? You cannot shoot the Shadow! You are doomed, Hohlmayer! And you too, Campos! You cannot escape my vengeance!

Hohlmayer: *(In a low voice)* I'm getting out of here.

Sound (running footsteps)

Shadow: No, you *don't!*

Hohlmayer: My arm! . . . *(Screams in pain)*

Shadow: How does it feel, Master of Torture?

Sound (door opened)

Xanados: Up with your hands!

Campos: Xanados!

Xanados: The place is surrounded! I warn you . . . do not put up any fight!

Campos: *(Brokenly)* All right. . . . All right. . . .

Xanados: Take them in, men. . . .

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: And now Margot Lane and Lamont Cranston are leaving the hospital where, earlier tonight, they had brought their friend Larry Davis. As they walk down the steps to the street, Cranston says . . .

Sound (footsteps under the following)

Cranston: Larry will be all right, Margot. . . . You heard what the doctors said. . . .

Margot: What he must have gone through! . . .

Cranston: Better not think about it, Margot.

Sound (brief pause in which only footsteps are heard)

Margot: Lamont. . . .

Cranston: Yes, Margot?

Margot: How did you know where to find me?

Cranston: Oh . . . it was simple. . . . When you called me at the hotel and told me you were going up to Campos's office . . . well, I came on the run. I arrived just in time to see Campos and Pete drag you out to their car. I guessed immediately what had happened. I had a hunch they

would take you to Hohlmayer's. . . . So I just trailed along.

Margot: And Xanados . . . how did he find out?

Cranston: Well, after I saw them unload you at Hohlmayer's hideout, I ran off in search of a phone to call Xanados. After I made the call, I came running back to you. . . .

Margot: I see. . . . *(Pauses briefly)* Hohlmayer and Campos and Pete—how I want them to pay!

Cranston: Oh, they'll pay, all right. Don't worry about that. In a few weeks they'll be writhing at the end of a rope . . . all three of them. . . .

Margot: How could they do such things? . . . to torture and kill their fellow human beings! . . . What makes these men tick, Lamont? Why do they do the things they do?

Cranston: I don't know, Margot. But there have always been such men—men who know hate instead of love . . . villainy instead of goodness . . . war instead of peace. . . . Yes, there have always been such men, Margot. And there always will be. . . . All *we* can do is to maintain an eternal vigilance. . . . If we ever let our guard down . . . well, *then* . . . may the good Lord help us!

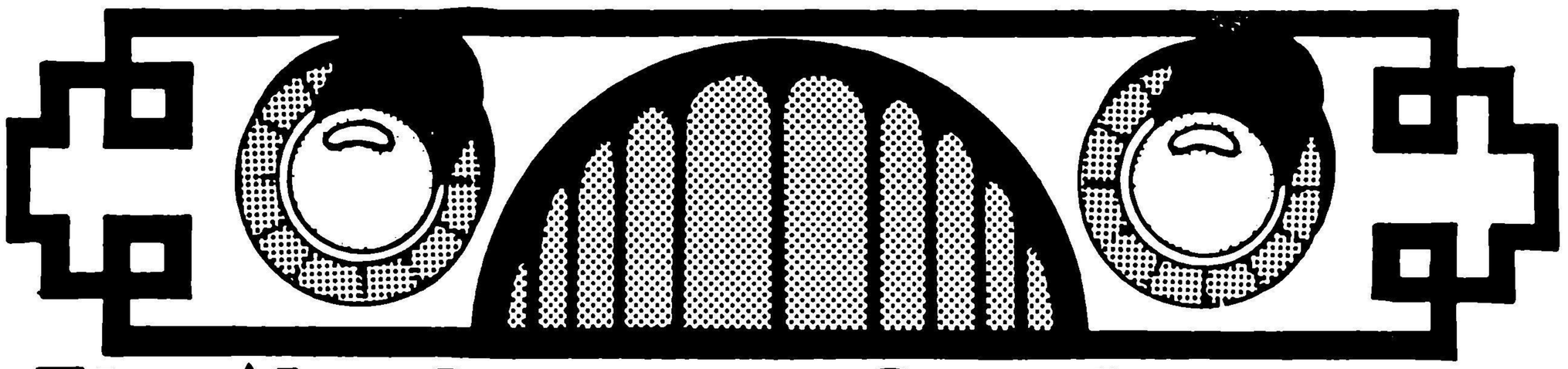
Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



The Nightmare Combination

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Joe *(his last name is part of the mystery)*

Marna Hildebrand *(a young woman with very few scruples)*

Lou the Locksmith *(a young man who gets in a lot of trouble)*

Jehoviac *(his first name is part of the mystery)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: In today's drama, "The Nightmare Combination," a locksmith answers a strange request to open a safe late at night . . . only to learn he has opened a nightmare. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Nightmare Combination."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: On a dark, deserted street near the loading docks on the waterfront, the fog makes the crumbling warehouses and empty shipping offices look like the skeleton bones of a ghost town. All the windows are dark . . . except those in the offices of the Triple J Trucking Company. There a man wearing thick-lensed glasses is working at a broken-down desk piled high with shipping manifests, while a girl behind him clacks away at a battered typewriter. . . .

Sound (typing under the following)

Joe: *(Worried)* It's almost nine o'clock, Marna. You sure this locksmith's gonna show? Maybe he's suspicious about something.

Sound (typing stops)

Marna: *(Sighs)* He *was*, Joe. But when I told him Lamont Cranston suggested you call him, Cranston's name worked like magic.

Joe: What if he calls Cranston to check?

Marna: Cranston's in Waterford, giving a talk on criminology. He couldn't possibly get back home by midnight.

Joe: All right . . . so where's the locksmith? We're running out of time!

Marna: He'll be here any minute now.

Joe: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, sure, sure.

Sound (knock on door, off mike)

Marna: *(Whispers sharply)* Sh-h! . . . That must be him.

Joe: *(Softly)* All right . . . start typing while I get the door.

Sound (typing resumes) (footsteps to door, door opened)

Lou: *(Fades on mike)* Mr. Jehoviac? I'm Lou the Locksmith.

Joe: Come on in.

Sound (door closed, several footsteps that stop as . . .)

Lou: Your secretary called about some trouble with your safe.
Joe: Trouble?! I've got my whole morning payroll in it, and I forgot the combination.
Lou: That safe in the corner?
Joe: Wait a second. . . . How do I know I can trust you?
Sound (typing stops)
Lou: *(Bridles)* Trust *me?* If your secretary hadn't told me that Mr. Cranston . . .
Marna: *(Cuts in, soothingly)* Mr. Jehoviac is worried because this never happened before. That's why we called Mr. Cranston, and he recommended you. . . . I'm Miss Hildebrand.
Lou: Oh. . . . And you don't know the combination either?
Joe: *(Grumpy)* I never let anybody at that safe but me.
Lou: Then you should have written the combination down someplace.
Joe: *(Chuckles ruefully)* Well, son, you don't have to rub it in. Can't blame me for being careful.
Lou: At this time of night, I'm the guy who should be careful. If you weren't a friend of Mr. Cranston . . .
Joe: *(Cuts in gruffly)* If you're O.K. with Cranston, you're O.K. with me. Go ahead and get that pesky thing open.
Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)
Joe: *(Slightly off mike)* Uh—Miss Hildebrand will keep you company while I set up the manifests for the morning haul.
Sound (off mike, door opened and closed)
Lou: H'm . . . pretty crusty guy, isn't he?
Marna: He's really not himself tonight, Lou. He's not himself at all. . . .
Music (bridge and out)
Sound (phone rings, phone off cradle)
Cranston: *(To phone)* Hello.
Margot: *(Filter)* Lamont, this is Margot. I've been trying to reach you for an hour.
Cranston: I just got back from Waterford a few minutes ago.
Margot: *(Filter)* I'm over at Lou the Locksmith's shop. One of my friends lost the keys to her car. She has to leave on a trip, and she asked me for help.
Cranston: Well, Lou's the man for that kind of job.
Margot: *(Filter) (Ruefully)* If I could only find him. . . .

Cranston: Find him? Why, he's open all day and night. And he lives behind his shop.

Margot: *(Filter) (Worried)* I *know.* I phoned him early this evening. He told me to come here and wait . . . said he was going to open a safe for a friend of yours . . . a Mr. Jehoviac . . . and he wouldn't be long.

Cranston: Did you say *Jehoviac?* I don't know anybody by that name, Margot.

Margot: *(Filter)* But the locksmith said *you* told Jehoviac to call him!

Cranston: I see. Margot, you'd better call another locksmith to help your friend.

Margot: *(Filter)* Do you think anything's wrong?

Cranston: I don't know, but wait down there. I'll join you as soon as I can . . . and we'll find out.

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (dial of safe clicks under . . .)

Marna: You're just like Jimmy Valentine,[1] Lou. . . . Do you sandpaper your fingers too?

Lou: This isn't the movies, Miss Hildebrand. . . . I only use sandpaper to clean a safe's dial when it's dirty.

Marna: *(Coyly)* Really? Then what *do* you use?

Lou: Just the old noodle. . . . One look at your boss's face told me plenty.

Marna: *(Guardedly)* Meaning what?

Lou: His eyes are bad. The odds are pretty great that he picked multiples of ten, which are printed on the dial, because he has trouble seeing the lines in between.

Marna: Amazing! . . . Mr. Cranston *said* you were a whiz.

Lou: Here's another thing . . . this worn spot on the dial.

Marna: What about it?

Lou: It's a thumb spot—my clue to the opening number.

Marna: I'm mystified. What's that?

Lou: I'll show you. It takes four numbers to open this safe. For the first three numbers, the average guy turns the dial fast with his fingertips, like this. . . .

Sound (dial clicks under the following)

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1. *Jimmy Valentine,* the safe-cracking hero of O. Henry's short story "A Retrieved Reformation" and of a play by Paul Armstrong, *Alias Jimmy Valentine,* which is based on O. Henry's story.

Lou: Let's say they were left, thirty . . . right, ninety . . . left, forty. Now . . . the last number—the one that opens the safe—that's important. . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in)* Because if the guy misses, he has to start all over again?

Lou: Right. . . . You grab the knob firmly . . . with your thumb right on the face of the dial so you can move it slowly to line up the number you want with the pointer . . . like this. . . .

Sound (dial clicks slowly)

Lou: See? . . . Your right hand stops with your thumb about fifteen points to the left of your last number.

Marna: I see. And on an old safe like this, the thumb rubs enough paint off the dial to give you a guide mark. . . .

Lou: Yes—the guide to the opening number. Simple, isn't it?

Marna: Well, I'd better check Mr. Jehoviac to see if he needs any help. . . .

Sound (footsteps to door, door opened and closed)
(a few footsteps under the following)

Marna: *(Softly but firmly)* Joe, don't be so jittery.

Joe: *(Softly, tensely)* I changed my mind, Marna. That locksmith isn't going out of here alive.

Marna: *(Softly, angrily)* Don't be a fool. Put that gun away. We'll be on the boat and out of the country before anything could happen.

Joe: *(Softly)* How long is that guy gonna take?

Marna: *(Softly)* I can't rush him, Joe. . . . Just relax, and we'll be all right.

Joe: *(Softly, angrily)* I'm telling you . . . Jake'll be back in an hour. Then I'll have to kill him too.

Marna: *(Softly)* You're not killing anybody! If we do it my way, we get everything we want without any risk.

Joe: *(Softly, scornfully)* What do you call this?

Marna: *(Softly, firmly)* I call it smart. . . . No safe-blowing, no cops, and by the time Jake finds out, we're out of his reach. . . .

Joe: *(Softly)* Well, I'm not so . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in softly)* Give me the gun, Joe. I don't trust you with it.

Joe: *(Softly)* All right. But keep it in your purse, just in case.

Marna: *(Softly)* Remember, Joe, stay in character, and we'll be fine.
Joe: *(Softly)* Go on back in there and see what's what.
Marna: *(Softly)* All right. Just don't lose your head.
Sound (door opened and closed, several footsteps)
Lou: *(Fades on mike)* Back to watch, Miss Hildebrand?
Marna: *(Pleasantly)* How's it going, Lou?
Lou: Could be better. Could be worse. This might be it. . . .
Marna: Good.
Sound (dial clicks under the following)
Lou: Here goes . . . left, thirty . . . right, forty . . . left, twenty. . . . Now, I put my right thumb on the worn spot on the dial . . .
Sound (slow series of dial clicks to stop as . . .)
Lou: . . . and *this* should be the opening number.
Sound (safe's handle rattles, door remains closed)
Marna: Anything wrong, Lou?
Lou: *(Puzzled)* I don't know.
Sound (off mike, door opens, footsteps fade on and stop)
Joe: Listen, locksmith . . . I thought you knew your business. You've been playing with that safe long enough.
Marna: *(Pointedly)* Don't you have to get those manifests ready, Mr. Jehoviac?
Lou: Wait . . . maybe you can help me.
Joe: How?
Lou: Are you right- or left-handed?
Joe: What's that got to do with you?
Lou: Nothing, nothing . . . forget it. I just need the last number.
Marna: *(Quickly)* Just a little more time, Mr. Jehoviac.
Joe: All right, but I'm staying here to watch.
Lou: *(To himself)* This ought to do it. Let's see. . . .
Sound (dial clicks under the following)
Lou: Left, thirty . . . right, forty . . . left, twenty. . . . *(Stops)*
Joe: *(Impatiently)* Come on, come on!
Lou: You want to bet I get this last number?
Marna: Why should you think you'll get it this time?
Lou: I—I've been using my right hand. Maybe my left is luckier.
Joe: Stop with the betting and start with the dial.

Lou: *(To himself)* Now . . . instead of my right thumb, I put my *left* thumb on the worn spot . . .

Sound (slow series of dial clicks to stop as . . .)

Lou: . . . and bring it up to here . . . like this.

Sound (safe's handle pulled, door clicks and creaks open)

Marna: *(Excited)* You did it! The safe is open!

Lou: *(Whistles in amazement)*

Joe: What's the whistle for, locksmith?

Lou: That's *some* payroll! This safe is stuffed full of money.

Marna: Business has been very good. How much do we owe you?

Lou: Twenty-five bucks ought to cover my time.

Joe: O.K., toss me one of those packets.

Lou: There's nothing smaller than twenties, Mr. Jehoviac.

Joe: So toss me some. *(Catching them)* Thanks.

Sound (seal around bills torn off, bills riffled, two pulled out)

Joe: Here's two twenties. Keep the change for your trouble.

Lou: Thank you very much. Now if you'll just sign this order, I'll be . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in quickly)* I'll sign it.

Lou: *(Guardedly)* Sorry . . . the law says the safe-owner must sign.

Joe: *(Chuckles)* Give me the book. . . . Such a suspicious world this is. You'd think . . .

Marna: *(Cuts in softly to warn him)* Joe . . .

Sound (pencil scratches on paper)

Joe: *(Chuckles)* Such a suspicious world. . . .

Lou: Thank you. Good-by. . . .

Sound (footsteps fade to door, door opened and closed, off mike)

Marna: *(Angrily)* You crazy fool! Why did you sign that?

Joe: Why not? I can imitate Jake's writing. It worked . . . just like you said!

Marna: Don't you understand? . . . Jake's left-handed. You're right-handed!

Joe: So what?

Marna: So I think the locksmith's suspicious. That's what!

Joe: You and your bright ideas! . . . Why didn't you let me plug him like I wanted to?

Marna: I'm still not *sure* he noticed.

Joe: *(Angrily)* All right, Marna. From now on, *I* take over. We'll put the dough in my money belt and get out of here before Jake gets back.

Marna: Then what?

Joe: The locksmith's going back to his shop, isn't he? Well, we'll be there and get rid of him before he talks to Cranston or gets to the cops!

Music (bridge and out)

Cranston: Lou, it's a good thing we waited for you here at your shop. . . .

Lou:*(Desperately)* You're *sure* you don't know this Jehoviac?

Cranston: Positive.

Lou: The guy said you referred him to me. His secretary was there. It seemed so legitimate!

Margot: But now you're sure something's wrong?

Lou: *Wrong!* . . . Margot, that safe was owned by a left-handed man. I could tell by the thumbprint on the dial. . . . That's what confused me. That guy—the one who was there—was right-handed!

Margot: That still doesn't mean you helped commit a robbery.

Lou: *(Bitterly)* What do *you* call opening a safe full of money for a bunch of thieves?

Cranston: I'm going to have to check on your story, Lou.

Lou: Mr. Cranston, *please* don't blow the whistle on me!

Cranston: I won't mention your name . . . *yet.*

Sound (phone lifted off cradle, dialing under . . .)

Lou: Who're you calling?

Cranston: Commissioner Weston at headquarters to see if any safe robberies have been reported in the last hour. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (car motor idles under the following)

Marna: *(Peering from car)* There are just three people in the shop, Joe—Cranston, Lou the Locksmith, and Margot Lane.

Joe: Good! I'll go in there and get rid of all three of them at once.

Marna: *(Grabbing his arm)* Oh, no you don't! Cranston's calling someone on the phone. Can't you see?

Joe: So what?

Marna: So what if it's the cops? We'll wait and see what their next move is.

Joe: Marna, listen to me. This is strictly a hit-and-run job.

Marna: Yeah, hit them now and run from the cops. . . . We'd never get out of town, much less the country.

Joe: All right, all right. But I'm going to tail them when they leave . . . just to make sure.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Marna and Joe . . . the two people for whom Lou the Locksmith opened a safe full of money at the Triple J Trucking office . . . are secretly watching Lou's shop from their car. . . . Inside, Lamont Cranston has just finished talking on the phone to Commissioner Weston. . . .

Margot: What did the commissioner say, Lamont?

Cranston: No safe robbery has been reported . . . as yet, Margot.

Lou: *(Anxiously)* Mr. Cranston, I'm beginning to think I didn't open a safe. . . . I opened a nightmare!

Cranston: You're *sure* the real owner of the safe is left-handed?

Lou: I can read dials. I know what I saw. . . . *(Miserably)* I'll lose my license . . . probably go to jail.

Cranston: You're positive you've told us everything that happened? . . .

Lou: Everything.

Cranston: Let's see . . . you opened the safe, Jehoviac signed your book with his right hand, and you came straight back here. . . .

Lou: Where else could I go? . . . Besides, I knew Margot was waiting.

Cranston: You should have gone to the nearest police station and reported it.

Lou: *(Pleading)* Listen, I did twenty rotten months in a prison camp once. If the cops threw me behind bars just for a few hours, I'd flip my lid!

Margot: Isn't there some little detail you might have forgotten?

Lou: No. I've told you everything that happened.

Cranston: *(Thinking)* Lou . . . one more thing. Did the man who said he was the safe-owner take down the combination?

Lou: *(Surprised)* Why, no . . . and he never asked for it!

Margot: *(Hopefully)* Lamont, doesn't that prove something?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes. . . . It proves that we'd all better go back there and find out why a man who loses the combination to his safe isn't interested in finding out what it is!

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (car motor up and under the following)

Marna: Pull up, Joe. Cranston's car is stopping in front of the trucking office.

Sound (car slows to curb and motor idles under . . .)

Joe: *(Angrily)* You and your clever ideas, Marna! I could have clobbered them in the locksmith shop, but you made me lose my chance!

Marna: *(Spitefully)* Lose your chance for what—the electric chair? . . . *(Regretfully)* If we only knew who they phoned back there. . . .

Joe: *(Worried)* Maybe they talked to Jake. Maybe they know. . . .

Marna: Could *be*. . . .

Joe: Maybe Jake'll find out before we get away. . . .

Marna: Who's going to tell him?

Joe: The locksmith. Jake could make him identify us.

Marna: You're right. I suppose we've got to get rid of *him*.

Joe: Now you're making sense. We'll just sit tight and follow them until he leaves Cranston and Margot Lane. *(Chuckles)* Then that locksmith's job'll be making keys for St. Peter's gate! . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (footsteps along corridor to stop as . . .)

Lou: *(Softly)* Triple J Trucking. This is the place.

Cranston: *(Softly)* Somebody's still inside.

Sound (knock on door, door opened)

Jehoviac: *(Slightly off mike, surly)* Yeah? What do you want?

Cranston: We're looking for Mr. Jehoviac.
Jehoviac: *I'm* Jehoviac.
Lou: *(Almost a moan)* Oh, no! . . .
Cranston: How long have you been here tonight?
Jehoviac: What's it to *you?* You a cop? This visit official?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* It *will* be official if I don't get some straight answers.
Jehoviac: Come on in.

Sound (door closed, footsteps to stop as . . .)

Jehoviac: Well, what's on your mind?
Lou: Plenty. Where's the secretary—Miss Hildebrand?
Jehoviac: I got no secretary.
Lou: Mr. Cranston, this man is *not* Mr. Jehoviac!
Jehoviac: You must be sick, son. I been Jake Jehoviac all my life!
Lou: Listen, I opened your safe a few hours ago, and it was full of money!
Margot: *(Softly)* Take it easy, Lou.
Cranston: What about it, Mr. Jehoviac?
Jehoviac: I'll tell you what about it! That safe's got nothing in it but dust. Where would a guy like me get a safe full of money?
Cranston: That's a very good question.
Jehoviac: I was here all night long, and nobody opened that safe.
Margot: But Lou says he *did!*
Jehoviac: *(Sarcastically)* Then you better get him to a doctor real quick.
Lou: Then how would I know the combination to your safe?
Jehoviac: You don't. Nobody knows it but me.
Lou: You want to bet?
Jehoviac: Why don't you get out of here?
Cranston: We will, but first I'd like to try an experiment.
Jehoviac: All right, but I don't want no trouble.
Cranston: You won't have any. Lou, you say you opened the safe a few hours ago, and you remember the combination.
Lou: Sure . . . it's left . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*
Cranston: *(Cuts in sharply)* Hold it! Now, Mr. Jehoviac . . .

Sound (paper torn from pad, paper rattles)

Cranston: . . . here's some paper and a pencil. Take it over to your desk.

Jehoviac: *(Resignedly)* O.K.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop, chair scraped on floor)

Cranston: Lou, you go over to the safe.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)

Margot: *(Softly)* What's this all about, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Softly)* You'll see. *(Raises his voice)* Now, Mr. Jehoviac, you write down the numbers of the safe's combination on that piece of paper so Lou doesn't see what you're writing.

Margot: *(Whispers)* Lamont, Jehoviac's writing with his left hand!

Jehoviac: *(Off mike)* All right. I'm finished.

Cranston: Margot, take the paper from Mr. Jehoviac, and check the numbers against Lou's.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop, then fade back on)

Margot: I'm ready.

Cranston: All right, Lou. Call out the numbers as you open the safe.

Lou: *(Off mike)* Left, thirty . . .

Margot: *(Checks it off)* Correct.

Sound (dial clicks as Lou calls numbers)

Lou: *(Off mike)* Right, forty . . . left, twenty . . . and right to fifty. . . .

Margot: He's right, Lamont.

Sound (safe's handle pulled, metal door creaks open)

Lou: *(Off mike)* There it is. . . . Hey!

Margot: What's the matter?

Lou: *(Comes on mike)* This safe . . . it's empty!

Jehoviac: You finished with your little game? You satisfied?

Cranston: I'm satisfied all right. Come on, Lou . . . Margot.

Jehoviac: Hey! . . . just one thing before you go. . . .

Cranston: Well, Mr. Jehoviac?

Jehoviac: How did this guy dream up the combination to my safe?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* I don't know, but it must have been *some* nightmare! . . .

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (car motor under the following)

Lou: I'm sorry I got you two involved. Maybe I'd better get out and turn myself in to the first cop I see.
Cranston: On what charge, Lou?
Lou: I don't know, Mr. Cranston. Robbery, unlawful entry . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in)* But the police will check your story with Jehoviac, and he'll tell them you're crazy.
Lou: So . . . I'm crazy.
Cranston: Margot and I believe your story.
Lou: Huh?!
Cranston: It's some tale, but it's as real as the tail that's following us right now. Look out the rear window. . . .
Lou: Well, I'll be . . .
Cranston: *(Cuts in grimly)* You'll be a dead pigeon if you don't do exactly as I say. Hang on! . . . I'm going to lose that car! . . .

Sound (car speeds and skids around corner)
Music (bridge and out)
Sound (different car motor under the following)

Joe: *(Disgusted)* How do you like that? Cranston got away from me!
Marna: *(Sighs)* What now, mastermind?
Joe: Marna, I'm going back to Jake and settle him for good, like I should've done instead of listening to you.
Marna: But the locksmith can identify us. . . .
Joe: Not when *I* get through with him.
Marna: Want me to wait for him at his shop?
Joe: No. He's too smart to go back there. Maybe they'll head for Cranston's place.
Marna: Yeah, and if you can drive fast enough, they'll have a surprise waiting for them . . . me and my gun!

Music (bridge and out)
Sound (Cranston's car out of skid, slows down and idles)

Cranston: That's better. We've lost them.
Margot: *(Ruefully)* I think we lost my stomach on that last turn too.

Sound (car motor stops, car door opened as . . .)

Cranston: Lou, you have to hide someplace where you'll be safe. I think I can get Commissioner Weston to . . .
Lou: *(Cuts in)* I told you . . . I don't want any part of jail.
Cranston: All right. Go to my apartment . . . here is the

key . . . lock yourself in, and *don't* open the door for anyone but Margot or me.

Lou: *(Baffled)* But why? . . .

Cranston: Because Jake Jehoviac might try to force you to identify the people who posed as the owners of the safe.

Lou: Sounds pretty bad. . . .

Cranston: Here's something worse. . . . The fake Jehoviac wants you for another reason. If I'm right, he wants to kill you to shut you up!

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (footsteps along corridor to stop . . . key in lock, key turned and door opened as . . .)

Marna: *(Off mike)* Come in, Lou. . . .

Lou: *(Startled)* Miss Hildebrand!

Marna: Come all the way in.

Sound (door closed)

Lou: Wha—what are you doing here?

Marna: *(Calmly)* Waiting for you.

Lou: How'd you get in Mr. Cranston's apartment?

Marna: The skeleton key is a professional secret we share in common. . . . Telling Cranston was a big mistake, Lou.

Lou: My mistake was believing you in the first place.

Marna: It can be rectified.

Lou: Lamont Cranston knows enough to stop you.

Marna: *(Grimly) He* can be rectified, too . . . with this.

Lou: *(Bitterly)* Is that gun you're pointing at me your rectifier?

Marna: if you don't want to find out the hard way, sit down with your hands placed carefully on your knees. . . . That's a good boy.

Lou: Now what?

Marna: We wait.

Lou: What for?

Marna: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane. Like you said, they know as much as you do.

Lou: What makes you so sure they're coming back?

Marna: Cranston lives here. Besides, they'll want to know how you're doing. And if you're nice and quiet, you might still be alive to tell them!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Lou the Locksmith is trapped in Lamont Cranston's apartment by Marna, the woman who posed as the fake safe-owner's secretary. Meanwhile, Cranston and Margot Lane have driven to the daily-paper building, where they are on their way to the newspaper morgue. . . .

Sound (footsteps in corridor under . . .)

Margot: What do you think of Lou's story now, Lamont?

Cranston: Let's assume everything he said is true, Margot.

Margot: About the money, too?

Cranston: Yes. Someone else knew the safe was stuffed with cash. With the woman posing as his secretary and using my name as a reference, he fooled Lou into thinking the safe-opening job was legitimate.

Margot: Then why didn't the real Jehoviac report the robbery?

Cranston: That's what we're here to find out.

Margot: Then you hope to find the key to the whole story in the newspaper files? . . .

Sound (footsteps stop, door opened)

Cranston: Yes . . . right here in the back issues, Margot. Start checking back on every news story involving unsolved robberies—the ones that netted the thieves a lot of money. I'll join you as soon as I call my apartment to check on Lou.

Music (short bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (phone rings insistently under the following)

Marna: *(Threateningly)* Stay away from that phone, Lou! I don't want to shoot you yet.

Lou: But Mr. Cranston knows I'm here. I'd better answer.

Marna: That's why you'd better *not*. . . . The sooner he knows something's wrong, the sooner he'll come back here.

Lou: What's the hurry?

Marna: I've got a date with a boat I don't want to miss. Now just sit back and relax and enjoy some of that coffee I was good enough to make for you.

Music (bridge and out)

Sound (newspaper pages being turned under . . .)

Margot: *(To herself as she reads)* Robberies, unsolved, 1964.

Sound (footsteps fade on to stop as . . .)

Cranston: *(Comes on)* Find anything yet, Margot?

Margot: Not yet, Lamont. Lou still doesn't answer the phone?

Cranston: No.

Margot: *(Worried)* Something must be wrong.

Cranston: *(Thinking)* Or somebody must want us to think so.

Margot: Shouldn't we go back and see?

Cranston: Not yet. We're racing against time, Margot. We can't help Lou unless we find out what the *real* story is.

Margot: I've gone through every newspaper for the past twelve . . . *(Breaks off, then)* Lamont! . . . Look at this story!

Sound (rattle of newspaper)

Cranston: *(Reads)* "Daring Daylight Payroll Theft . . . One Hundred Thousand Dollar Loot Vanishes Without Trace."

Margot: And here's the list of the serial numbers on the stolen money!

Cranston: Good! . . . Check the serial numbers on the twenty-dollar bills Lou got paid with from the safe against the serial numbers on that list. . . .

Sound (rattle of newspaper)

Margot: Let's see. . . . Here they *are*—both of them!

Cranston: That's the reason the money's been in the safe all this time. . . . It was too hot to spend.

Margot: What do we do now?

Cranston: We go right back to the trucking office to see if we can get Jehoviac to tell us who the hijackers are.

Music (short bridge and out)

Sound (knock on door followed by several more knocks)

Margot: *(Softly)* Nobody answers, Lamont.

Cranston: *(Softly)* I was afraid of that. Try the door.

Sound (doorknob turned, door opened)

Margot: *(Softly)* It's open. . . . Let's go in.

Sound (footsteps in to sudden stop as . . .)

Margot: *(Gasps in horror)* Lamont! . . . That—that man, lying on the floor!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Stay where you are, Margot.

Sound (a few footsteps fade to stop)

Margot: Is—is he dead?
Cranston: *(Slightly off mike)* Yes. . . . Looks like he was strangled with an empty money belt.
Margot: Is it Mr. Jehoviac?
Sound (footsteps fade back on, then stop as . . .)
Cranston: No, Margot. . . . *(Thinking)* This must be the man who posed as him. If he had the money in that belt, it's gone now. . . .
Margot: *(Weakly)* How—how terrible. . . .
Cranston: *(Not unkindly)* Are you all right?
Margot: I guess so.
Cranston: It's time we got to the bottom of this. . . . Margot, I'm going to have to leave you here alone. Call Commissioner Weston, tell him the story, and wait here till he arrives. Don't use the phone until I leave.
Margot: But what if the killer is still around?
Cranston: *(Significantly)* You will be safe, Margot . . . beyond a *shadow* of a doubt. . . .
Margot: *(Gets it)* Oh . . . I understand, Lamont.
Cranston: Good-by, Margot. Make your call to the commissioner now. By the way, be sure to tell Commissioner Weston that Lou didn't answer when I phoned my apartment. That fake secretary must have trapped him there. . . .
Sound (off mike, a few footsteps, then door closed)
(on mike, phone lifted off cradle, dialing begins)
(off mike, door opened and closed as . . .)
Jehoviac: *(In a rage)* Put that phone down, Miss Lane!
Margot: *(Startled)* Mr. Jehoviac!
Sound (footsteps fade on quickly as . . .)
Jehoviac: *(Comes on shouting)* I said . . . put that phone down!
Margot: *(Struggling)* Let go of me!
Jehoviac: Don't make me use this gun!
Margot: *(Stops struggling)* You—you were here all the time!
Jehoviac: *(With an evil laugh)* You were right, Miss Lane. . . . The killer *is* still around.
Music (bridge and out)
Sound (rattle of cup on saucer)
Marna: *(Yawns)* Another cup while we wait, Lou?

Lou: *(Bitterly)* This might come as quite a blow, but you make lousy coffee.
Marna: *(Sharply)* You're really making my trigger finger itch.
Lou: *(Hastily)* I just changed my mind . . . the coffee is wonderful.
Marna: H'mm . . . not *bad.* I'll have to use this technique on Joe.
Lou: Who's Joe?
Marna: My husband. You met him earlier this evening . . . remember? I *told* you he wasn't himself.
Lou: Yeah, you mean he was pretending to be Jehoviac. *Very* funny.
Marna: Stick around for the windup, Lou. It'll be killing.
Lou: What have you got against me? I opened that lousy safe. You got the money. What . . .
Marna: *(Cuts in)* You knew your business *too* well. You got wise.
Lou: *(Bitterly)* Yeah, the thumbprint. . . . I had to be a smart guy and tell you what a genius I was.
Marna: When we saw you were suspicious, we figured you'd go back to Jehoviac, and he'd force you to identify us. Then we'd never be able to get away.
Lou: What makes you think you can get away now?
Marna: It's simple. We stole the money from a thief. That hundred thousand dollars was the loot from a job the three Jehoviacs pulled.
Lou: *(Surprised)* There's more than *one* Jehoviac?
Marna: Triple J Trucking . . . three brothers—Joe, Jerry, and Jake. Jerry got killed in the getaway when they lifted the payroll. Jake has been keeping the money in his safe while Joe, my husband, was hiding out on the coast with me.
Lou: I'm afraid to ask you why you're telling me all this.
Marna: Isn't it obvious? When we're finished, neither you, Cranston, nor Margot Lane will be able to tell anyone else.
Lou: What about good old brother Jake?
Marna: Joe's raising Cain with him as soon as he's able. . . . Get it? . . .

Sound (off mike, knock on door)

Marna: *(Whispers)* Ask who it is, Lou.

Lou: *(Loudly)* Who is it?
Margot: *(Off mike, muffled)* Margot Lane!
Marna: *(Whispers)* Let her in . . . and no funny business!
Lou: If only you didn't have that gun . . .
Marna: *(Cuts in, whispering)* Well, I have it. Now, get going. Open the door.

Sound (footsteps to door, door opened)

Lou: *(Miserably)* I couldn't help it, Miss Lane. It's a trap.
Margot: *(Wryly)* You're twice as right as you think you are.
Marna: *(Slightly off mike)* Come on in, Miss Lane, with your hands up.

Sound (sudden scuffle as . . .)

Jehoviac: *(Grabs Margot)* Mind if *I* join you, too, Marna?
Margot: *(Straining)* Let go of me!
Marna: *(Slightly off mike, startled)* Jake! Why you . . .
Jehoviac: *(Cuts in sharply)* Don't try using the gun, Marna. The bullets will have to go through Miss Lane to get to me!
Marna: *(Slightly off mike)* Pretty clever, aren't you?

Sound (door closed)

Jehoviac: Now . . . ain't this just perfect . . . all of you in one big score!
Lou: You haven't got Lamont Cranston!
Jehoviac: *(Viciously)* When he comes home, I'll be waiting.
Marna: You—you forgot somebody, Jake . . . your brother.
Jehoviac: Joe changed his mind, Marna. The money's back in the safe.
Marna: You're crazy. We're going to spend that money in Europe, where they're not particular about hot serial numbers.
Jehoviac: Well, Joe and I had a little talk about that. Then, all of a sudden, he stopped talking. He saw how empty his money belt was and he got all choked up. . . .
Marna: *(Shocked)* You killed him! You killed your own brother!
Jehoviac: Yeah . . . before he got a chance to kill me! Well, folks, now it's your turn. Anybody volunteer to go first?
Shadow: *(Laughs)*
Jehoviac: *(Angrily)* You think that's funny, locksmith? You find death a laughing matter?
Lou: Who's laughing, Jehoviac?

Jehoviac: You are. . . . I just heard you.
Shadow: That wasn't Lou, Jehoviac. . . .
Jehoviac: *(Startled)* What? . . . I don't see anybody else in this room!
Shadow: Justice is something you can't see, either. And you can't escape justice!
Jehoviac: Who are you?
Shadow: The Shadow.
Jehoviac: You can't stop me, Shadow! This gun is my justice!
Shadow: Your gun won't help you now, Jehoviac!
Jehoviac: Oh no? All right, Marna, you get the first bullet!
Shadow: *(Effort of restraining him)* Oh, no you don't!
Jehoviac: *(Struggling)* My arm! . . .
Shadow: *(Straining)* Drop your gun! . . .
Sound (gun clatters to floor)
Marna: *(Sharply)* Now that you've dropped your gun, Jake, I can use mine! Stand back, all of you!
Lou: *(Lunging)* That's what *you* think!
Sound (scuffle as . . .)
Marna: *(Struggling)* Let go of me, Lou!
Lou: *(Straining)* Give me that rectifier! That's better!
Sound (gun clatters to floor, quick footsteps to stop)
Margot: I've got both the guns, Lou. . . .
Sound (off mike, door flung open, footsteps fade on)
Cranston: *(Comes on)* Margot . . . Lou . . . I see you two have the situation well in hand.
Lou: *(Chuckles)* Sure, Mr. Cranston . . . thanks to the Shadow.
Music (up and out for . . .)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment. but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.
Music (up and out)
Margot: I guess Lou really learned something from his experience with the Jehoviacs, Lamont. . . .
Cranston: Yes, Margot. The job of the police is to *protect* honest citizens . . . not to throw them in jail. Lou had made an innocent mistake, so he had nothing to fear from the law.

Margot: And everything to gain. It was wonderful of you to see that he got the reward money.

Cranston: Let's hope he uses it for psychiatric treatment to cure himself of that phobia about getting locked up.

Margot: Speaking of fear . . . I must admit I was really frightened when you made it look like you were leaving me alone in Jehoviac's office.

Cranston: I knew Jehoviac was still around because his brother's body was still warm. We must have gotten there before he had a chance to get away, so he hid in the back room.

Margot: I see. So you figured he'd hear you instruct me as to what I should tell Commissioner Weston on the phone. And you knew that information would lead Jehoviac right to your apartment in an attempt to get Marna.

Cranston: Right. He didn't know where she was till then. And, of course, he wanted to kill her, too.

Margot: He must have been afraid to jump both you and me, but when you walked out the door of that office . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in with a chuckle)* Lamont Cranston walked out that door. . . . But the Shadow remained to make sure you were safe . . . beyond a *shadow* of a doubt!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Fritz Weber *(the middle-aged owner of the Tunnel of Terror)*

Vicky Vale *(the attractive young ticket-seller at the Tunnel)*

Leo *(the carnival strong man who works for Weber as Neptune)*

Jim Regan *(the young man whose brother was the first victim)*

Commissioner Weston

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "Tunnel of Terror," is a terrifying tale of murder in a carnival concession. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and the "Tunnel of Terror."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: The closing of a bad season is always a time of tension in any business. But at Seaside Park the elements themselves seem to put the seal of doom on a carnival concession called the Tunnel of Terror. . . .

Sound (door jerked open . . . strong wind up and under the following)

Weber: *(Slightly off mike, shouts over wind)* Vicky! Don't sell no more tickets! The crowd's going home! We're closing up!

Sound (door closed . . . wind down under the following)

Vicky: *(On mike, nervously)* O.K., Mr. Weber. But what about the last boat?

Weber: *(Comes on, harshly)* What about it?

Vicky: It—it hasn't drifted back out of the tunnel.

Weber: *(Angrily)* So what? It was empty like they've been most of the season.

Vicky: *(Frightened)* It wasn't! I—I sold one ticket!

Weber: To that guy that's been hanging around you all summer?

Vicky: He's nice! . . . not a fresh smart-alec!

Weber: Like that big ape . . . Leo?

Vicky: Yes! *(Defiantly)* And I'm meeting him at the park entrance as soon as we close up.

Weber: *(Jealous)* Go check your cash! Let him wait!

Vicky: *(Goes off)* Yes, sir!

Weber: *(Calls after her, sarcastically)* I'll tell lover-boy you wouldn't meet him in the Cave of the Mermaids! . . . if he comes out *this* way!

Sound (heavy door creaks open)

Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* You'll tell him nothing!

Weber: *(Startled)* Leo! . . .

Leo: *(Sharply)* Come here, you lovesick old fool! . . .

Weber: You've been listening through the walls again!

Leo: *(Mockingly)* Sure! . . . It's easy! They're paper thin! Come on into the water tunnel!

Sound (slap of water in Tunnel of Terror)

Weber: *(Startled)* The last boat!

Leo: Yeah!

Sound (creaking door closed . . . semi-echo effect of tunnel and water)

Weber: Where's the guy that's been after Vicky?

Leo: In the bottom of the boat.

Weber: What's the matter with him?

Leo: *(Mockingly)* He's drowned . . . dead!

Weber: *(Shocked)* How'd it happen?

Leo: I got in an argument with him! He tripped and fell into the canal. It was an accident, but nobody'll believe it!

Weber: Why not?

Leo: Because you told him to keep away from the gorgeous Vicky . . . *(Mockingly)* your ticket-taker and part-time mermaid!

Weber: So did you!

Leo: So we gotta get him outa here!

Weber: How?

Leo: Out the emergency exit onto the beach.

Weber: *(Scared)* What good would that do?

Leo: We can make it look like he went for a swim and drowned in the ocean.

Weber: No!

Leo: *(Grabs him)* Come on, Weber! You're going to help ditch his body in the ocean, or one of us will burn for his murder . . . and I promise you it won't be me!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (door opened)

Margot: *(Calls)* Good morning, Commissioner.

Weston: *(Slightly off mike)* Come on into my office, Margot . . . Cranston.

Cranston: *(Comes in)* Why the hurry-up call, Weston?

Sound (door closed)

Weston: *(On mike)* Sit down! . . . I want you to look into something that's out of my jurisdiction.

Cranston: A murder?

Weston: Might have been an accidental drowning. The tide brought the body into shore, and our patrol boat fished it out.

Margot: Ugh! . . . Whose body, Commissioner?
Weston: The identification papers belong to a young fellow named Tom Regan, and his brother Jim has identified the body.
Cranston: Why do you say it only *might* have been an accident?
Weston: *(Grimly)* The body was found in *salt* water, but the autopsy revealed that the lungs were filled with *fresh* water. . . .
Cranston: Several freshwater creeks flow into the ocean.
Weston: Except for one thing. . . .
Margot: What?
Weston: His brother says Tom was gone on a girl at Seaside Park. This ticket stub we found in his clothes indicates Tom Regan was there the night he disappeared!
Cranston: Let me see that stub!
Weston: It's for a ride through a thing called the Tunnel of Terror, where the girl works.
Cranston: H'mm. . . . Have you followed this up?
Weston: I'm tied up on another matter. Besides, Seaside Park is beyond the city limits . . . out of my jurisdiction.
Cranston: Like me to run out there and check?
Weston: Yes. I've phoned the sheriff's office. Take this ticket stub with you, and contact him. Give him all the help you can.
Margot: Isn't Seaside Park closed for the season?
Weston: Some of the concessions are still open on weekends.
Cranston: We'll look around.
Weston: One more thing. . . .
Margot: What?
Weston: Jim Regan is waiting outside. Take him with you, but *watch* him.
Cranston: Why watch *him?*
Weston: He was crazy about his younger brother! They looked almost exactly alike. He thinks it's murder! And if you find a suspect, Jim Regan is likely to try and take the law into his own hands!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (car comes on and stops . . . motor cut)

Regan: *(Tensely)* There's the Tunnel of Terror, Mr. Cranston!

Cranston: It seems to be operating.
Margot: But not one customer. The whole place is deserted.
Cranston: It's chilly and looks like rain.
Margot: I wonder if the sheriff is here.
Cranston: He's out on another case. I left word we'd wait here for him, but meanwhile we might start checking. . . .

Sound (car door opened and closed under the following, light wind under . . .)

Margot: Brrr . . . it's chilly, and the ocean looks cold!
Regan: *(Harshly)* They threw my brother's body into it!
Cranston: *(Gently)* Take it easy, Regan. We don't know that to be a fact.
Regan: *(Grimly)* If I can prove it, I'll kill whoever did it, and . . . *(Breaks off)* There's the girl . . . in the ticket window!
Margot: How do you know she's the one?
Regan: Tom showed me her picture. Her name is Vicky Vale!
Cranston: Let me talk to her. You keep out of it . . . for now.
Regan: All right, but . . .
Margot: *(Cuts in gently) (Draws back from mike)* Let Lamont and the police handle it, Jim.
Regan: *(Draws back)* O.K., but . . .

Sound (footsteps)

Cranston: *(Raising his voice slightly)* Excuse me, miss.
Vicky: How many?
Cranston: No tickets, thanks. I'd like to talk to you.
Vicky: You *are* talking to me.
Cranston: Privately.
Vicky: *(Uneasily)* Why?
Cranston: It's a personal matter, Miss Vale.
Vicky: *(Startled)* How do you know my name? I don't know *you!*
Cranston: I'm Lamont Cranston, and I understand you knew Tom Regan.
Vicky: *(Suddenly tense)* Tom! . . . Did you know Tom?
Cranston: Why do you say *did?*
Vicky: He's dead! Don't you know?
Cranston: How do *you* know?
Vicky: *(Breaks down)* He was drowned . . . in the ocean! It was in the paper . . . this morning!

Cranston: Is that the first you knew of it?
Vicky: Yes!
Cranston: When did you last see him?
Vicky: Here . . . last week. We had a date . . . at the gate! He didn't meet me!
Cranston: Why didn't he meet you?
Vicky: I don't know! Why are you asking me these questions?
Cranston: Come out of that ticket booth, and I'll explain.
Vicky: Just . . . just a minute. I'll close the ticket window and come out *(Draws back)* the back.

Sound (panel window closed)

Cranston: *(Quickly)* Jim! Come with me. I want to try something.

Sound (footsteps around ticket booth)

Regan: *(Comes in)* What, Mr. Cranston?
Cranston: You look enough like your brother in this light. *(Raises his voice)* Miss Vale!
Vicky: *(Comes in)* Yes, Mr. Cranston. What do you want?
Cranston: I want you to meet . . .
Vicky: *(Cries out in terror)* Tom! . . . *(Gasps)* They said you were . . . dead! *(Gasps and faints)*

Sound (slump of limp body to floor)

Cranston: *(Fast)* Pick her up, Jim! She's fainted from shock!
Regan: *(Effort of lifting)* She knows something!
Cranston: *(Calls)* Margot! . . .
Margot: *(Comes on)* Yes, Lamont?
Cranston: Help Jim get this girl into the concession office! Help revive her! I want to look around!

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Investigating the drowning of Tom Regan, Lamont Cranston, Margot Lane, and Jim Regan—the dead man's brother—have gone to Seaside Park and are at a concession called the Tunnel of Terror, where Vicky Lane, an attractive young ticket-seller, has fainted at the sight of Tom's nearly identical brother. . . . A few minutes later, while Cranston looks over the thrill-ride of boats drifting

through a labyrinth of canals that feature a series of undersea dioramic horrors, Margot and Jim revive the terror-stricken girl. . . .

Vicky: *(Moans)* Tom . . . Tom, I loved you! Why didn't you meet me? . . . Why didn't you wait?

Margot: She's regaining consciousness, Jim. . . .

Regan: *(Grimly)* She must have loved my brother.

Margot: Then she couldn't have drowned him!

Vicky: *(Mumbles)* Drowned . . . drowned . . . *(Recovering with a start)* Who drowned him? Why? . . . *Why?*

Regan: *(Grimly)* That's what we're here to find out! And if I do . . . *(Breaks off as . . .)*

Sound (office door opened, off mike)

Cranston: We'll leave it to the law. *(Aside)* In your office, Weber!

Weber: *(Comes on)* What's the idea? What right have you to take over my office . . . question my ticket-seller? You're not from the sheriff's office!

Sound (office door closed)

Cranston: We'll have to do until the sheriff gets here.

Margot: What did you find, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* I found the owner and also the fact that *this (Meaningfully)* chamber of horrors floats its sightseeing boats in *fresh* water.

Weber: Sure! Why not? We get it out of the water mains! . . . It's cheaper than pumping it outa the ocean! . . . And it's pure!

Cranston: *(Grimly)* Especially if you make sure to remove dead bodies and dump them into the ocean.

Weber: What?! . . . What are you talking about?

Vicky: *(With a startled cry)* That's why Tom didn't come out again! . . . why he didn't meet me at the gate!

Weber: *(Blustering)* What are you talking about, Vicky?

Cranston: *(Grimly)* We know that a friend of Miss Vale's took a ride in one of your boats while waiting to keep a date with her!

Weber: How do you know that?!

Cranston: The city police found a ticket stub in his clothes, dated the night he disappeared.

Weber: I don't know anything about it! I never *saw* him!

Cranston: You better not be lying!

Weber: Why would I lie?!

Vicky: Because you hated him because I wouldn't go out with you! . . .
Weber: That's a lie! *Leo* was the one!
Cranston: Who's Leo?
Vicky: A carny strong man who works for Weber . . . posing as Neptune in one of the undersea tableaus in the tunnel.
Margot: What does he do? . . . just pose like a wax dummy?
Vicky: No! He poses with a lot of dummies, but suddenly . . . *(Shudders)* he jabs a harpoon at the customers in the boats and nearly scares them to death.
Cranston: I can imagine!
Weber: It's only an act!
Cranston: Was he "acting" the night Tom Regan disappeared?
Weber: He acts every night we're open!
Cranston: Where is he now?
Weber: He hasn't come to work yet! *(Blustering)* Look here! I don't know anything about this! I've got things to do!
Cranston: What things?
Weber: I have to get the tunnel ready in case the rain holds off and we get a crowd.
Cranston: Go ahead.
Weber: *(Going)* If the sheriff wants to ask me any questions, I'll be back in a few minutes.

Sound (office door opened and closed quickly, slightly off mike)

Margot: Why did you let him go, Lamont?
Cranston: Because we have no authority to stop him. *And* because I want to take an unescorted boat ride through this papier-mâché (pā′pər mə shā˙) chamber of horrors! *(Aside)* Stay with Miss Vale, Regan. . . . Come on, Margot. Let's see if anything in this tunnel of terror will scare *us* to death! . . .

Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (semi-echo, which should be heard in all tunnel scenes . . . heavy footsteps on plank or catwalk)

Weber: *(Calls cautiously)* Leo! . . . Hey, Leo!
Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* Yeah, Weber! *(Comes on)* Who's that out in the office?

Weber: Fella named Cranston! . . . and a girl *and* the brother of the fella you killed.
Leo: Shut up! . . . What brought 'em here?
Weber: The city police found our ticket stub in Regan's pocket. . . .
Leo: *(Tensely)* Is this Cranston a cop?
Weber: He's waiting for the sheriff . . . and *you!*
Leo: *(Effort of throttling Weber)* What'd you tell him?!
Weber: *(Gags)* Nothing! Let go of my throat!
Leo: *(Holding) You're* in this! You helped me dump his body out on the beach! What did you tell Cranston?
Weber: I just told him we didn't know nothing!
Leo: You told him something! *(Squeezes)* . . . or he wouldn't be lookin' for me! . . . *What?*
Weber: *(Gasps)* Vicky said I hated Regan because she wouldn't go out with me. So I . . .
Leo: *(Cuts in, enraged)* So you told Cranston I had it in for Regan too, huh?
Weber: *(Gasps)* No! Leggo!
Leo: You did! . . . You rat! . . . You water rat! *(Effort of shoving)* Well, get *in* . . . where you belong!

Sound (crash of body against wooden wall . . . then heavy splash of body into tunnel canal)

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (semi-echo of tunnel, intermittent slap of water, and occasional bumping and scraping of boat as it moves along wooden trough)

Margot: *(Nervously)* Ugh! This tunnel of terror gives me the creeps, Lamont! . . . even without those gruesome underwater scenes we passed.
Cranston: *(Grimly)* Yes . . . that octopus devouring the diver looked almost lifelike. . . .
Margot: *What* are we looking for, Lamont?
Cranston: *(Grimly)* The diorama of Neptune's Court.
Margot: Including mermaids?
Cranston: And Leo . . . with his harpoon.
Margot: Careful, Lamont! Weber said he's an ex-carny strong man, and he may not be so . . . ex-!
Cranston: I'll be careful. *(Warning)* We're drifting toward another diorama. Hold everything!

Margot: Including my breath!

Sound (bump of boat, slosh of water)

Margot: *(Gasps)* It's Neptune's Court!

Cranston: *(Tensely)* And there's no one sitting on the throne! *(Quickly)* Grab hold of the side wall, Margot! Hold the boat!

Margot: *(Puzzled)* I don't *have* to hold it! The boat has stopped.

Cranston: *(Puzzled)* That's odd. Maybe there's something in the canal that stops it to give the customers a chance to see the . . . *(Breaks off suddenly)*

Margot: What is it, Lamont?

Cranston: *(Sharply)* Stay in your seat, Margot!

Sound (slosh and gurgle of water)

Margot: What *is* it, Lamont?

Cranston: A body . . . wedged crossways in this shallow canal . . . stopping the boat!

Margot: Who . . . whose body?

Cranston: Weber's!

Margot: *(Cries out)* Lamont! . . . Let's get out of here!

Music (bridge and out)

Vicky: *(Fades on mike, pleading)* Please believe me, Mr. Regan! I *was* in love with Tom. I wouldn't have done anything to hurt your brother. *Please* believe me. . . .

Regan: I *want* to believe you, Miss Vale. But my brother was killed, and I think you know who did it.

Vicky: *(Frightened)* If it was *anyone,* it must have been Leo.

Regan: Where can I find him?!

Vicky: Don't try! Let Mr. Cranston and the sheriff find Leo. He's terribly strong and . . . and vicious!

Regan: So am I. *(Grimly)* Tell me where I can find him.

Vicky: He should be here now . . . somewhere in the concession. . . .

Regan: *(Going back from mike) I'll* find him.

Sound (door jerked open)

Vicky: *(Pleads)* Please wait until Mr. Cranston comes back!

Regan: *(Off mike, shouts)* Tell him I'm tired of waiting!

Sound (door slammed shut)

Vicky: *(Sobbing)* Don't. . . . Please don't. . . .

Sound (heavy door creaks open)

Leo: *(Slightly off mike)* Don't what?

Vicky: Leo!
Leo: *(Comes on)* Yeah, Vicky . . . it's me.
Vicky: *(Frightened)* Have . . . have you seen Mr. Weber?
Leo: *(Mockingly)* Yeah . . . I've seen him. But you won't see him again . . . *ever.*
Vicky: Wh—where is he?
Leo: *(Grabs her)* Where *you're* going!
Vicky: *(With a smothered gasp)* Where?!
Leo: *(Holding her)* Where *you're* going! . . . Where you can't talk me into a rap for drownin' that Regan guy!
Vicky: *(Muffled gasps and struggle)*
Leo: Come on, Vicky. You're gonna play mermaid to old King Neptune!
Music (bridge and out for . . .)
Sound (door jerked open)
Cranston: *(Fast)* Come in Weber's office, Margot. I'm going to phone the sheriff's office again.
Margot: *(Comes in)* Lamont! Vicky Vale and Jim Regan aren't here!
Sound (door closed)
Cranston: They may have gone out on the midway to meet the sheriff at the gate! I'll check the sheriff's office anyway.
Sound (phone off cradle)
Margot: *(Cries out)* Lamont! Wait! . . . Look at that wall over there!
Sound (phone back on cradle)
Cranston: What about it?
Margot: There's a crack . . . an opening . . . sort of like a doorway!
Sound (quick footsteps to wall)
Cranston: Looks like it might lead directly into the maze of tunnels!
Sound (heavy creaking door pulled open)
Margot: *(Exclaims)* It does! There's the stream of water!
Sound (semi-echo fades on mike)
Cranston: And a catwalk alongside!
Vicky: *(Off mike, screams, then choked off suddenly)*
Margot: Vicky Vale!
Cranston: *(Fast)* Get the sheriff, Margot! Phone him! Find him! Meanwhile, it's time the Shadow took a hand in this!
Music (theme)

Announcer: We'll return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: Now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Checking on an apparent murder in a seaside concession called the Tunnel of Terror, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane have found the owner drowned in his own chamber of horrors . . . and they have just heard his attractive young assistant screaming for help in the maze of dark tunnels and waterways! . . . Now, while Margot frantically phones for the sheriff, and Cranston as the Shadow searches for Vicky, the killer has carried her to a diorama called Neptune's Court! . . .

Sound (heavy footsteps on catwalk, semi-echo as before)

Vicky: *(Muffled cries)*

Leo: Shut up, Vicky! . . . Listen!

Sound (footsteps stop)

Vicky: *(Muffled cries fade to a stop)*

Leo: Listen! I ain't going to kill you like I had to drown Weber . . . if you don't *make* me!

Vicky: *(Horrified)* You . . . you've drowned Mr. Weber too?

Leo: Yeah! He would've told the cops I drowned your boyfriend Regan when I found him waiting for you right in Neptune's Court!

Vicky: Tom wasn't waiting! We had a date to meet at the front gate.

Leo: It don't matter now!

Vicky: *(Sobbing)* Nothing matters now. Tom's dead! *(Bitterly)* And you killed him because I wouldn't go out with you!

Leo: *(Slowly)* Yeah . . . that's what Weber was going to tell the cops. . . .

Vicky: *(Terrified and stalling for time)* Where . . . where's Mr. Weber?

Leo: *(Coldly)* Down there in the boat canal. Take a look!

Vicky: No. I . . . I believe you.

Leo: Well, believe me, you'll get the same if you don't get smart!

Vicky: What do you want me to do?

Leo: Open up Weber's safe! You know the combination!

Vicky: No! . . . The sheriff's coming.
Leo: We'll be gone before he gets here.
Vicky: All right, Leo. . . . *(Begs)* But don't make me go with you.
Leo: *(Coldly)* I'm not leavin' nobody behind to talk.
Regan: *(Off mike, calls sharply)* You're not going anywhere!
Vicky: *(Alarmed, shouts)* Mr. Regan! Don't come near Leo! He's killed Mr. Weber, and he'll kill you!
Sound (deliberate footsteps approach on catwalk)
Regan: We'll have to see about that!
Leo: Who's that guy on the catwalk, Vicky?
Regan: *(Grimly)* I'm Jim Regan—the brother of the boy you drowned!
Leo: *(Mockingly)* Oh yeah?
Regan: But *I'm* not a boy!
Leo: *(Coldly)* You'll be just as dead *(Effort of throwing)* . . . when I get through with you!
Vicky: *(Shouts)* Look out for the harpoon!
Sound (thud of harpoon striking wooden wall)
Regan: *(Scornfully)* A rotten throw for a guy who plays Neptune!
Vicky: *(Slightly off mike, begs)* Keep away from him! Wait for Mr. Cranston and the police!
Regan: *(Comes on slowly and doggedly)* He killed my brother!
Leo: *(Effort of throwing)* And I'll kill you!
Sound (clatter of balsa floats attached to large net)
Vicky: *(Shouts)* Look out for the net!
Sound (clatter of balsa floats . . . scuffle . . . blow and crash of body)
Leo: *(Panting)* Sucker! Now I've got you like a fish in a trap! *(Effort of holding)*
Sound (thud of hard blow to body)
Vicky: *(Back slightly)* Let him go, Leo! Don't hit him again!
Leo: *(Startled)* Put that harpoon down, sister!
Vicky: Let him out of that net, or I'll use this harpoon!
Leo: *(Pauses)* O.K. . . . O.K., Vicky! I'll make a deal. . . .
Vicky: What . . . what kind of deal?
Leo: *(Slowly)* I'll tell you what. . . . I'll *(Fast)* take that sticker! *(Grabs for harpoon)*

Vicky: *(Gasps)*

Sound (clatter of harpoon hitting floor)

Leo: *(Mockingly)* Come here, you little fool. Don't you know mermaids don't know how to handle harpoons!

Shadow: *(Off mike)* But the Shadow does! *(Laughs)*

Leo: *(Startled)* What's *that?* Who said that?

Shadow: The Shadow, Leo!

Leo: The Shadow! Where?

Shadow: Don't bother to look around, Leo. Even if there were twice as much light in the undersea gloom of this chamber of horrors, you could not see the Shadow.

Leo: *(Baffled)* Why can't I see you, Shadow? You're here . . . close by! . . .

Shadow: *(Mockingly)* Almost close enough to touch you. Close enough to drive the harpoon through your murderous heart.

Leo: I can see the harpoon moving. Why can't I see *you?*

Shadow: Because the Shadow has the power to paralyze your murder-twisted mind. . . . *(Sharply)* Lower the girl to the floor. She's fainted. *(Harshly)* Let her go, Leo!

Sound (slump of limp body on floor)

Leo: *(Stunned)* What do you want, Shadow?

Shadow: Nothing you can offer, Leo. *(Mockingly)* Not even if you were really Neptune! . . . Not even if those sea chests were full of gold . . . and this were really your kingdom of the deep instead of a tunnel of horror and death.

Leo: *(Recovering)* Why are you here?

Shadow: To put an end to your reign of terror!

Leo: *(Slowly)* If I could only see you! . . . If I could only get my hands on you!

Shadow: *(Sharply)* Take that net off Jim Regan!

Leo: *(Slyly)* Yeah . . . yeah, sure. . . . O.K., then maybe you and me can make a deal, Shadow.

Sound (clatter of balsa floats as he pulls net off)

Shadow: *(Sharply)* Now splash water on his face . . . from the canal! Revive him!

Leo: *(Slowly, craftily)* Yeah . . . O.K. . . . Sure, Shadow. . . . *(Effort of throwing) Sure!*

Sound (clatter of floats as net is thrown at Shadow)

Leo: *(Shouts triumphantly)* Got you!
Shadow: *(Slightly off mike, laughs)* No, Leo. But I *thought* you'd try throwing that net at me!
Leo: *(Puzzled)* Why'd you gimme a chance *if* you can control my mind?
Shadow: I willed your mind to do it.
Leo: Why?
Shadow: I wanted the net taken off Regan so he will be free to hold you for the police when he regains consciousness.
Leo: *(Sneers)* How's he gonna keep me here for the cops or anybody . . . including you, Shadow?
Shadow: *This* way!
Sound (clatter of balsa floats on net)
Leo: *(Cries out, startled)* The net!
Shadow: *(Effort of throwing)* Neptune's net!
Sound (clatter of floats . . . scuffle . . . thud of blow and crash of heavy body)
Leo: *(Struggling to free himself)* You tricked me! . . . tricked me into giving you the net!
Shadow: Yes, Leo. . . . Stop struggling! . . . The more you struggle, the more entangled you'll become in the deadly net of your own murderous folly! . . .
Sound (police sirens come on and stop outside)
Leo: *(Gasps)* The cops!
Shadow: Stop struggling, Leo! You're on the edge of the canal! . . . Lie very still until the police come, or you'll join Weber in the water *(Draws back)* and drown like Tom Regan in this make-believe kingdom of the deep! *(Laughs)*
Sound (Shadow's laughter booms and fades in semi-echo of tunnel)
Music (up and out for . . .)
Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .
(Pause for commercial)
Announcer: Now back to the Shadow.
Music (up and out)
Weston: *(Irate)* Cranston! I thought I asked you to keep an eye on Jim Regan while you were out at that Tunnel of Terror! . . .
Cranston: Sorry, Commissioner, but I couldn't be in two places at one time.

Margot: And Jim disobeyed Lamont's orders by going into the tunnels at all.
Weston: According to the sheriff, Jim almost got himself killed like his brother.
Margot: But don't forget, Commissioner, Jim *did* save Vicky Vale's life.
Weston: *(Explodes)* How?! . . . As I got it, she'd fainted from fright, and Regan was out colder than a mackerel when the sheriff and his men got into Neptune's palace . . . or whatever they call that place!
Cranston: *(Mildly amused)* But Leo was tangled up and helpless in Neptune's net.
Weston: How did *that* happen? According to the sheriff, the last thing Jim Regan remembered was being caught in the net himself.
Cranston: *(Mockingly)* Maybe Leo took it off to carry Regan out the emergency exit to the ocean and got tangled up in it himself. . . .
Weston: No! . . . Do you know what I think, Cranston?
Cranston: You shouldn't strain your mind on closed cases, Commissioner.
Weston: *I* think you're going soft, Cranston.
Cranston: *(Puzzled)* How so? . . .
Weston: I think you went there and threw that net over Leo and then left him so the sheriff could get the full credit for the capture of the killer. . . . It's just the sort of thing you'd do, Cranston.
Cranston: *(Relieved)* Oh. . . .
Margot: *(Laughs)* Lamont, Commissioner Weston thinks you're becoming modest.
Cranston: *(Laughs)* Heaven forbid! A shy guy would never have a chance on a case with *you*, Commissioner . . . much less with the killers we have to deal with.
Weston: *(Growls)* So stay as *sly* as you are!
Cranston: *(Chuckles)* I'll try. *(Aside)* Come on, Margot. Can't you see that the commissioner is a very busy man?
Music (up and out)
Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .
Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*
Music (theme—up and out)

THE END



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lamont Cranston *(the Shadow)*

Margot Lane (Margot *is pronounced "Margo")*

Teresa *(the housekeeper at the Villa Mentone in Rome)*

Vittorio Scalza *(an Italian movie director)*

Lydia Stevens *(an American movie actress)*

Tony Fortunato *(an American racketeer)*

Commissario *(Italian commissioner of police)*

Announcer

Music (theme . . . under the following)

Shadow: Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows. *(Laughs*—"Hahaha-a-ah" *in a spectral crescendo)*

Music (up and under . . .)

Announcer: The Shadow, who aids the forces of law and order, is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, while in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret . . . the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. Cranston's friend, Margot Lane, is the only person who knows whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs to.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Today's drama, "The Bells of St. Peter's," is about a missing movie star, a blood-stained room, and a strange department-store sales slip. It will begin in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now the Shadow and "The Bells of St. Peter's."

Music (up and out for . . .)

Announcer: The Italian sun is warm and bright on this Saturday morning in April. The streets of Rome are crowded with laughing children and people rushing about to finish up their shopping in time for tomorrow—Easter Sunday. . . . But in the Villa (vē′lä) Mentone (men tō′ ne), an apartment hotel just off the Piazza[1] (pē ät′ sä) Barberini (bär′ be rē′ nē), the housekeeper's mind is not on Easter but on the many apartments she still has to clean. Teresa (te rā′ zä) sets down her mop and broom, pauses before the door of a suite on the second floor, and mutters to herself. . . .

Teresa: *(Annoyed)* Ah, these Americano (ä me′ rē kä′ nō) movie stars! This one . . . she make so much trouble. She say, "Teresa, do this. Teresa, get me that. Teresa, clean this." A woman so beautiful . . . and so cold . . . like a fish. Sì[2] (sē), like a fish. . . .

Sound (knock on door)

Teresa: *(Pauses, then calls)* Signora[3] (sēn yō′ rä) Stevens!

Sound (repeated knocks on door)

Teresa: She is out . . . making the pictures for the cinema. Buono[4] (bwō′ nō)! . . . Now I can go in . . .

Sound (rattle of key in lock . . . door opened)

Teresa: . . . and clean as I wish. No one to say, "Teresa, the stockings. Teresa, the . . . " *(Stops short and gasps)* Mamma mia[5] (mē′ ä)! . . . What has happened?

Sound (running footsteps under . . .)

Teresa: Signora Stevens! Signora Stevens! . . . *(Moans)* Blood . . . everywhere blood! The chairs overturned . . . the lamps broken. . . . I—I am afraid to

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1. *Piazza,* city square. **2.** *Sì,* yes. **3.** *Signora,* Mrs. **4.** *Buono,* good. **5.** *Mamma mia!,* exclamation similar to *good grief!* in English (literally *my mother* in Italian).

look. I am afraid to open this closet door. She may be . . .

Sound (closet door opened slowly)

Teresa: *(Relieved)* No . . . no one here. But the furniture, the blood! *(Swallows hard)* I—I am sick. I must call the police . . . at once!

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (light traffic sounds and footsteps under . . .)

Margot: There it is, Lamont! . . . just up ahead . . . *(Reading sign)* "Studio Elena (e lā′ nä) . . . Directors' Offices." . . . Oh, Lamont, this is going to be such fun!

Cranston: *(Chuckles)* If you were so anxious to visit a movie studio, Margot, you didn't have to wait until we came to Rome. They've got them in America too, you know. . . .

Margot: I know. But *this*—this is different. A movie directed by the one and only Vittorio (vē tō′ rē ō) Scalza (skäl′ tsä) . . . the famous Italian director. . . .

Cranston: And starring Lydia Stevens . . . the most intriguing of all American stars.

Margot: That should be a winning combination, Lamont.

Cranston: Here we are. Signore[6] (sēn yō′ re) Scalza's office. Guess we'd better knock. . . .

Scalza: *(Off mike, shouting)* This is the end! Everything is ruined . . . finished . . . destroyed!

Margot: Lamont . . . listen!

Cranston: Yes . . . someone sounds pretty excited.

Sound (knock on door)

Scalza: *(Off mike, shouting)* Twenty years in the theater . . . and never, *never* has such a thing happened to me—Vittorio Scalza! . . .

Margot: Better knock again.

Sound (knock on door)

Scalza: *(Off mike)* Come in!

Sound (door opened)

Scalza: They cannot do this to me! I will not permit it! . . . Never! A hundred thousand . . . *(Breaks off)* Ah! Signore Cranston. . . . I am glad to see you!

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6. *Signore*, Mr.

Cranston: Buon giorno[7] (bwōn jôr′ nō), Signore Scalza. What seems to be the trouble?

Scalza: Trouble?! Everything is lost . . . finished. I am ruined! . . .

Margot: Why? What's happened, Mr. Scalza?

Scalza: My star—Lydia Stevens—she is gone . . . disappeared . . . vanished!

Cranston: *(Incredulous)* Lydia Stevens gone?

Scalza: Now—one day before the film is finished—with only two more scenes to shoot . . . the most important scenes in the story. . . .

Margot: What scenes are they?

Scalza: A love scene—the greatest love scene in the history of the cinema. And a death scene—the most tragic one ever written. Without them I have nothing . . . a hundred thousand dollars lost!

Cranston: Signore Scalza, why do you say Miss Stevens has disappeared? Perhaps she's ill . . . or delayed.

Scalza: No, no, no, *no!* She is gone. Something terrible has happened to her!

Margot: What makes you so sure?

Scalza: Last night I have a dinner engagement with her. She is to meet me at Donay's. She does not come. I call her apartment. No answer. Today—all day—I call her place. She is not there. Now I have been calling the police. They are looking for her.

Margot: Perhaps she's tired, Mr. Scalza, and went off for a few days' rest.

Scalza: Rest! *(Laughs scornfully)* You do not know this Stevens woman. She lives only for her work. Nothing—*nothing* stands in the way of her career. No. If she is not here, it is because she is dead . . . or kidnapped . . . or out of her mind. And I—I am ruined. I may as well throw myself into the Tiber[8] (tī′ bər).

Cranston: Signore Scalza, perhaps it's not too late. Perhaps we can help. . . .

Scalza: Help? Can you take her place? . . . Or Signorina[9] (sēn′ yō rē′ nä) Lane? . . . How can *you* help?

7. *Buon giorno*, good day. **8.** *Tiber*, river flowing through Rome; *Tevere* (te ver′e) in Italian. **9.** *Signorina*, Miss.

Cranston: I don't know . . . yet. But suppose Miss Lane and I start by checking on Lydia Stevens's apartment. . . .

Music (bridge and out)

Teresa: *(Excited)* Blood . . . everywhere blood. You see?

Cranston: Yes, I see.

Margot: And the furniture overturned, Lamont . . . the lamps and vases smashed. Vittorio Scalza was right. Something terrible *has* happened to Lydia Stevens.

Cranston: Teresa, when you came in to clean this apartment before . . . is this how you found it?

Teresa: Sì, signore. I swear it. I touch nothing. I call the polizia[10] (pō′ lē tsē′ ä) at once. . . . Ask the commissario (kō′ mē sä′ rē ō) here.

Commissario: I believe she speaks the truth, Signore Cranston. She called right after Signore Scalza did.

Cranston: Tell me, Teresa . . . did you hear anything?

Teresa: I hear many things . . . shouting, fighting, cursing.

Margot: From this apartment?

Teresa: How can one tell? We are right near the Piazza Barberini. There is much noise on the streets. And this is a big hotel. . . . Many people shout.

Cranston: Did you hear or see anything last night?

Commissario: Why do you ask her about last night, signore?

Margot: Her bed wasn't slept in, Commissioner. . . .

Commissario: So? . . .

Cranston: And Lydia Stevens didn't keep an appointment with her director. . . .

Commissario: Ah, sì. That is so. Then whatever happened to Signora Stevens . . . may have happened last night.

Cranston: *(Concerned)* And if that profuse bleeding wasn't stopped in a little while . . .

Margot: *(Cuts in)* Lamont! You don't think she might have bled to death!

Cranston: It's possible, Margot.

Commissario: *(Sternly)* Teresa, tell me. Who comes to see this woman—this Americana actress? . . .

Teresa: *(Sullenly)* Nobody.

Margot: What?!

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10. *polizia,* police.

Teresa: It is the truth. She has no friends. When she not work . . . she stay home alone.
Margot: *Alone?* . . . A beautiful woman like that?
Cranston: I'd heard that about her, Margot. She was . . . I mean she is . . . not very sociable.
Margot: Oh . . . like the famous Greta Garbo.
Commissario: You're *sure*, Teresa . . . you have never seen anyone come here to visit this woman?
Teresa: Never. *(Pauses, then reluctantly)* Only one man. . . .
Margot: A man!
Cranston: Who was it?
Teresa: I—I do not know his name. He is a big man . . . big shoulders . . . long curly hair . . . very handsome. He give big tips.
Commissario: I see. *(Thinking aloud)* A big handsome man.
Teresa: Sì, sì. He wear very fine clothes.
Cranston: Fine clothes? . . . Was he Americano?
Teresa: Sì, sì. He speak Inglese[11] (ēn glā′ se).
Commissario: You heard him speak?
Teresa: Sì. He have strange voice . . . like—like whisper.
Commissario: Ah, and he breathes like this? *(Wheezes)*
Teresa: Sì, Commissario. That is the one.
Cranston: You know him, Commissioner?
Commissario: Sì. And you have heard of him no doubt. He is the Americano—Tony Fortunato (fôr′ tü nä′ tō).
Margot: Tony Fortunato? Mean anything to you, Lamont?
Cranston: Of course. He was deported from America several years ago for his criminal activities. . . . Commissario, do you know where we can find him?
Commissario: Certo[12] (cher′ tō). We have been keeping—how you say? . . . the eye of the eagle on him. We do not like narcotic peddlers anymore than you do. You will find him at the Hotel Flamma (flä′ mä). It is on the Piazza Adriana (ä′ drē ä′ nä). . . .
Margot: Lamont, that's right near the Castel Sant'Angelo[13] (kä stel′ sänt än′ jā lō).

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11. *Inglese*, English. **12.** *Certo*, certainly. **13.** *Castel Sant'Angelo*, huge fortress rising above the Tiber River in Rome, built in A.D. 135–139 as a tomb for the Roman emperor Hadrian and his successors.

Cranston: Grazie[14] (grä′ tsē), Commissario. We'll hurry right over. . . .

Commissario: I will go with you.

Cranston: If you don't mind, I'd rather make this visit . . . unofficial. We may get more out of him that way.

Commissario: As you wish, Signore Cranston. Only remember . . . be very careful. This Fortunato may be dangerous. . . .

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Having found a link between Lydia Stevens, an American movie star who has vanished, and Tony Fortunato, an American racketeer who has been deported, Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane decide to call on Fortunato at his hotel in Rome. . . . They are now standing outside the door of his hotel suite. . . .

Sound (door buzzer sounded . . . door opened)

Fortunato: *(In a wheezy whisper throughout)* Sì, sì. . . . Chi[15] (kē)? . . . *(Breaks off)* Oh. . . .

Cranston: Mr. Fortunato?

Fortunato: *(Pauses briefly)* Yeah?

Cranston: My name's . . . Crandall. This is my friend . . . Miss Lane.

Fortunato: Yeah, yeah. . . . So what?

Cranston: Well, we're Americans.

Fortunato: So what do you want . . . a twenty-one gun salute?

Margot: Why, no. . . . We just thought . . .

Fortunato: *(Cuts in)* You thought I'd drop down and kiss your feet because you come from the good old U.S.A. Well, nuts to that. . . .

Cranston: Just a moment, Mr. Fortunato. You've got us wrong. We're no ordinary tourists.

Fortunato: No? . . .

---

14. *Grazie*, thank you. **15.** *Chi*, who (the form used in asking questions).

Cranston: No. I . . . I'm a magazine writer. I'd like to do a piece about you. An article that . . .
Fortunato: *(Cuts in, interested)* Oh . . . you would?
Cranston: Very much. You see, back home most people—especially your enemies—have the idea you're miserable here . . . that you're living in poverty.
Fortunato: They do? . . . no kiddin'? They think I'm broke?
Margot: You'd be surprised.
Cranston: I want to write an article telling the truth . . . showing how well you're doing . . . how you live . . . the real lowdown. . . .
Fortunato: O.K., O.K. . . . Good idea. Come on in. I'll tell you everything you wanna know.
Sound (door closed)
Fortunato: Think I'm poor, do they? Look around. Finest suite in the hotel . . . all the furnishings mine. What do you think of it?
Margot: Why . . . it's beautiful.
Fortunato: How you like those paintings? . . . They're all genu*ine. (Mispronounces)* Some by Picasso[16] (pi kä′ sō) and Degas[17] (dā gä′) . . . nice, huh? . . .
Cranston: Fabulous! . . . How about modern paintings?
Fortunato: Ain't these modern? They better be! If I find out anybody's palmed off any old-fashioned stuff on me, I'll cool 'em off!
Margot: *(Slightly off mike)* And what a wonderful collection of books! . . . Have you read them all?
Fortunato: Uh . . . not yet. I'm gonna, though.
Cranston: What a magazine story this'll make! . . . Say, that's a very valuable book up there on the top shelf—that copy of Dante[18] (dän′ tā). May I look at it?
Fortunato: Sure. I'll get it for you. *(Effort of stretching)* This one? . . .
Cranston: That's it. . . . I'd like to check the publication date. . . .
Fortunato: *(Stretching)* Here you are.
Cranston: Thanks. . . . Say, what happened to your wrist?

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16. *Picasso*, Pablo (1881–1973), Spanish painter and sculptor. **17.** *Degas*, Edgar (1834–1917), French impressionist painter. **18.** *Dante* (1265–1321), Italian poet, author of the *Divine Comedy.*

Fortunato: What?
Cranston: I noticed the bandage when you reached up. What happened?
Fortunato: *(Suspicious)* You're pretty nosy, aren't you?
Cranston: That's my profession . . . asking questions.
Fortunato: Oh, yeah. Well, I broke a shaving mirror last night. Just nicked me. . . . Nothin' at all.
Margot: Pretty big bandage for a little cut. . . .
Fortunato: Yeah. Well, you see . . . I'm a bleeder . . . something about my blood. . . .
Cranston: I see. . . . Funny thing . . .
Fortunato: *(Cuts in) What* is?
Cranston: Just a little while ago . . . we saw evidences of quite a lot of bleeding. . . .
Fortunato: Yeah? Where?
Cranston: At the apartment of Lydia Stevens. Ever hear of her?
Fortunato: Yeah, the movie star. What were *you* doing there?
Margot: We went there to do a story for a movie magazine. But she was gone, and her apartment was a shambles. . . .
Cranston: Blood all over the place. . . .
Fortunato: I don't like the way you're talkin', pal. What are you gettin' at?
Cranston: Did you know Lydia Stevens?
Fortunato: Maybe. . . . What about it?
Cranston: What kind of dealings did you have with her?
Fortunato: Watch out, buddy. You're steppin' outa line.
Margot: If you don't tell *us*, you'll have to tell the police.
Fortunato: You think so?
Cranston: Yes. They know you've been to see her . . . You're the only man in Rome who *did* visit her.
Fortunato: So what?
Cranston: Were you there last night?
Fortunato: No! No, I wasn't. I ain't seen her in weeks. . . . And now, you two . . . *out!* I can get along without you *and* your lousy magazine. *Out!* . . . before I throw you out!
Cranston: Very well. . . . Miss Lane and I will

leave. . . . Arrivederci[19] (ä rē′ ve dēr′ chē), my friend. We will meet again. . . .

Music (short bridge and out)

Margot: *(Storming)* I don't get it! I just *don't* get it! Why don't the police grab that Fortunato . . . and stick him in jail?!

Cranston: On what grounds?

Margot: Murder . . . the murder of Lydia Stevens.

Cranston: No motive . . . no means . . . no weapon . . . no corpse. . . . They don't have much of a case.

Margot: Oh, *you* . . . you and your law. I'm surprised the police had sense enough to warn Fortunato not to leave Rome. That man's a killer, I tell you.

Sound (phone lifted off cradle)

Cranston: Hello, operator? Operator, this is Mr. Cranston again in room 412. How are you doing on that call to the States? . . . That's right . . . Police Commissioner Weston. . . . Sì, sì. . . . You have? . . . All right, I'll try it anyway. *(To Margot)* There's a little trouble on the line. *(Into phone)* Weston? . . . This is Cranston. . . . I said this is Cranston! . . . Yes, in Rome. . . . *Rome!* . . . I can't hear a word you're saying. . . . What's that? . . . You hear *me?* Good! . . . Weston, I'd like you to cable me some information. I want all the dope you can get hold of on one Tony Fortunato, *(Starts fading off mike)* deported from the States in . . .

Music (bridge and out for . . .)

Sound (footsteps on concrete)

Margot: Oh, brother! . . . these Italian police stations! You can get lost in these halls. I'll bet the commissario was bowled over when you told him about Weston's cable.

Cranston: I don't know. All he said was "Come right over and bring the cable with you."

Margot: I know *I* was bowled over. We suspected *some* kind of connection between Fortunato and Lydia Stevens, but *this!*

Cranston: Strange, isn't it? . . . her daughter and Fortunato . . . man and wife.

Margot: It's unbelievable! Lydia Stevens is so young-looking on the screen . . . she plays ingenues[20]

---

19. *Arrivederci*, good-by. **20.** . . . *plays ingenues*, acts the part of young women.

(an′ zhə nüz). Who in the world would have believed she had a marriageable daughter?!

Cranston: Oh, I don't know. . . . She could be in her early thirties and have an eighteen-year-old daughter. That's not so odd. What bothers me is why her daughter would want to marry a . . . a gangster like Fortunato.

Margot: Well, he's terribly handsome, Lamont . . . dresses beautifully . . . has loads of money. . . .

Cranston: Yes. And he was riding high when she married him. He lived in a penthouse on Park Avenue . . . mixed with the theater crowd. . . . Here we are. According to the sign, this is the commissario's office. . . .

Sound (door opened)

Commissario: Ah, Signore Cranston . . . Signorina Lane. . . .

Margot: We didn't expect you to be working on Easter Sunday.

Commissario: What choice have I? This Lydia Stevens must be found. . . .

Cranston: Here's the cable, Commissario. . . .

Commissario: Sì, sì. . . . Grazie. You have already informed me of its contents.

Margot: I guess you never knew Fortunato was married.

Commissario: On the contrary, Miss Lane. We knew it all the time.

Cranston: What?!

Commissario: We know he is married . . . but we do not know his wife is daughter of Signora Stevens.

Cranston: When he was deported, Commissioner, did she come here to Italy with him?

Commissario: Un momento[21] (ün mō men′ tō), I look in file. . . . *(Hums)* Ah, sì . . . she come here with him.

Cranston: She did?! Well then, do you know where she is?

Commissario: *(Sadly)* Sì, sì, I know. . . . She is dead. . . . She die last year . . . bad heart . . . much sickness.

Margot: Oh, what a shame!

Cranston: Yes . . . only one thing puzzles me. Why should Lydia Stevens and Fortunato have anything to do with each other if the only link between them is dead?

---

21. *Un momento*, just a moment.

Commissario: Scusi[22] (skü′ sē), Signore Cranston. I see in my file there is another link . . . not dead. . . .

Margot: Another link?

Commissario: Sì. . . . In Rome a child was born of this marriage . . . a boy. Here is the certificate of birth.

Music (theme)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow!

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane —investigating the disappearance in Rome of Lydia Stevens, the movie actress, and suspecting foul play at the hands of Tony Fortunato, an ex-gangster—discover that Fortunato was married to Lydia's daughter, that the daughter died . . . but is survived by a young son, presumably living somewhere in Italy. Cranston and Margot hurry back to Lydia Stevens's apartment in the Villa Mentone, determined to find some clue. . . .

Margot: It's no use, Lamont. The police have been over this place with a fine-tooth comb. And we've searched it once before. . . . What can you expect to find?

Cranston: You never know, Margot. A clue doesn't have a sticker on it. Something here may give us a lead.

Margot: Well, I don't see what those department-store boxes are going to tell you. . . . They're all empty. . . .

Cranston: Yes, I suppose you're . . . *(Stops short)* Margot! Look at this sales slip!

Margot: What does it say? You know my Italian is weak. . . .

Cranston: So's mine, but listen . . . two pairs of children's shoes . . . a boy's jacket, size three.

Margot: Of course! . . . Look at this one—a set of toy trains, five thousand lire[23] (lē′ re). . . .

Cranston: Toy trains!

Margot: And a cowboy suit, size three!

Cranston: Lydia Stevens was buying things for a little boy!

---

22. *Scusi,* I beg your pardon. **23.** *five thousand lire,* about $7.70 in U.S. money.

That means she knew where her grandson was . . . or hoped to find out.

Lydia: *(Off mike, weakly)* Yes, you're right . . . whoever you are. I . . . I . . .

Margot: Lamont, she's fainting!

Cranston: Mrs. Stevens!

Margot: She's going to . . .

Cranston: *(Cuts in)* I've got her. . . . Mrs. Stevens, are you all right? . . . Margot, some wine . . . quickly!

Lydia: No . . . I—I'm all right. Just help me get into a chair. . . .

Cranston: Yes, of course. Steady . . . that's it.

Margot: *(Fading on mike)* Here . . . drink this.

Lydia: Thank you. *(Drinks)* You—you're Americans?

Cranston: Yes. . . . friends of Vittorio Scalza, your director. He's been frantic about your disappearance. . . . Where've you been, Mrs. Stevens? . . . What happened to you?

Lydia: It's a long story. Ever since my daughter died, I—I've tried to get custody of her child, my grandson. He's here in Italy. . . . I wanted to bring him to America. But Tony Fortunato wouldn't let me have him.

Margot: He doesn't like you very much, does he?

Lydia: He's always hated me . . . just as I've hated him. He ruined my daughter's life. . . . He drove her to her death. He . . . *(Breaks off)* Well, that's over with now. . . .

Cranston: Yes. . . . Go on.

Lydia: When I was asked to come over here to Rome to make this picture, I pulled all kinds of wires. I managed to get court orders and letters from the State Department —and what not . . . in the hope that I could get the authorities here to turn my grandson over to me.

Cranston: But, Mrs. Stevens! . . . American court orders . . . they wouldn't have any force here in Italy.

Lydia: Tony didn't know that. When he found out I had those papers, he got frightened, so he sent little Tommy to some relatives in the country . . . and came here to my apartment Friday night.

Margot: He lied to us, Lamont. He said he wasn't here.

Lydia: He was here all right. He demanded the papers. I refused to give them to him. He got furious . . . began searching like a madman, tearing the place apart. I tried to stop him. . . . We fought. Finally I picked up a vase

. . . tried to hit him on the head, but he warded it off with his arm. . . .

Cranston: Yes . . . and cut his wrist.

Lydia: He—he bled all over the place. It was awful. But it didn't stop him. . . . In the end, he found the papers . . . and left.

Margot: And you didn't go to the police?

Lydia: I didn't want any publicity. And I had no time. I had to leave at once. I was determined to get my grandson . . . even if I had to abduct him.

Cranston: But you didn't even know where to go!

Lydia: Yes I did. Tony let it slip as we were struggling. He mentioned his cousin in Orvieto[24] (ôr′ vē ā′ tō). I hired a car that night and drove there.

Margot: Then that's why you didn't meet Scalza for dinner.

Lydia: Yes. I reached Orvieto about two o'clock Saturday morning. I couldn't do anything until later, of course. About nine o'clock Saturday morning I drove up close to the farmhouse on the outskirts of Orvieto. I waited for Tommy to come out to play. I thought I would lure him to my car with toys and games—things I had bought several days ago in the hope of finding him. I even had a little cowboy suit for him. . . .

Margot: And? . . .

Lydia: Tommy never came out. It was obvious they'd been warned that I might come. The child had been spirited away. I stayed in the village nearby a second night, but I knew I had lost. I would never have another chance. . . .

Margot: You—you want that child very much, don't you?

Lydia: Yes. My daughter's dead. I—I did so many things wrong with her—so many. But it's too late now to make it up with her. . . . I no longer have a husband. I have *nothing*—nothing but money and things and a career. I have nobody in the world but my grandson. I'd give up everything for him.

Cranston: Perhaps you won't have to, Mrs. Stevens.

Lydia: What do you mean?

Cranston: Well, so far Tony Fortunato has been lucky. The sun has been shining for him. . . .

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24. *Orvieto*, town with a population of 25,195 (1971) about 80 miles north-northwest of Rome.

Lydia: And now?
Cranston: A Shadow is about to cross his path. . . .
Music (bridge and out)
Fortunato: *(On phone)* You understand, Giuseppe (jü ze′ pā)? . . . Don't let anyone come near the place . . . *nobody*. . . . Sì, sì, . . . I'll pay you. Don't worry. But if you let anyone take my son, you'll be sorry. You understand? . . . Good! . . . Arrivederci. . . .
Sound (phone back on cradle)
Shadow: *(Laughs)*
Fortunato: Who's that? Who's laughing?
Shadow: The Shadow, Tony. *(Laughs)*
Fortunato: Shadow? . . . What shadow? There's nobody here.
Shadow: You can't see me, Tony, but I'm here. I followed you in. . . .
Fortunato: No! . . . It's a trick! It's my imagination! . . . I must be going nuts.
Shadow: Why, Tony? . . . because your conscience bothers you? . . . because you're hurting a lovely woman *again?*
Fortunato: She wants my kid—*mine!* . . . Why should I give him up? Why should she take him away? . . .
Shadow: Because it's better for him, Tony . . . and you know it.
Fortunato: Better? . . . It's better for him to be with *me* than in America . . . where they threw his father out.
Shadow: Why did they throw his father out? Think back, Tony. Think of the narcotics your henchmen peddled to innocent teen-age kids. Think of the kids whose lives you've ruined!
Fortunato: No! . . . Go away! . . . Go away! . . .
Shadow: That boy of yours . . . you'll make him suffer for your crimes. Do you want him to grow up like you? . . . a criminal? . . . He needs a mother, Tony . . . and there is one who wants him. . . .
Fortunato: You're trying to soften me up . . . to make me give up what's mine. . . . I hate that woman. I've always hated her. Why should I stop now? Why should I give in?
Sound (church bells)
Shadow: *(Pauses briefly)* Listen, Tony. . . . You hear that? . . . the bells of St. Peter's—just a few blocks away.

It's Easter Sunday. . . . Listen, Tony. Perhaps you'll find your answer. . . .

Sound (church bells peal a bit more loudly)

Music (music and bells up and out for . . .)

Announcer: We will return to the Shadow in just a moment, but first . . .

(Pause for commercial)

Announcer: And now back to the Shadow.

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Now—a little later—Lamont Cranston and Margot Lane are standing before the magnificent St. Peter's Church in Vatican City,[25] watching the throngs of people go up the steps toward the entrance. The air is balmy, the sky a cloudless blue . . . a perfect Easter Sunday. Margot is speaking. . . .

Sound (church bells fade way down under . . .)

Margot: Isn't it beautiful, Lamont? I can hardly believe I'm really here in Rome on Easter Sunday. . . .

Cranston: Not exactly *Rome*, Margot . . . Vatican City. . . .

Margot: *(Sighs happily)* Just look at those fountains . . . and those pillars. . . . And listen to those bells! Don't they do something to you?

Cranston: Yes. And they evidently did something to Tony Fortunato, too. . . .

Margot: You mean the way he suddenly gave in?

Cranston: Yes. For a moment he thought of the future—of the days and years to come. And he realized that in the eyes of his son, he'd always be a gangster. His son might love him, but he'd be handicapped for the rest of his life by his father's reputation.

Margot: And Tony, like most fathers, decided he wanted better things in life for his son. He wants Tommy to grow up to be proud and happy. . . .

Cranston: Yes. He finally realized that Tommy would be much better off with Lydia Stevens.

Margot: Lydia Stevens—what a woman, Lamont! . . . So cold, so hard-boiled, and yet she was willing to risk her life to get that child.

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25. *Vatican City*, independent state (109 acres) within Rome. Ruled by the Pope, it includes St. Peter's Church, the palace of the Pope, the Vatican Museum, and other buildings.

Cranston: She was suffering the pangs of remorse too, Margot. She'd kept her daughter hidden from sight . . . neglected her for a career . . . and finally lost her.

Margot: And that's why she wanted Tommy. She couldn't undo the wrongs she had done her daughter, but she could make it up to her daughter's son.

Cranston: In the end, Lydia Stevens learned that money, the things money can buy, and fame mean nothing when you have no one to love—no one who loves you. They were both lost in a way—Lydia Stevens and Tony Fortunato. But a little child, on Easter Sunday, showed them the way.

Sound (church bells up, then fading into . . .)

Music (up and out)

Announcer: Listen again next week—same time, same station—when the Shadow will demonstrate that . . .

Shadow: The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. . . . Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows. . . . *(Laughs)*

Music (theme—up and out)

THE END

PRONUNCIATION KEY

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, in this way: **ab bre vi ate** (ə brē′vē āt). The letters and signs used are pronounced as in the words below. The mark ′ is placed after a syllable with primary or heavy accent, as in the example above. The mark ′ after a syllable shows a secondary or lighter accent, as in **ab bre vi a tion** (ə brē′vē ā′shən).

a	hat, cap
ā	age, face
ä	father, far
b	bad, rob
ch	child, much
d	did, red
e	let, best
ē	equal, be
ėr	term, learn
f	fat, if
g	go, bag
h	he, how
i	it, pin
ī	ice, five
j	jam, enjoy
k	kind, seek
l	land, coal
m	me, am
n	no, in
ng	long, bring
o	hot, rock
ō	open, go
ô	order, all
oi	oil, voice
ou	house, out
p	paper, cup
r	run, try
s	say, yes
sh	she, rush
t	tell, it
th	thin, both
ŦH	then, smooth
u	cup, butter
u̇	full, put
ü	rule, move
v	very, save
w	will, woman
y	young, yet
z	zero, breeze
zh	measure, seizure

ə represents:
a in about
e in taken
i in pencil
o in lemon
u in circus

The pronunciation key is from the *Thorndike-Barnhart Advanced Dictionary*, copyright 1974 by Scott, Foresman and Company.

GLOSSARY OF RADIO TERMS USED IN THIS BOOK

The following terms are directions to the actors or the sound-effects person. Some are not exclusively radio terms but are used also in TV and stage-play scripts.

adlib: To improvise or invent lines not written into the script by the author. *Adlib* is often a direction to a group, different actors speaking different phrases similar in meaning, as in the following:

Cast: *(Adlib good nights as they fade out)*

aside: Words addressed to one character (or several) but supposedly not heard by everyone in the scene. An aside is spoken slightly *off mike.*

back from mike: see **off mike.**

beat: A brief, clean-cut pause.

behind: see **under.**

breaks off: To stop speaking abruptly, often indicating surprise or sudden fear.

bridge: A sound effect, usually music, signaling a transition from one scene or time to another.

comes on: To move toward the microphone while beginning one's lines, creating the effect of a character approaching the others in the scene.

cuts in: To interrupt the lines being spoken by another actor.

down: To reduce the volume of a sound effect—wind, rain, etc.—*door slammed, rain sound down,* for example.

effort: To indicate by one's voice that the character is engaged in a strenuous activity while speaking—*Effort of lifting,* for example.

fade: To gradually diminish the volume of a character's voice or a sound effect.

fades in or **on:** see **comes on.**

fades off or **out:** To move away from the mike while finishing one's lines, creating the effect of a character leaving.

filter: When used after a character's name, a signal that the person's voice is being heard over the telephone:

Margot: *(Filter)* Shall I call the police?

When used in a sound effect, a signal that the sound is being heard over the telephone:

Sound (filter sound of phone ringing)

(To produce the distorted "telephone-voice" quality, a filter microphone is used in professional radio shows. Almost the same effect can be produced by having an actor talk partially across the face of the mike and partially across an ordinary drinking glass.)

off mike: To speak one's lines or produce a sound effect away from the mike, creating the illusion of distance.

on mike: To speak directly into the mike.

out: To decrease the volume of a sound effect, including music, quickly and then cut it off.

theme: The music played at the beginning and end of a radio show to identify it from all others. The theme is often heard also at the end of an act. The following direction appears at the end of each play in this book:

Music (theme—up and out)

under: To produce a sound effect, including music, as background for another sound effect or the words of the announcer or a character.

up: To bring up the volume of one's words, a sound effect, or music.

Death by Chapter

Talking it over

1. *a.* Who was Chet Hale? Why did he ask Cranston to read the first three chapters of Alvin Kane's manuscript?

b. Why did Cranston consider them "pretty frightening stuff"? Why did he want to meet the author?

2. *a.* Was Cranston's and Margot's first visit to Kane's rooming house very successful? Explain.

b. What kind of person was Mrs. Meggs, the landlady?

3. *a.* What did Cranston send to the rooming house? Why?

b. What was Kane's reaction when he received it?

c. Why did Kane decide to go to Hale's office?

4. *a.* On their second visit to the rooming house, what did Mrs. Meggs tell Cranston and Margot that frightened them?

b. What did they decide to do about it?

5. *a.* What did Kane do when he got to Hale's office?

b. What probably saved the secretary's life?

6. *a.* When Cranston arrived at Hale's office, what did the secretary tell him that frightened him very much?

b. What orders did he give Margot over the phone?

7. *a.* How did Mrs. Meggs react to Cranston when he went back to the rooming house as the Shadow?

b. What was Kane's first reaction to the Shadow? How and why did his reaction change?

8. In the first scene, Margot, Cranston, and Hale decided that Alvin Kane must be a disturbed person. How did Kane's behavior throughout the play prove they were right?

9. At the end of the next to last scene, the Shadow said to Kane, "The police and psychiatrists will write the remaining chapters of your life." What did the Shadow mean? How do you suppose Kane reacted to that remark?

10. What would you say is the purpose of the last scene? a. to explain Kane's behavior, b. to add a touch of horror, c. to add a touch of humor, d. to introduce new characters

11. On page 10 the announcer says that in *Death by Chapter* a would-be writer crosses the thin line beyond

which fiction becomes fact and imagination a murderous reality. Do you think this summarizes the main idea of the play? Explain.

Things you might do

1. Illustrate a scene (or several scenes) from the play.
2. Write a paragraph telling what Alvin Kane might have written in his next chapter if the Shadow had not put an end to his career as an author.
3. Dramatize two or more scenes from the play and present them, as far as possible, as if you and the others in the cast were actually "on the air" in a radio station.

Power over words

1. *a.* When you meet an unfamiliar word in your reading, the context in which the word is used often helps you figure out its meaning. Suppose you were not sure of the meaning of *invisible*, which is in the last sentence of the announcer's opening remarks. In the preceding sentence, there is a strong clue to the meaning of *invisible*. What is it?

b. Which of the following does *invisible* mean?
a. not heard, b. not powerful, c. not seen, d. not strange

2. *a.* If the context contains no clues to the meaning of an unfamiliar word, consult a dictionary. In the direction for reading one of Mrs. Meggs' lines on page 11, the phrase *showing hostility* occurs. Did you use a dictionary to find the meaning of *hostility?* Which of the following is it?
a. fear, b. friendliness, c. ignorance, d. unfriendliness

b. The word *dubious* is used as a direction for reading one of Margot's lines in the last scene. Which of the following does *dubious* mean? Did you need to consult a dictionary?
a. sorrowful, b. doubtful, c. hopeful, d. cheerful

3. What does *in a spectral crescendo* mean in the direction for producing the sound of the Shadow's laughter, page 9? How do you know?

4. The footnote, page 25, gives the meaning and origin of *milquetoasts.* Like *milquetoast,* the words below come from the names of people, real or fictional. Use a dictionary to find the meaning and origin of each.
a. maverick, b. panic, c. praline, d. diesel, e. leotard

The Blackball Murder

Talking it over

1. *a.* What caused the violent quarrel between Dan Jackson and Miles Anders in the first scene?

b. What information did Jackson demand from Anders?

c. Did Jackson believe what Anders told him? Explain.

2. *a.* What was the initiation ceremony at the yacht club?

b. Jackson's mentioning the initiation ceremony gave Anders two evil ideas. What were they?

3. *a.* In the second scene, why do you think Anders told Cranston and Margot about his quarrel with Jackson?

b. Who found Commodore Wilson's body? Where?

c. Why was Jackson a prime suspect for the murder?

4. *a.* On page 32, Cranston called the murder a symbolic killing. What was the symbol, and where was it found?

b. At Jackson's house, what did Cranston learn that made him say, "You're in trouble, Jackson"?

c. Why did Cranston and Margot follow Jackson after he got a phone call? Were they successful? Explain.

5. What happened aboard Jackson's yawl that made Cranston decide that the Shadow had better take a hand?

6. *a.* Explain why the next to last scene must have kept radio listeners on the edge of their chairs.

b. As you read it, what did you see in your mind's eye? What did you hear in your imagination?

c. At the end of this scene, what did the Shadow mean when he said it was ironic that Anders was brought to justice by a single misstep on a rolling marble—a child's plaything and man's symbol of rejection of his fellowman?

7. What did Cranston explain in the last scene?
a. why he assumed Jackson was innocent, b. how Helen Jackson died, c. why he made no mistakes

Things you might do

1. Draw a picture of any or all of the following:
a. Jackson's yawl, b. Anders' cabin cruiser, c. Commodore Wilson's sloop, d. Cranston rowing Margot in the dinghy

2. As Margot, write a letter to a friend telling how you and Cranston got involved in the blackball murder case and how the crime was solved.

3. Dramatize the first three scenes of this play for a group of students who have not read it. Then invite them to tell who they think murdered Commodore Wilson and why.

Power over words

1. *a.* In asking about the initiation ceremony, Jackson used the word *neophyte.* Did you look up its meaning in a dictionary? Which two of the following would be considered a neophyte?

a. a pilot who has flown two hundred missions
b. a person learning to drive a car
c. a person who has taught school for fifteen years
d. an architect who has designed twelve skyscrapers
e. a person being initiated into a club

b. Why did Cranston refer to the yacht club's ballot box as the "doomsday box"?

a. It was a huge black box. b. It made applicants for club membership feel silly. c. It decided the fate of applicants. d. It was used only to blackball applicants.

2. Three words are spelled *bow.* Two are pronounced (bou), the other (bō). Three words are spelled *row.* Two are pronounced (rō), the other (rou). Only in context do you know what *bow* or *row* means and therefore how to pronounce it. In each sentence below, what does the underlined word mean? How is it pronounced?

a. The bow of the sailboat rammed the dock.
b. My little brother is learning to tie a bow.
c. The actor took a bow and left the stage.
d. Cranston said he might row Margot around the bay.
e. Because Jackson was blackballed, he had a big row with Anders.
f. Our seats for the play were in the third row.

Heartbeat of Death

Talking it over

1. *a.* What kind of place was the Sefton estate? How had it and the people living there changed in recent years?

b. What kind of person was Hepzibah Sefton? What faults did she find with Louise, Paul, and Dr. Cunningham?

2. With what two fears was Hepzibah obsessed?
a. growing old, b. being murdered, c. being buried alive, d. losing her money, e. losing her beauty

3. Did her fears prove to be justified? Explain.

4. *a.* Why did Cranston and Margot visit the Sefton estate?

b. What did Hepzibah tell them about Louise and Paul?

c. How did Hepzibah explain the bruises on her body?

d. How did Dr. Cunningham explain Hepzibah's bruises?

e. At that point in the play, do you think Cranston fully believed Dr. Cunningham? Explain.

5. *a.* What effect did the terrific storm have on the events in this play? How did it affect Adam, the caretaker?

b. With what fear was Adam obsessed? What caused it?

6. *a.* Adam's obsession undoubtedly gave Cranston the idea for telling two gruesome stories. What were they?

b. Why do you think Cranston told these stories?

c. Did they accomplish their purpose? Explain.

7. Who was the murderer? What part did Margot play in entrapping him?

8. *a.* This play reaches its climax in the Seftons' barn. Why did Paul go there? Who interrupted him there?

b. In this scene, Paul confessed to the Shadow and told why he had killed Hepzibah. What were his reasons?

c. Why had Paul thought he was safe at last?

d. What other crime did Paul try to commit in this scene? How did this attempt lead to his death?

9. *a.* In the last scene, what did Cranston tell Margot were his reasons for suspecting Paul?

b. At the end of this scene, what did Cranston mean

when he told Margot it was not the trick with the gourd but a real heart, Paul's own, that drove Paul to his death?

10. Whom did you suspect before you learned that Paul was the murderer? What clues did the author plant that led you to suspect that person (or those persons)?

Things you might do

1. Draw a picture of one or more of the following: a. the Sefton estate, b. Hepzibah in bed surrounded by the murderous monsters she imagined, c. the terrific storm, d. the scene between the Shadow and Paul in the barn

2. Dramatize the next to last scene, producing, as far as possible, all the sound effects, especially the heartbeats. To prepare for the performance, the director and the two actors should review carefully the feelings, motives, and reactions of Paul and the Shadow.

3. Read Edgar Allan Poe's story "The Tell-Tale Heart," in which a murderer supposedly hears the heartbeats of his victim, as Paul does in this play. In a paragraph, compare these two murderers' reactions to this eerie experience. How are their reactions alike? How are they different?

Power over words

1. The underlined word in each numbered sentence occurs in this play. Which sentence below the numbered sentence—*a* or *b*—explains the meaning of the underlined word? If you are not sure, consult a dictionary.

(1) The grounds of the Sefton estate looked sinister.
   a. The grounds looked beautiful and peaceful.
   b. The grounds looked threatening and evil.

(2) The house was full of camouflaged hiding places.
   a. The hiding places were plainly visible.
   b. The hiding places were disguised.

(3) Hepzibah often had delusions.
   a. She believed things happened that never did.
   b. She had several physical ailments.

(4) She said she saw a man with an evil smirk on his face.
   a. The man was wearing a mask.
   b. The man was smiling in a self-satisfied way.

The Horror in the Night

Talking it over

1. *a.* One way to summarize this play would be to say that the events were the result of an elaborate hoax. Who planned the hoax? What was the purpose behind it?

b. What kind of mood is established by the announcer's opening remarks beginning "It is nearly midnight on a stormy evening . . ." and in the first brief scene featuring Mrs. McGow and two very silent men? What is especially horrifying about this scene?

2. *a.* What kind of place was the Denmoor Arms? How did Will Markham trick Cranston into driving there on a stormy night?

b. As they drove to the Denmoor Arms, what did Cranston tell Margot about the tragedy that had occurred there fifteen years before?

c. What did Cranston think had happened to Mrs. McGow? When and how did he discover he was mistaken?

3. *a.* When Cranston and Margot first saw Mrs. McGow, who did she say she was?

b. What theatrical trick caused Margot to faint?

c. Where did Cranston and Margot find Markham?

4. *a.* According to Markham, what was the great secret of the Denmoor Arms? Was he telling the truth? Explain.

b. While exploring the attic of the inn with Markham, what did Margot discover?

c. How did Markham's attitude change when Margot wished to show the so-called treasure chest to Cranston?

5. *a.* What did Markham confess to Margot? What was the real history of the Denmoor Arms treasure?

b. How did the Shadow know the treasure chest was a fake?

c. Where were the directions for finding Mrs. McGow's grandfather's treasure? Who found these directions?

6. *a.* Where does the final scene take place?

b. What had happened to Mrs. McGow and Markham?

c. What did Mrs. McGow's pirate grandfather's treasure consist of? What was it worth?

7. Explain Cranston's final remark: "I've always rather liked the idea of having money to burn."

Things you might do

1. *a.* Using encyclopedias and other reference materials, prepare a report on some of the world-famous pirates—Blackbeard, William Kidd, Jean Lafitte, and Sir Henry Morgan, for example. What were they really like? What kind of tales and legends have been told about them?

b. Report on one or more fictional stories written about pirates. Two of the most famous are Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* and Edgar Allan Poe's *The Gold Bug,* both of which are based on legends about fabulous treasure supposedly buried by Captain Kidd.

2. Illustrate several of the suspenseful scenes from "The Horror in the Night"—the horrifying first scene, for instance, or the scene in which Mrs. McGow appears with a knife supposedly sticking into her heart.

3. As Margot, write a letter to a friend telling why you consider this case one of the oddest and most frightening of any you were ever involved in.

Power over words

1. In describing the interior of the Denmoor Arms, the announcer used the word *dilapidated.* What does it mean?
a. spotlessly clean, b. elegantly furnished, c. old-fashioned and quaint, d. fallen into disrepair

2. Cranston used the word *obliterated* as follows: ". . . when the police arrived, the finer points of the case were pretty well obliterated by the wind and weather." What does the word mean? Did you figure it out from context?
a. forgotten, b. blotted out, c. preserved, d. abandoned

3. How many meanings do you know for the word *log*? What is a skipper's log, a term used in this play?
a. a pole supporting a roof, b. a tree trunk, c. a diary of a ship's voyage, d. a device for measuring a ship's speed

4. The phrase *Laughs derisively* is a direction for reading one of Mrs. McGow's lines. What does *derisively* mean?
a. mockingly, b. playfully, c. crazily, d. stupidly

5. *a.* Cranston said, "A secret cache of some kind is strongly indicated." The word *cache* is pronounced exactly like which one of the following words?
(1) catch, (2) cake, (3) case, (4) cash

b. What is a cache?
(1) a lock, (2) a hiding place, (3) a message, (4) a treasure

Murder Before the Storm

Talking it over

1. *a.* What was the situation at Seacliff Inn at the beginning of this play?

b. What connection was there between the weather and the tragedies that had occurred?

c. Who was Andy Walton? Why had he asked Cranston to meet him at the village of Sea Cove?

2. *a.* What kind of person was Captain Zeb?

b. How cooperative was he when Cranston came looking for Andy Walton?

c. According to Cranston, how did Cap Zeb feel about "outlanders," as he called the summer visitors?

d. How did this attitude make Cap Zeb a suspect?

3. *a.* In the first scene between Greg Tyler and Rita Zeb, what did you learn about their feelings toward each other?

b. While Cranston and Margot were registering at the inn, what happened that made Cranston say, "It sounds as if my premonition was right!"? What was his premonition?

4. *a.* What happened to Andy Walton?

b. Who found his body? Where?

c. What did Cranston find at the scene of the tragedy that seemed to implicate Cap Zeb?

5. *a.* Who offered to notify the police of Walton's death?

b. Did that person call the police? Explain.

6. *a.* What was Cap Zeb's reaction when Cranston confronted him with the brass button off his pea jacket?

b. What made Cranston begin to suspect Greg Tyler?

7. *a.* Under what circumstances did Greg confess to Rita that he was the murderer? What did he say he would do next?

b. Who overheard Greg's confession and evil plans?

c. In the scene between the Shadow and Greg Tyler, how did it become obvious that Greg was mentally ill?

8. Where did the next to last scene take place? Why was it fitting that the murderer was captured there?

9. *a.* In the final scene, how did Cranston correct Margot when she asked him how it felt, as the Shadow, to be able to strike such terror into the hearts of people?

b. How did Cranston account for the fact that people never told anyone of their encounters with the Shadow?

Things you might do

1. Write a short character sketch of Captain Zeb, Rita Zeb, or Greg Tyler. To make that person "come alive," give specific examples of the traits you choose to emphasize —*She had a quick temper*, for instance, or *He was greedy and unscrupulous.*

2. Illustrate in comic-strip form your favorite scene from this play. To fit the words of the characters into the "balloons," you may have to condense some of the dialogue, giving the gist of what a particular character said rather than his or her exact words from the play.

Power over words

1. The Shadow asked Greg Tyler whether Captain Zeb was his accomplice. What is an accomplice?
a. an enemy, b. a relative by marriage, c. one accused of a crime, d. one who helps another commit a crime

2. On the way to Seacliff, Margot said, "Then this isn't just an impromptu holiday." What does *impromptu* mean?
a. expensive, b. well-planned beforehand, c. not planned beforehand, d. restful and peaceful

3. Synonyms are words having the same (or nearly the same) meaning—*little* and *small*, for instance. Antonyms are words having opposite meanings; *little* and *big* are antonyms. When Margot spoke of a premeditated killing in "The Blackball Murder," she used an antonym of *impromptu.* How does a premeditated killing differ from an impromptu one?

4. Like *premeditated*, the underlined words in the phrases below begin with the prefix *pre-*, meaning "before in time, space, position, etc." What do the phrases mean?
a. precooked meals, b. preflight training, c. a preschool child, d. prerecorded TV programs, e. precanceled stamps

5. Cranston said his premonition about the situation at Seacliff was right. If you checked the origin as well as the meaning of *premonition*, you know that the meaning of the prefix *pre-* is present in the word. What is a premonition? In what two ways may the word be pronounced?

Murder in the Sun

Talking it over

1. *a.* To introduce this play, the announcer says, ". . . an evil scientist strives to harness the energy of the sun to produce a deadly weapon." Who was the evil scientist?

b. What was the weapon he was trying to perfect?

2. *a.* What things did Professor Orloff and his assistant, Bob Warner, quarrel about in the first scene?

b. What was the outcome of the quarrel?

3. *a.* In his call to Cranston, Bob mentioned two things that worried him about the solar gun. What were they?

b. What happened during the phone call that proved Bob had good reason for worrying?

4. *a.* What aroused Cranston's suspicions on his first visit to Bob's apartment?

b. Who was Max Reber? How do you know he lied when Cranston asked him about Professor Orloff?

5. *a.* Why wasn't Orloff worried when Cranston told him Bob's notes on the solar gun were missing?

b. How did Sonya Orloff defy her uncle?

6. *a.* Why did Cranston go back to Bob's apartment?

b. What did he see from the window that made him decide to return to the Solar Institute as the Shadow?

7. *a.* Explain why the next to last scene is especially exciting and full of suspense. What did you see and hear in your imagination as you read it?

b. What did the Shadow mean when he said to Orloff, ". . . the clouds of retribution are closing in on you"?

8. In the last scene, what did you learn about *a.* the condition of Bob Warner and Max Reber? *b.* Cranston's theory of how the solar gun worked? *c.* his opinion of what Orloff planned to do with the gun after it was perfected?

Things you might do

1. Although Orloff's solar gun is pure fiction, scientists have succeeded in harnessing a small part of the huge amount of energy given off by the sun. Using encyclopedias and other reference materials, prepare a report on some of the devices invented to collect and use solar energy.

2. Draw a picture of Orloff's laboratory, using the descriptions of it in the play plus your imagination. If you wish, you might illustrate a scene that took place there —Orloff turning the solar gun on Reber, for instance.

3. As Bob Warner, write a letter to a friend describing your experiences as assistant to Professor Orloff and telling why you distrusted him.

Power over words

1. In the first scene Orloff's sneering remark about "the riffraff in the rabbit warren across the street" is a clue to his character if you know what *riffraff* and *warren* mean in this context. Did you consult a dictionary? Bob's angry reaction ("The people who live there are hard-working human beings . . .") is a clue to what Orloff meant.

What does *riffraff* mean in Orloff's remark?

a. rubbish, b. animals, c. disreputable people, d. children

What does *warren* mean in Orloff's remark?

e. place where rabbits live, f. enclosure for hunting small game, g. shop where rabbits are sold, h. crowded buildings

2. The underlined words in the four sentences below are from "Murder in the Sun." Read the sentences; then answer the question below them. You may use a dictionary.

(1) Orloff was a physicist and a specialist in solar energy.
(2) Bob Warner was Orloff's assistant.
(3) Bob was fired after a quarrel with his employer.
(4) The visitor Cranston saw entering Orloff's institute was the superintendent of the building where Bob lived.

What one thing do the underlined words have in common?

a. They all have the same meaning.
b. They all have the same root word.
c. They all begin with a prefix meaning "not."
d. They all end with a suffix meaning "a person who . . ."

3. Look up the meanings of the suffixes *-ant*, *-ent*, *-er*, *-or*, and *-ist*. Which one always means "a person who . . ."?

4. What do the underlined words in the sentences below mean? If you are not sure, consult a dictionary.

a. The swindler was foiled by an observant accountant.
b. Jill got a stapler and a calculator for her birthday.
c. A famous violinist once told a persistent newspaper correspondent never again to refer to him as a fiddler.

The Vision of Death

Talking it over

1. *a.* Which of the following words do you think *best* describes the atmosphere at Randolph Hall when Cranston and Margot arrive there? *1.* joyful *2.* unhappy *3.* quiet *4.* forbidding *5.* cold

b. Give at least three examples from the play to support your answer.

2. Susan told Margot and Cranston that Luther has *premonitions.*

a. Name several of these.

b. Does Luther really possess special powers? Give examples to prove your answer.

3. *a.* Briefly describe Susan, Edward, and Victoria Randolph.

b. What conflicts exist among the three?

4. Why does Cranston doubt that Victoria was killed by falling down the stairs?

5. When he hears a knock on the gatehouse door, Luther thinks it is Edward Randolph "come to make a bargain."

a. Why would Edward want to make a bargain?

b. Who is actually at the door?

6. *a.* Why doesn't Luther tell the police about his "mysterious visitor"?

b. What does Luther tell the police?

Things you might do

1. Luther is a fake prophet, but a number of people who profess to have this special power have offered proof of their abilities—proof that many find hard to ignore. Sometimes these people are even asked to assist in solving real-life mysteries. Look up books or magazine articles by or about people who say they have these powers. You might begin by looking up *clairvoyance, prophecies,* or *forecasting* in the card catalogue and the *Readers' Guide.*

Power over words

Discuss your answers to the following questions:

1. *a.* What is an *eavesdropper?*
   b. What is the origin of the word?
2. Would you be put in jail for *matriarchy* or for *matricide?*
3. Which of the following words does *not* belong in the list?

   a. foretell *b.* prophesy *c.* rant *d.* predict

4. In which of the following words does the prefix *in-* mean *not?*

   a. incumbent *b.* income *c.* indigo *d.* incompetent

5. What is the correct pronunciation of *wrath?*

The Case of the Dead Man's Shoes

Talking it over

1. *a.* How do Margot and Cranston meet Horace Blake?
   b. What has just happened to Blake? Why?
2. *a.* What problem does Blake ask Cranston to help him with?
   b. How does Cranston reply?
3. What does Blake say in the park that later contributes to the case against him? Find these lines in the play.
4. After the discovery of Archie Windsor's body, what additional evidence points to Horace Blake as the murderer?
5. *a.* What ability does Selby possess that helps him in his criminal activities?
   b. What characters does Selby fool by using this ability?
6. Why is Cranston sure that it could not have been Archie Windsor who returned the pearls?
7. At the beginning of the drama the narrator says that this murder is motivated by "hate, jealousy, and greed."
   a. Why did Selby hate his victim?
   b. Why was Selby jealous of Archie Windsor?
   c. How did Selby show his greed? Find proof in the script for answers to these three questions.
8. Do you think the title of this script fits the subject? If so, why? If not, what title would you give it?

Things you might do

1. Find and reread Margot's description of Archie Windsor. Study the details she provides. Discuss what there is about her description that makes the listener feel that picking Archie out of a crowd would be no problem. Then write a paragraph in which you describe a person you have created in your imagination.
2. *a.* Divide the class into small groups. Each group should then work to create a brief radio script—one scene is enough—about some of the characters from "The Dead Man's Shoes." Use the following background as a guide: Six months after the events in this drama, Ellen Blake

meets and falls in love with a man very much like Archie Windsor. This man and Ellen want to marry; Horace Blake is just as opposed to this as he was to the match with Archie. Ellen, her fiancé (you give him a name), and her father meet with a psychologist (a family guidance counselor) to discuss the problem. The scene you write takes place during the first visit to this counselor.

b. Choose people from your group to play the various parts and present your script for the rest of the class.

Power over words

1. This play contains many words that might not have been familiar to you. Below are some of these, divided into four groups. Divide the class into four sections and give each group of students one of the groups of words. Then decide within your group the best way to insure that the rest of the class learns and remembers the words your section is responsible for. (You might choose to use pictures to illustrate the words, or you could write an amusing tale or perform a brief skit using all four words.) Present your "lesson."

Group 1	*Group 2*	*Group 3*	*Group 4*
motivate	influential	menacingly	pondering
arson	incredulous	incoherent	fritter
extortion	monocle	fawning	contemptuously
burglary	emphatically	prattling	brownstone

Talking it over

1. *a.* What crime has Jim Martin been found guilty of?
   b. What evidence led to his conviction?
2. Why does Cranston think there is still hope when the execution is only five hours away? Find lines to prove your answer.
3. How does Jim Martin feel about his execution? Do you find his attitude admirable? Do you find it believable?
4. *a.* Describe Sam Walker.
   b. Describe Andy Barton.
5. *a.* What hold does Barton have over Walker?
   b. How does Cranston hope to break that hold? Trace the steps that he takes in order to do this.

Things you might do

1. Assign class members to take the roles of the seven characters in this play. Then choose another student to act as a host on a television talk show. The characters from this script are the guests, and the topic is capital punishment. (Remember that the guests must stay "in character"—they must voice not their own opinions but rather opinions likely to be held by the characters they are playing.) The rest of the class plays the part of the studio audience, asking questions and agreeing or disagreeing with the host and guests.

Power over words

1. A number of legal terms are used in this script. Printed below are some of these. Use them to complete the sentences that follow. Read your completed sentences to the class.

circumstantial	testimony	alibi
perjury	stay of execution	eyewitness

a. Janice was not brought to trial for the robbery because the fearful onlooker refused to say that he had been the _____ to the crime.

b. George was a prime suspect until his parents said he had been with them all evening;

this _____ saved George from being executed in the electric chair.

c. "I dearly love my father," Sandy cried, "but I am not a liar and I cannot commit _____ before this jury in order to save his life."

d. Sharon was on the witness stand all day, and her sincere _____ was considered very valuable.

e. The army agreed to grant a _____ so the case against the general could be studied more carefully.

f. "You can't be absolutely sure of my client's guilt," roared the lawyer. "All the evidence against him is _____.

The Hands of Death

Talking it over

1. Why doesn't Grelling recognize Shandu immediately?
2. *a.* What is Shandu's plan?
   b. Why is he certain that Grelling will go along with it?
3. *a.* What has happened in the restaurant to frighten Netta Shaw so badly?
   b. How do Cranston and Margot react to her fears?
4. What does Shandu promise Netta? What does she actually receive?
5. *a.* After viewing the body of Netta Shaw, why does Cranston consult Grelling?
   b. What does he learn from this consultation?
6. What excuse does Margot use to get back into the laboratory?
7. *a.* In the last scene, how does Grelling "take the law into his own hands"?
   b. What horrible scene does the audience get to witness as a result?
8. Do you think that *The Hands of Death* is a good title for this script? Why or why not?

Things you might do

1. Take parts and read aloud the scene in the restaurant and the scene in which Shandu is killed. In addition to the necessary characters, choose also a director to coach the actors in how to read their lines. After the presentation, the audience (class) might discuss whether (and why) they agree or disagree with the director's interpretation.

Power over words

1. One of the first things the audience learns about Shandu is that he enters Grelling's house "shrouded in a black cape."
   a. If necessary, look up *shrouded.* Discuss its connotations. Do you think it is a good word to describe Shandu's appearance? Or would saying he was "*wrapped* in a black cape" have done just as well? Give reasons for your opinion.

b. In each sentence below, select the one word of the two in parentheses that you feel provides the more effective description. Share your ideas with the class.

1. Tom called Clara away from an important meeting to tell her about his (nice, delightful) discovery.

2. Her (fascination, interest) made LaVerne lean too far over the railing and fall onto the stage where the juggler was performing.

3. A five-day hunger strike had made Lilly weak and (exhausted, tired).

4. When Jim bent over to tie his shoe, a well-aimed kick (sent, propelled) him into the middle of the kitchen floor.

5. "Don't you ever touch my belongings again," (bellowed, called) Morris as his little sister ran down the back stairs.

Struggle with Death

Talking it over

1. *a.* Why does Jim Reynolds go to Philadelphia?
   b. What does this tell you about him?
2. What happens to Elsie while he is gone? Why?
3. In the scene on the train back to New York, what does the audience learn about Mary Hoyt? about Bill the vendor?
4. Commissioner Weston calls Jim Reynolds' alibi a "fantastic story."
   a. Go over Jim's argument.
   b. How does Weston show that each point in that argument may not be true?
5. *a.* Why does Roger Small say that he is interested in the case?
   b. What is the real reason for his interest?
   c. What mistake does he make in his first conversation with Cranston?
6. What additional information does the audience learn about Mary in the scene between her and her aunt (page 187)?
7. *a.* Why is Bill afraid to tell Margot and Cranston everything he remembers about the night in question?
   b. What important clue does he finally provide?
8. *a.* Why do Margot and Cranston bring Mary to Margot's apartment?
   b. What more do you learn about Mary?
9. Describe the trap that Cranston sets for Roger Small.

Things you might do

1. *a.* Pretend you are Mary Hoyt's aunt or uncle, Mary has been withdrawn from school and put under a psychiatrist's care, and you must write a letter to her former roommate at Hawthorne College. Your purpose is to return to the roommate three or four of her belongings that you found in Mary's box of trinkets and to try to explain Mary's behavior.
   b. Pretend you are the roommate and answer one of the letters.
2. The Reynolds family owns a jewel called the

Bleeding-Heart Ruby. In reality a number of famous jewels have histories longer and bloodier than the jewel in this script. Explore the story behind a famous jewel. Begin by looking up one kind of stone—diamond, emerald, ruby—in an encyclopedia. In this way you can find the names of jewels to report on (for example, the Hope diamond). If the encyclopedia you are using doesn't give enough information on any one jewel, look up the name of that jewel in the card catalogue or the *Readers' Guide.* Report findings to the class.

Power over words

1. *a.* Two key words in the script have *mania* as their root. Look up the word *mania* in the dictionary. What does it mean? Now find the two words in the play. How does each prefix change the meaning of *mania?*

b. Write a brief paragraph in which you use both of these words.

The Case of the Vanishing Killer

Talking it over

1. Why was Hamlin unable to remember much of what happened the night his wife died?

2. Why does Hamlin want Cranston to help him?

3. *a.* What event makes Hamlin remember some of what happened the night his wife died?

b. Why does he then decide he's made a mistake by bringing Margot and Cranston into the case?

c. How does he plan to correct his mistake?

d. Who agrees to help him? Why?

4. Who kills Rose? How? Why?

5. *a.* What does Cranston learn about Hamlin when he returns to his apartment and finds Hamlin there with Margot?

b. Why does the Shadow follow when Hamlin runs from Cranston's apartment?

1. to capture Hamlin
2. to protect Hamlin

6. Feeney provides several clues early in the play, but one reader has said that the "local color" Feeney supplies is just as important as the clues.

a. If necessary, look up *local color;* then tell whether you agree with the reader. Give reasons for your answer.

b. Which character—Cranston or Margot—is more likely to enjoy being around Feeney? Support your opinion with lines from the play.

Things you might do

1. Cranston and Margot have different opinions about life in the city. With whom do you agree? Make your point by drawing or painting a picture, making a collage, taking a photograph, recording some music or sounds, or using some other method to show how you feel about city life. If you have trouble getting started, talk to a small group of classmates about the specific things you like or dislike about cities. (You don't have to live in one to have an opinion.) Then think about what means you could use to put what you just said into pictures or sounds.

2. One reader who is very fond of Italian food said that he wished Cranston had let Lusardi name all the dishes that he had served Rose. Students familiar with Italian cooking can describe for the class the two dishes Lusardi did name. Then look in the library or ask friends or family about other specialties of Italian cooking. Report to the class, showing pictures when possible.

Power over words

1. The words in the list below are taken from the play. You probably got the meaning of the unfamiliar ones from context. The italicized word in each sentence is the *opposite* (antonym) of one of the words in the list. Copy the sentences on a separate sheet of paper. For each sentence, write the correct antonym in the space at the end of the sentence. Then read the sentence aloud twice: first as it stands, then substituting your answer for the italicized word.

capable lethal flagrant
crucial well-groomed

a. The amount of medicine that Maurice took was *harmless* to a grown man. _____

b. Michael has always been *incompetent* when it comes to working with his hands. _____

c. The whole class was amazed at how *untidy* Robin looked. _____

d. The issue of garbage collection is *unimportant* in this election. _____

e. Paulina felt that the test was too hard; she thought the best kind of protest action would be a *subtle* one. _____

The Master of Torture

Talking it over

1. Whom do Lamont and Margot come to Athens to see? What convinces them to stay on?

2. *a.* Where did Walter Hohlmayer live during World War II? What did he do?

b. Where did he go at the end of the war?

c. Where is he now? Why?

3. *a.* How does Campos fit into the plot?

b. What do Margot and Cranston know about Campos' past? How does this knowledge help them?

4. *a.* Why does Xanados give Margot and Lamont his private phone number?

b. How does the number almost cause Margot's death?

c. How is she saved?

d. In what way does her terrible experience help Larry Davis?

5. Divide your class into two groups. Group One thinks that this play should not be put on radio because it is too violent. This group prepares a report in which they give reasons for their feelings. (Hint: Consider what Hohlmayer says and does, the reactions of other characters to him and his activities, and the effect that these things might have on the listener.) Group Two answers these objections by giving reasons why the play should be put on radio. (Hint: Cranston himself can get you started; begin by finding these lines in the play.)

Things you might do

1. The narrator calls Athens "city of antiquity, city of glory," and Cranston praises "the glory that was old Athens." Find pictures of sights in Athens that might be given such praise. Show and explain some of these pictures to the class.

2. At the end of World War II, many Nazis who were thought guilty of war crimes were caught and brought to trial. But others, like the character in this play, escaped to other countries. Some, unlike Hohlmayer, changed their

names and started completely new lives. Various groups have tried to bring these people to justice. Some efforts have been successful and some have not, but accounts of these efforts are often as gripping as fiction.

Check your library for information on the subject. You could start by looking up *war criminals* in the *Readers' Guide.* Magazine articles found in this way both provide information and suggest other places to look. (For example, an article might name a book on the same subject.) Report your findings.

Power over words

1. The words in parentheses below are taken from the stage directions in "The Master of Torture." Stage directions help the actor to put the proper emotion into reading the lines. Look up any word you aren't sure of. Then pretend you are an actor trying out for a part in *The Shadow* and read the lines aloud according to the stage directions. Other class members may disagree with your reading; those who don't agree should show how they would do it.

Actor (grimly): "He's dead, and he has been murdered."
Actor (ominously): "Something terrible is about to happen."
Actor (warmly): "Come in; it's a joy to see you!"
Actor (tensely): "I can't talk now. I'll call you later."
Actor (placatingly): "I'll study harder next time, Dad. I promise."

The Nightmare Combination

Talking it over

1. How does Marna convince Lou to come to the office and open the safe?

2. Who is the brain behind the plan to take the money from the safe—Joe or Marna? Give reasons for your answer.

3. Why is the locksmith afraid to go to the police with his story?

4. What surprise awaits Lou, Margot, and Cranston when they return to Triple J Trucking (page 244, line 39)?

5. Which of the two men Lou met at the trucking office is right-handed? Which is left-handed? Why does this matter?

6. Why does Mr. Jehoviac say that there never was any money in the safe?

7. What event convinces Cranston that Lou's story is true?

8. What does Cranston hope Margot will find in the newspaper files? Is she successful?

9. Why is Margot willing to stay in the trucking office with Joe's dead body? Find the line in the play that supports your answer.

10. *a.* Describe the events that lead Marna, Lou, Margot, Jehoviac, and the Shadow back to Cranston's apartment.

b. What happens once they get there?

11. When Margot and Cranston discuss Lou in the last scene of the play, Cranston states the "moral" of Lou's adventure with the nightmare combination.

a. Find these lines in the play.

b. Do you agree with Cranston? Why or why not?

12. *a.* What does Cranston hope Lou will do with the reward money?

b. Do you think that would be a good way to spend it? Give reasons.

Things you might do

1. Although Margot provides valuable help in solving Cranston's cases, he is almost always in charge of things.

Check your school and community libraries for mysteries—plays, stories, novels—in which girls or women solve mysteries. Share your findings with the class.

2. Use libraries to find information on real-life detectives—male or female. (Look for books, newspaper accounts, magazine articles.) Report any discoveries to the class.

Power over words

Cranston says that Lou the Locksmith has a *phobia* about being locked up. What does Cranston mean?

1. *Phobia* may be used alone as it is here or it may act as a root word. Look up the words below in the dictionary, then choose the word to complete each sentence. Read the sentences to the group.

claustrophobia acrophobia
xenophobia hydrophobia

a. She nearly drowned when she was a child, and her talk of this terrifying experience gave her two little sisters _____.

b. Lee's _____ led him to turn down a free trip to see the United Nations in session.

c. Paul spent the night in a sleeping bag out in the open: the tiny pup tent gave him _____.

d. His _____ disqualified him for work as a window-washer in New York City.

2. Choose one of the words above; then write a paragraph describing the feelings of a person with that phobia when the person is faced with the thing that he or she fears.

Tunnel of Terror

Talking it over

1. At the beginning of the play, what is the conflict between Weber and Leo? between Leo and Tom Regan? between Tom Regan and Weber?

2. *a.* What is Leo's plan for getting rid of Tom Regan's body?

b. What argument does he use to get Weber to help him?

3. Reread the stage directions in the first scene (page 257, line 12 to page 258, line 30).

a. What sounds are called for?

b. What effect would these sounds have on the listener?

4. When he turns the case over to Cranston, what three important clues does Commissioner Weston give him and Margot?

5. When Vicki faints at the sight of the man she thinks is Tom, Jim Regan says "She knows something." Could there be another less sinister reason for her fainting? If so, what?

6. What obstacle stops Margot and Cranston in their ride through the tunnel? How did it get there?

7. *a.* The fight scene in the tunnel centers on the large net. How many times do the characters throw it at each other? Who ends up in it?

b. The Shadow speaks of a net "of folly" (page 270, line 23). What does he mean?

Things you might do

1. Take parts and read aloud the fight scene in the tunnel. Try creating the sound effects (the echoing voices, the lapping of little waves, the sounds of the objects being thrown). If you have a tape recorder you might tape the scene—complete with sound effects—to play for the class.

2. A diorama need not be life-size. Working alone or with a group, make a diorama. (You might choose to reproduce a scene from nature or to create a "chamber of horrors.")

Power over words

1. Look up the meanings of the five italicized words below. The dictionary gives several definitions for each word. Choose the definition that best fits the word as it is used in the paragraph.

> The closing of a bad *season* is always a time of *tension* in any business. But at Seaside Park the *elements* themselves seem to put the *seal* of doom on a carnival *concession* called the Tunnel of Terror.

2. *a.* When you read the play you probably were able to figure out the meaning of the word *tableau* from context. Look it up in the dictionary now. How is the word pronounced? What language does it come from? How do you form the plural?

b. Printed below are other words that have the same ending. Look up these in the dictionary, checking the meanings, derivations, and plural forms. Then use the words in the list to complete the five sentences. (One word is used more than once. For some sentences you may need the plural form.)

trousseau	flambeau
beau	tableau

1. She could have dated a different _____ every night, but she was allowed to go out only on weekends.

2. In colonial America a young woman began sewing her _____ years before her wedding.

3. He stumbled through the dark cave, wishing he'd had sense enough to bring a _____.

4. Mai worked day and night to finish the statue in time for the Independence Day _____.

5. "I'm sick to death of working on these _____," the dressmaker shrieked.

The Bells of St. Peter's

Talking it over

1. We learn some things about Lydia Stevens even before Teresa opens the door to her room. What do we learn? How do we learn it?

2. Describe Scalza—his profession, his personality, his way of coping with things.

3. In what way do Scalza and his film tie into the plot of the play?

4. The descriptions of the bloodstained room serve several purposes. Name and discuss some of these.

5. *a.* Summarize what we learn about Tony Fortunato in the scene where Margot, Teresa, Cranston, and the commissario inspect Lydia's room (page 276).

b. We meet Tony in the next scene. Describe his actions, his speech. What do these tell about his personality? Is he the kind of person you'd been led to expect?

6. Margot is often quick to suggest that people be put in jail.

a. Find the lines in this play where she does this.

b. How does Cranston respond?

c. What point might the author of this play be trying to make by writing this dialogue?

7. Describe the family relationship between Lydia Stevens and Tony Fortunato.

a. In what order do we learn these facts? From whom do we learn them?

b. What is the effect of presenting the facts in this order?

8. At the beginning of the play the announcer says that a sales slip is an important clue.

a. How does the slip help to develop the plot?

b. What does the slip suggest about Lydia as a person?

9. What was Lydia doing during the time she had been missing? Was she successful?

10. *a.* Why was Lydia determined to take her grandson back to the United States?

b. Does her explanation (page 285, lines 30–35) change your opinion of her? If so, how? If not, why?

11. What "answer" did Tony find in "The Bells of St. Peter's"?

12. Reread the last sentence of Cranston's closing speech (page 288, lines 11–12).

a. Who is the "little child"?

b. Can "little child" refer to more than one person?

c. How does this line relate to the title?

Things you might do

1. Imagine that you are Lydia Stevens' grandchild and have lived with her in the United States for the past eleven years. During the last few years you have written your father, Tony Fortunato, once or twice a year. Write him a letter, telling a little general information about how you're getting along and describing in detail one event of the last week.

2. Margot names a number of the famous sights of Rome. Go back to the play to find these, then choose one to learn more about. (Use encyclopedias, magazine articles, or any other means available to you to do this.) Share your findings with the class.

Power over words

1.

stereotype	boor
caricature	hemophiliac

Each of the words above might be used to describe a character or characters in this play. First look up the pronunciation and meaning of each word. (When several meanings are given in the dictionary, remember that the words are to be applied to a person in the play.) Discuss with the class which characters you think fit each of the four descriptions. Give reasons for your choice.

2. A number of slang words or expressions are used in the play. (For example, "palmed off" in line 24, page 279.) Choose two or three of these and *a.* determine their meaning through context clues or, if necessary, by looking them up in your dictionary or in a dictionary of slang and *b.* discuss which, if any, of these are part of your own speech.

Scott, Foresman

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